April 9, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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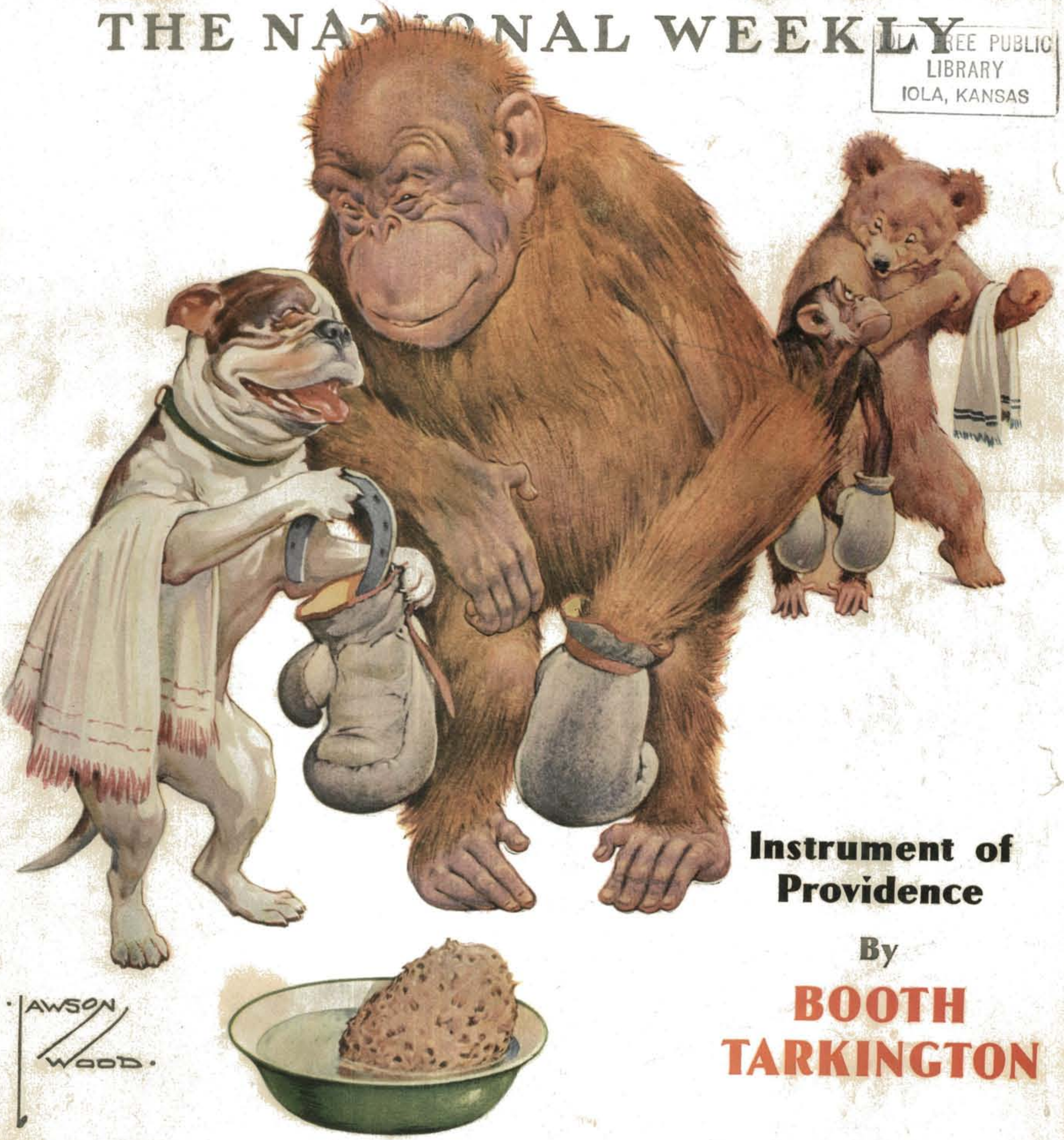

Instrument of Providence

By

BOOTH TARKINGTON

William G. Shepherd - George Weston - William Mac

R D FRY
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KANS

April 9, 1932

Posed by JUNE CLYDE, appearing in the Universal Picture, "Steady Company"

A REVOLUTION

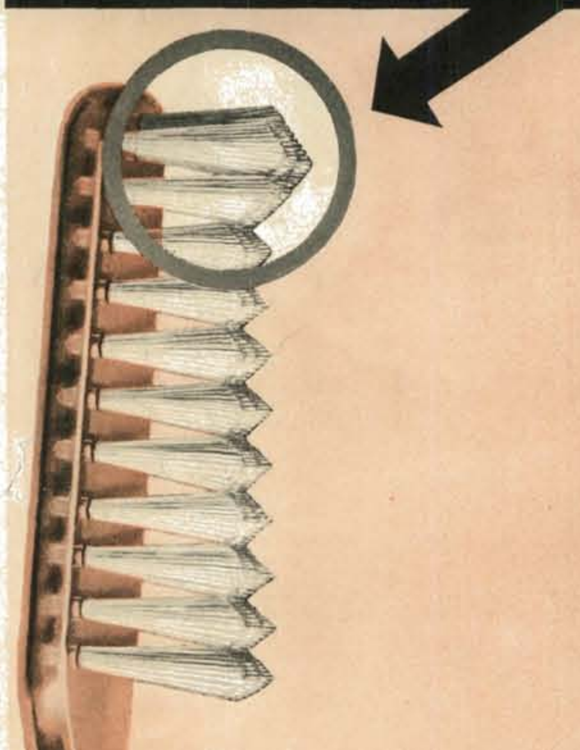
in the Care of Teeth

2 brushes in 1

with finest bristle, guaranteed NOT to contain HARSH chemicals

Try for one week and note improved results

The World's SMALLEST Tooth Brush



ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

HERE is bristle . . . perfect and pure . . . fast-drying . . . resistant to moisture . . . untainted by chemicals. Genuine pearl quality bristle, *sterilized,* with nothing added which might affect the taste of your tooth paste or the health of your gum tissue.

Now, note the scientific contour of these bristles, in the enlarged picture at the left. Observe that this modern design is really two brushes in one, which gives dual cleaning, and is vastly more thorough than old-fashioned makes.

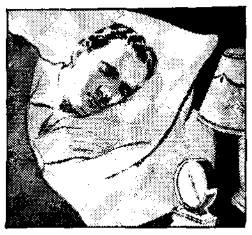
The 7-tuft brush at the end, *only three-eighths of an inch long,* sweeps all crevices clean . . . easily reaches all around the molars where most decay starts. The remaining 27 tufts, *one and one quarter inches,* accurately fit both inside and outside surfaces of the teeth. You will feel the difference every time you brush your teeth with the genuine, modern, Tufted PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC. Its unique design gives complete cleaning and effective gum massage *in faster time.*

In your own interest, please do not judge results as given by imitations with incorrect proportions and mushy bristle. Look for the PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC name on the box and handle. That is your guarantee of genuineness and greater value . . . because the Tufted PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC is the only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush made in its own plant. In hard, medium, and soft bristle; with a variety of pastel and transparent color handles. Money-back guarantee. Adult size, 50¢. Youth's size, 35¢. Child's size, 25¢.

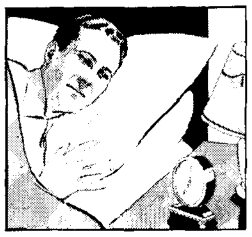
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes

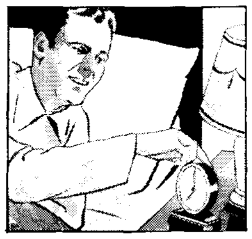
for TEETH, HAIR, HANDS, and BATH



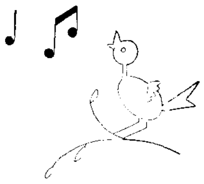
Quiet AS A WATCH, HE LETS YOU SLEEP



first HE WHISPERS HIS MORNING CALL



then HE **SHOUTS** IF YOU DON'T GET UP !

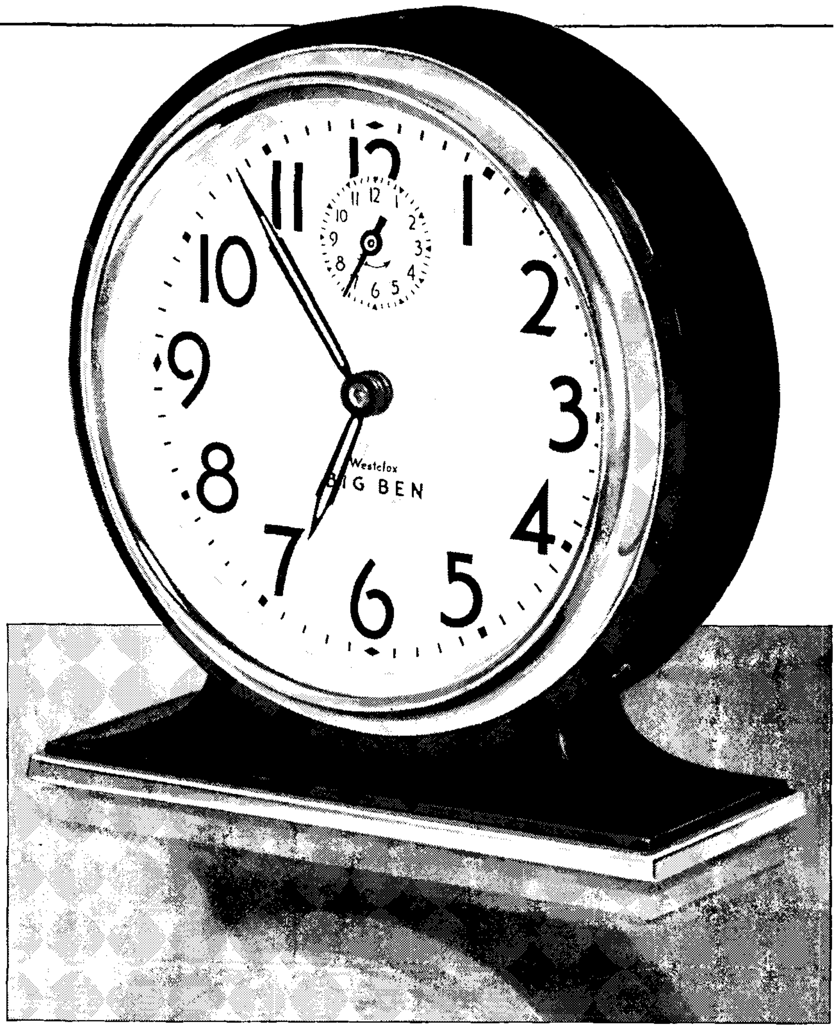


CAN AN ALARM CLOCK BE POLITE ? *Certainly!* IF HIS NAME IS BIG BEN

YOU'LL never get mad at this new kind of alarm clock. He does his work without making a nuisance of himself. A tick so quiet you scarcely hear it, and in the morning a new kind of awakening—a *gradual* awakening without shock. First a series of gentle chime-calls—then, if you just won't get up, a loud insistent ring.

And no other alarm clock was ever as handsome as the new Big Ben. He is slim, trim, modern. Finished in lustrous black trimmed in gleaming nickel. Graceful, pierced hands. Large, easy-to-read numerals.

Go to a store near your home and see and hear Big Ben. He is on display wherever good clocks are sold. Made and guaranteed for two years by the Western Clock Company, La Salle, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.



With all his new features he costs no more **$3.50**

Westclox . . . Pocket Watches . . . Alarms . . . Auto Clocks

(Luminous Dial $4.50)

BIG BEN

Chime Alarm

WITH 2 VOICES AND QUIET TICK

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ALWAYS recklessly willing to quicken the step of time, we open the baseball season without waiting for the major leagues by printing Talbert Josselyn's story "No Hits—No Runs."

As you gather from the title, it concerns the perfect game every pitcher dreams about—a game through the whole length of which not a single opponent safely reaches first base. Andy Bowen almost pitched such a game in his first year in the big league. Almost, for the third man up in the ninth inning hit a drive too hot for little Tim O'Keefe, the shortstop, to handle. The enmity between the two youngsters, more firmly rooted by this mischance, grew into a hatred which lasted until one unforgettable day many years later when it ended as dramatically as it began.

To enjoy the story of Andy Bowen and Tim O'Keefe no knowledge of baseball is necessary. All you need is an interest in human beings and a curiosity about the inexplicable things they do which affect their lives so irrevocably.

—

A BEAR is a stock-market operator who expects the worst, invests his money in that expectation and then hopes for it. He is the only business man who writes his profits in red ink. In the past few months his critics have become bitterly vocal. What is it all about? Is short selling a good or bad thing? Does it produce depressions? Has it caused the havoc we have observed in the stock market? Does it perform any useful function? Can it be stopped?

John T. Flynn has been diligently studying the bear and his habits and manners for several years. He answers the questions we have listed here and many others in a comprehensive, interesting article called "Bearing Down on Short Selling."

OLD MAN COFFEE is, as all his admirers know, the nearest thing to a bloodhound in human form. But the murder of Art Dwyer, deputy sheriff, was too much for him. Curt Morse was accused and jailed. Mora Cameron, who could run a mine as well as any man could, set Old Man Coffee to work on the case, but when the break came it wasn't because of Coffee's powers of deduction. It was "Thanks to a Girl in Love." Alan LeMay is the author.

—

IT MAY be the effect of spring, or merely the approach of the Olympic games, but we seem to have gone in heavily for sport. Charley Paddock, the runner, writes about his favorite sport in "Pick Up," with lively anecdotes from his own and others' races.

—

GRANTLAND RICE, best of sports commentators, is here, of course; and Murney Mintzer, John B. Kennedy, Betty Thornley Stuart, Clinton W. Gilbert, Freling Foster, Arthur Somers Roche, Arthur Train and others work together with customary harmony.

THIS WEEK

April 9, 1932

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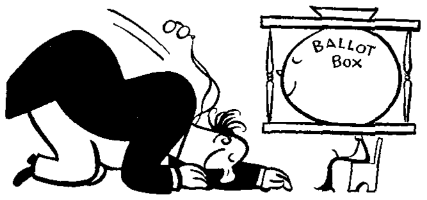
Good and Lonely.

Any Week

MR. JOEL MAGRUDER of Bismarck, North Dakota, wants it understood that he is not a member of the Silver Lining Sorority, "a name," says he, "that I have given to the office-seeking majority."

"I am not a hasty man," goes on Mr. Magruder. "I have looked over all the candidates calmly and the active ones look like a job lot of job-holders to me. Every time one of them says something the others haven't thought of yet, they all holler 'Me too,' which leaves us voters in the same old hole which we have to get out of the best way we can all by ourselves. If you happen to hear of any candidate whose speeches aren't just an appeal for votes, let me know. I'll drop dead too."



"I SEE," writes Mr. Tom Nally of Youngstown, Ohio, "that the present Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was escorted by a couple of Japanese generals to a good view of the fighting at Chapei, Shanghai. Good Lord, if it had been old T. R. that war would have changed hands if not locale and principals then and there. With Teddy in command of both sides, pulling lanyards with one hand and writing peace terms and rejections with the other."

—

"NOBODY," says Mrs. E. B. Scherr of Moline, Illinois, "has asked me; but in case somebody may feel like it I want to say that Mr. Herbert Hoover isn't defeated for reëlection yet."

—

AND Miss Edna Goldfader of Chicago wishes to inform William G. Shepherd that in listing the materials that might in given circumstances be circulated as money (which he recently did in Collier's) he forgot one of the "commonest and most important."

"Being a school-teacher in Chicago," she writes, "I know of thousands out here who use *absolutely nothing* for money and get away with it."

—

MR. HAROLD H. TAFT of San Francisco congratulates us for printing Talbert Josselyn's last short story. "'Common Ground,'" says Mr. Taft, "is the sort of story that makes one forget the paper, ink and words, and actually compels the reader to live the scenes."

—

IT MAY be the leap year, or because an election impends; or it may be due to some triviality like the depression or a feeling that our staff needs supplementing or rebuilding. Anyway we've had a lot of menagerie animals offered to us lately by mail. Let's see, since Christmas our readers have tried to argue us into accepting one lion, two anacondas, four Eskimo dogs and a trained chipmunk. The latest offering is from Florida—a baby tapir. Probably can't stand the climate any more than we could a baby tapir.

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"She was a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN before her teeth ... went bad"

EVEN in our absence, even after we have left the room, our friends brood mournfully over the glories that have passed. "She was—she *was*—a beautiful woman . . . "

The mouth is the most eloquent of human features, the seat of character. Any defect of mouth or teeth is sharply conspicuous. Actors who wish to look ugly or repulsive on the stage almost always blacken out one or more teeth. And when *Nature* really plays this trick upon either man or woman, Nature can be cruel indeed.

Do you know what causes lost teeth?

Lost teeth are a source of mental anguish. Even after they are skillfully replaced, the experience leaves a scar on the memory. How you dreaded the verdict, "Two in the front must come out." How you avoided acquaintances! How you lost time from business! How the whole thing clouded your life for weeks!

Of course some adult teeth are lost through accident, but *more than one-half the total losses of adult teeth are due to the condition known as pyorrhea*. This disease is a great source of trouble for the dentist. Its treatment is long-drawn-out and usually painful. When it is a question of pyorrhea the modern dentist votes for *prevention* every time. And this means giving your dentist a chance to prevent by visiting him at least twice a year.

Cleanliness is only superficial

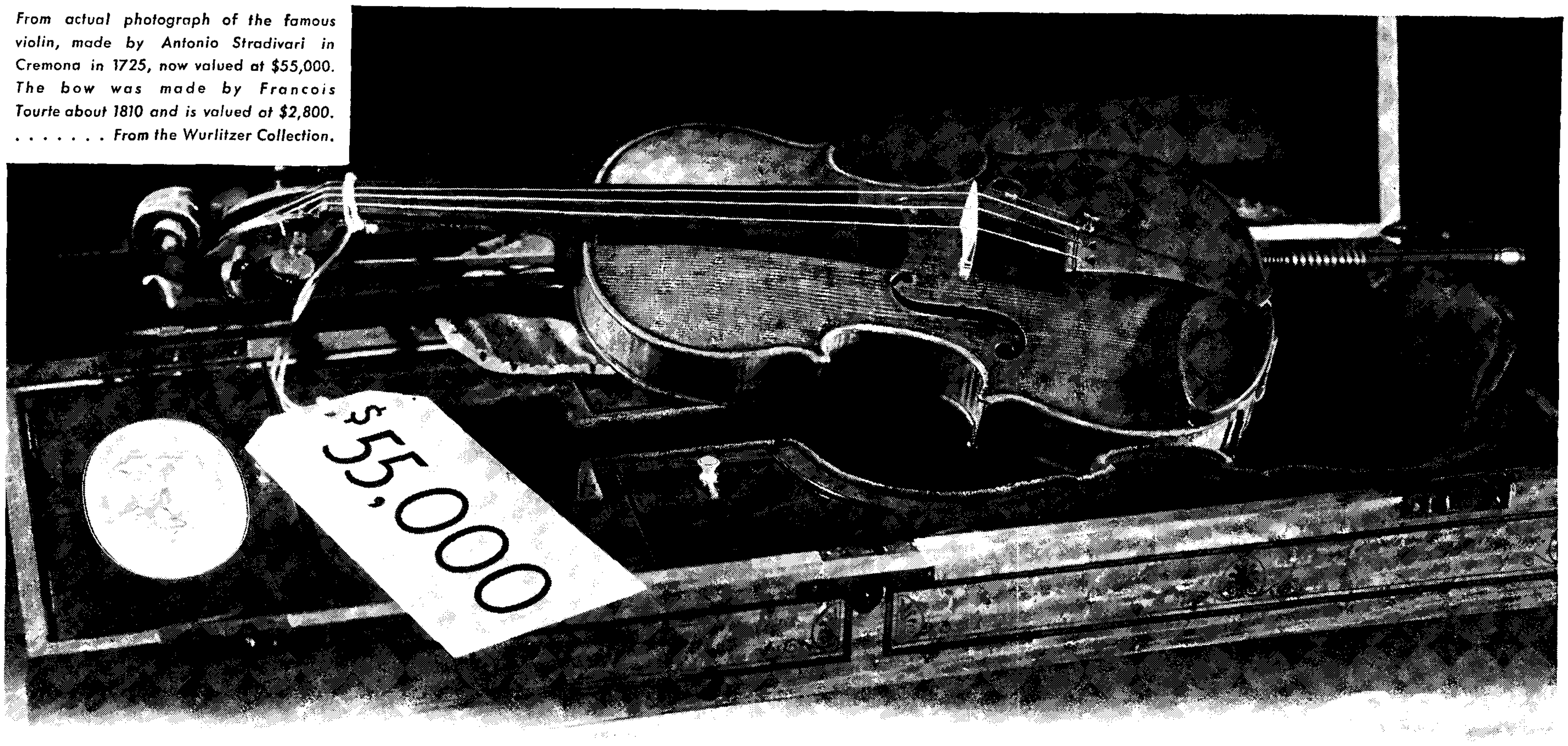
Your dentist will tell you that pyorrhea works *under the surface*. Its approach is silent. It may take years—five years, ten years—before it breaks out. That is why mere cleanliness, even *thorough* cleanliness, is not enough. One of the best-known names in all pyorrhea history is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who spent 26 years in the study and treatment of pyorrhea. Thousands of practicing dentists, throughout the nation and abroad, are today using his special pyorrhea treatment, provided only for the use of the dental profession. For home use by the family, Dr. Forhan also perfected the toothpaste which bears his name. The active Forhan principle gives you an extra value, an added safeguard beyond a mere cleansing operation. Use it night and morning, on both teeth *and* gums, according to directions.

Do not wait for bleeding gums

Don't give pyorrhea a foothold. Remember that 4 out of 5 over the age of forty are claimed as its victims. So we repeat again: see your dentist and use Forhan's in between visits. Remember also, that Forhan's, judged simply *as a toothpaste* is the finest money can buy—agreeable, long-lasting. Begin the use of Forhan's today. It's the double-duty toothpaste for teeth *and* gums. Look for the big, brown tube. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

From actual photograph of the famous violin, made by Antonio Stradivari in Cremona in 1725, now valued at $55,000. The bow was made by Francois Tourte about 1810 and is valued at $2,800. . . . . From the Wurlitzer Collection.



Both are PHILCO

$36.50 to $295.

Fifty-five thousand dollars for a Stradivarius! . . . But every note broadcast from this violin is brought to you on your PHILCO, in your home, with all its clear rich tone, as if it were being played right there, just for you . . . And that is only a violin. The same PHILCO will bring you all the music from all the instruments of all the masters with the same purity and clarity as if you were hearing them in person . . . PHILCO is the first radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument. It looks different. It sounds different. It IS different. We call it the finest musical instrument in the world, because it is all instruments in one. It plays the high notes and the low notes with a completeness that you never thought possible in any radio. You cannot fully believe it without hearing it. PHILCO dealers are happy to show and demonstrate it. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

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PHILCO *A musical instrument of quality*

UNBALANCED RADIO
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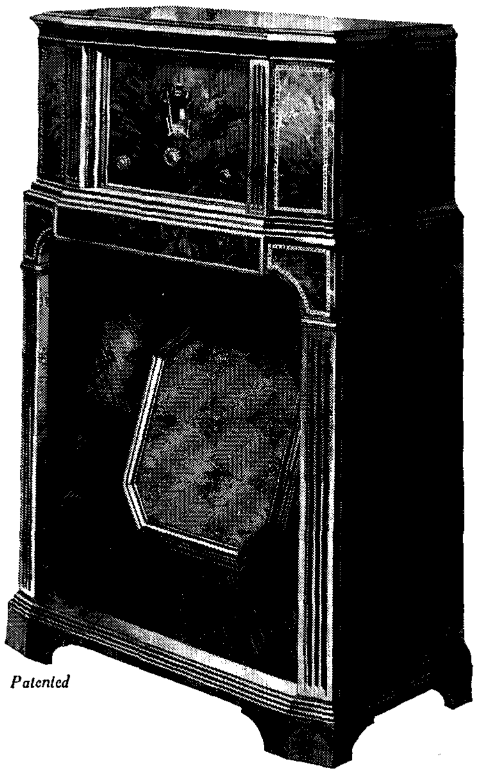
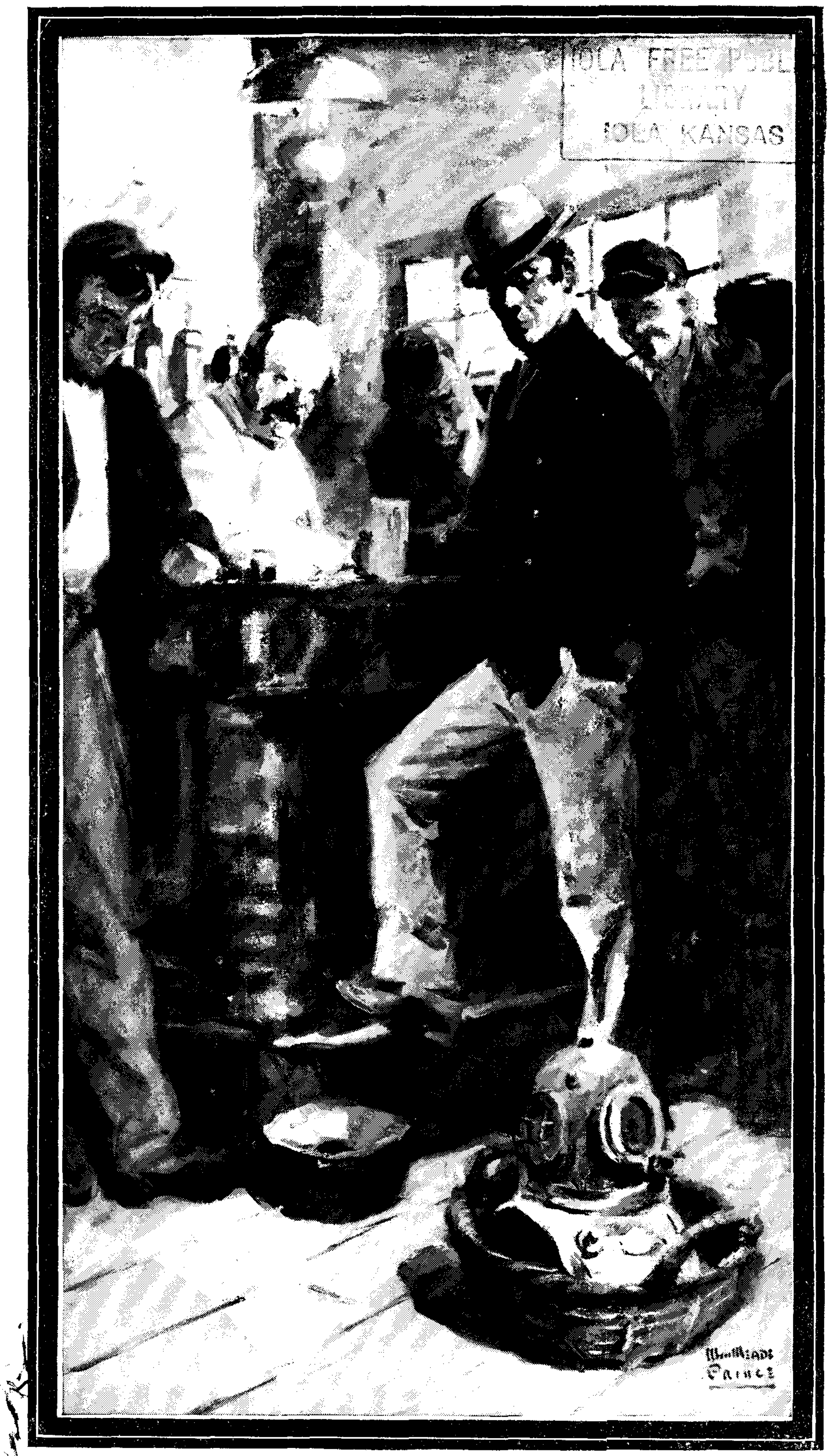


THIS IS MODEL 112X Balanced Superheterodyne, eleven tube, Automatic Volume Control, $150. Other Philcos from $36.50 to $295, complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, illuminated station recording dial, hand rubbed cabinets, and many other exclusive Philco features . . . Also Philco Battery Operated Radio for unwired homes, Philco Balanced Tubes for replacement, Philco Short Wave Converter, Philco Transitone for motor cars and boats, Philco Electric Clock and Radio Regulator. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

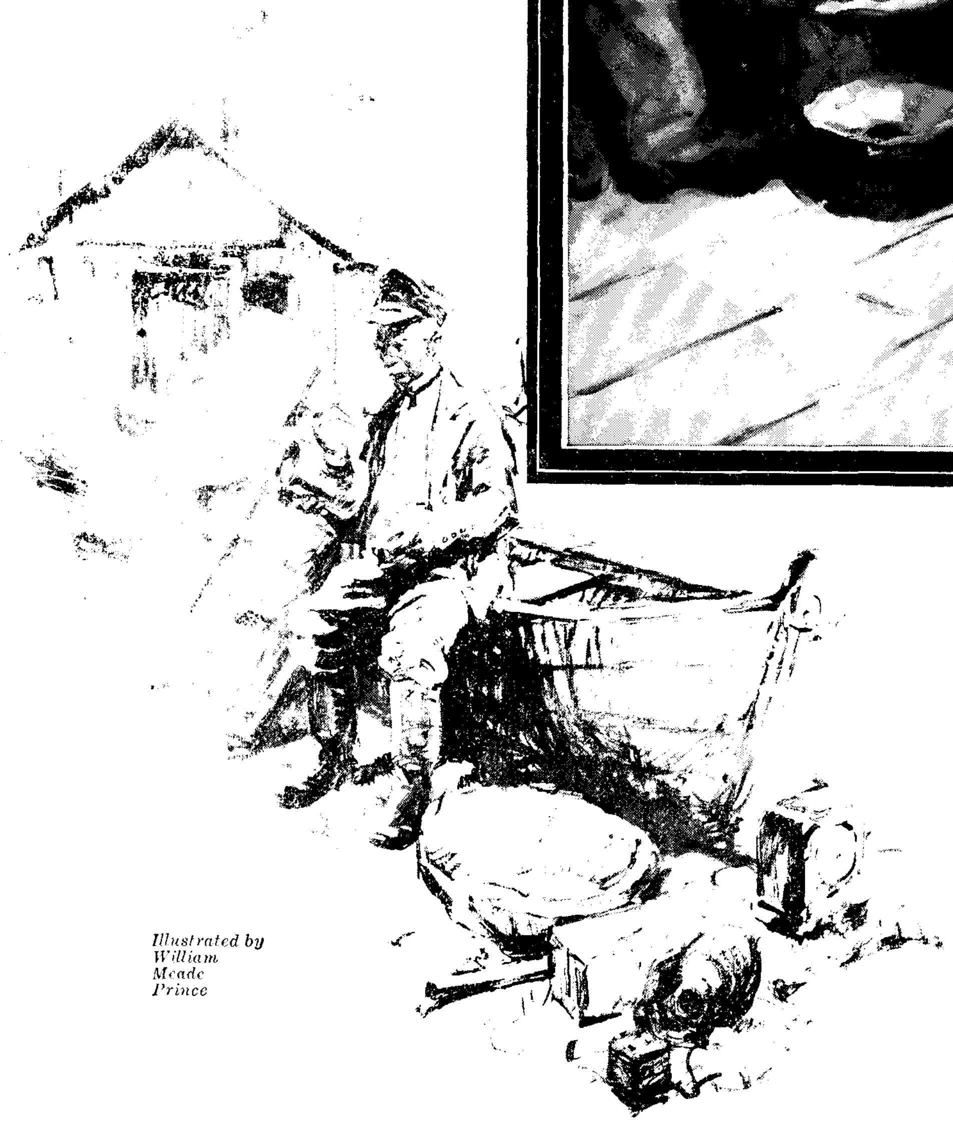
Instrument of Providence

The singular adventure which befell Captain Valentine, while bound for the beautiful Harbor of Matrimony

By Booth Tarkington



"I wonder how Gus would look in them," I says. "So do I," this Preston F. Small says, taking it up



Illustrated by William Meade Prince

A SUMMER boarder at Cobble Reef once described my cottage there as "two or three shingles upon a rock with a veranda fastened in front of 'em;" but my next neighbor's habitation is even less impressive. Looking down not very obliquely from my landward window, I can see a little way into a stovepipe that rises from a red tin roof apparently sustained upon old gray shingles fewer by far than mine and not ambitious to support a veranda. This is the dwelling of Captain Ambrose Valentine, retired mariner—or, at least, Captain Valentine has retired from the sea but offers to be active otherwise, for, upon a pine board over his door, black paint announces, "Odd Jobbing."

Encroaching even upon that door, and interfering with every weed in the small yard about the house, is an accumulation of such junk as I have not seen elsewhere; chairs, rocking-chairs, stools and tables, all wounded mortally, rusted stoves and stovepipes, perforated coffeepots, splintered oars, old oilcloth, rags of canvas, broken window shutters, scabrous doors, a twisted birdcage, smashed lobster traps, punctured old garden hose, a dead washstand, a bottomless dory containing unmated bedposts and orphaned window frames.

From my earliest occupancy of the rocks above, the strange collection stirred my curiosity. Now and then I saw Captain Valentine standing among the rubbish, and sometimes he would pick up one of the ex-articles, examine it thoughtfully and then, nodding his head with what seemed to be satisfaction, set it down; but so far as I could see that was all he ever did with any item of the wreckage.

A sign, "For Sale," would have expressed a naïveté so extreme as to tinge pathos with burlesque; but no such sign appeared, nor did Captain Valentine make any attempt to repair the irreparable or seem even to contemplate such an attempt. Could a tender heart, I asked myself, be so possessed by a sentiment for things once of human usage that he would make his property into a hospital, or perhaps cemetery, for incurables? This seemed to lean too hard upon the quixotic; yet why in the world did a man who had once risen to the command of a tugboat encumber all his earth with these remains? I became daily more anxious to make Captain Valentine's acquaintance and put before him a few tactful questions.

I had other reasons for wishing to know him. He was my only neighbor on the lonely side of the little harbor, and his appearance enticed regard. His expression was at the same time both beaming and serious; moist blue eyes that were motherly, yet of a childlike trustfulness, shone always amiably from a rosy head above an old blue uniform upon which still lingered several tarnished brass buttons, and the young lady at Minns' boarding house who had insulted my cottage made a recognizable caricature of him with an apple and five bits of white cotton—two for the eyebrows, one for the mustache and two for the tufts of hair still bushy above his ears.

In sum, the captain's looks would have made anybody wish to know him. I was irked by the mystery of his junk heaps, and also I had a special thought that he might help me to confirm the theory that the seafarers and longshore people of our own coast are near of kin to the English mariners and waterside folk portrayed with such rich accuracy in the works, now dismayingly rare in our book marts, of W. W. Jacobs.

MY OWN belief, however, is that such general differences as exist between the English and American types of seafaring and harbor people are somewhat in favor of our own; in all of Mr. Jacobs' delightful books there is no hint of a piety comparable to that prevalent upon the New England pirate vessels wherein gaming was altogether forbidden and profanity not permitted upon Sundays. Moreover, there seems to be upon the American side a much greater proportion of true altruism; certainly Captain Ambrose Valentine was an altruist of purest ray, as I discovered indeed on the happy occasion of our first meeting.

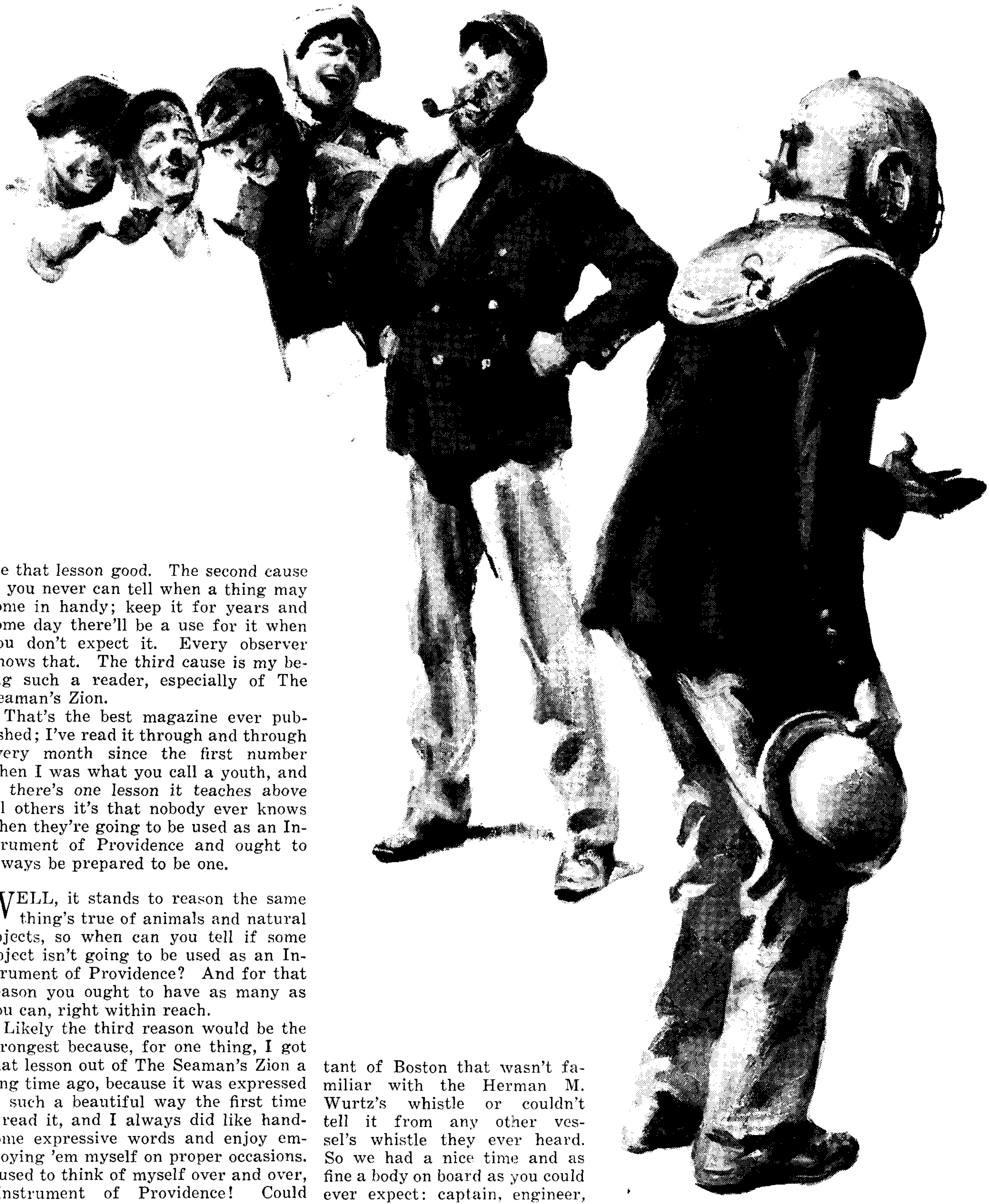
It was a summer evening of warm and glamorous afterglow; in the sweet air he sat upon a metal shape that might formerly have been a bathtub, and I was able to restrain myself no longer. I climbed down into his yard and stood before him. "Captain Valentine," I said, "I'm interested in antiques and I've been wondering where you got so many of 'em. I'm the man that's come to live up there next door."

"My Godfrey!" he exclaimed heartily. "I know that! Set right down and we'll talk all about everything."

Thereupon I sat, on something or other, and the talking began; but I did none of it. The rest belongs to Captain Valentine:

In accordance with my view of matters you can't talk rightly about an object without speaking of everything else, because everything depends on everything else, like for instance your setting on that ice cream freezer depends on Alora Minns' having broke the handle off six months ago and me having noticed she didn't want the freezer any more, and all the reasons that caused you to settle in Cobble Reef instead of somewheres else, besides Alora Minns' father having bought that particular freezer before he died in the first place and, long before that, the fact that her parents got married so that she was born, and my parents' having had me and yours you, and so on. You see I've had summer people wonder before this how it happens I own all these objects, and if I said it's simply because I got 'em, why, it wouldn't be a complete answer, though there's plenty around here wouldn't say even that much if summer people asked 'em.

YOU take what are the causes of that umbrella handle you got your left foot on: if the man that made it had happened to be born a Chinaman it wouldn't be here. There might be some other umbrella handle here; but it wouldn't be this one. So to explain why this one *is* here I'd have to be able to tell you why the man that made it *wasn't* born a Chinaman and how Ivory Smith got it from having visitors and used it till he didn't want it, so I asked him for it. All I can really inform you is the principal reasons how I happened to ask him for it.



Near as I can make out, there was three causes led up to my asking Ivory for this umbrella handle, and they're the same causes that lays behind my owning all these other objects. One cause was my father told me early, "Never throw away anything you *can't* make yourself," he told me, and learned me that lesson good. The second cause is you never can tell when a thing may come in handy; keep it for years and some day there'll be a use for it when you don't expect it. Every observer knows that. The third cause is my being such a reader, especially of The Seaman's Zion.

That's the best magazine ever published; I've read it through and through every month since the first number when I was what you call a youth, and if there's one lesson it teaches above all others it's that nobody ever knows when they're going to be used as an Instrument of Providence and ought to always be prepared to be one.

WELL, it stands to reason the same thing's true of animals and natural objects, so when can you tell if some object isn't going to be used as an Instrument of Providence? And for that reason you ought to have as many as you can, right within reach.

Likely the third reason would be the strongest because, for one thing, I got that lesson out of The Seaman's Zion a long time ago, because it was expressed in such a beautiful way the first time I read it, and I always did like handsome expressive words and enjoy employing 'em myself on proper occasions. I used to think of myself over and over, "Instrument of Providence! Could there be anything nicer to be?" Yes, sir, I made up my mind I would always keep myself legible to be used as an Instrument if Providence called on me in that manner for the good of some fellow-man.

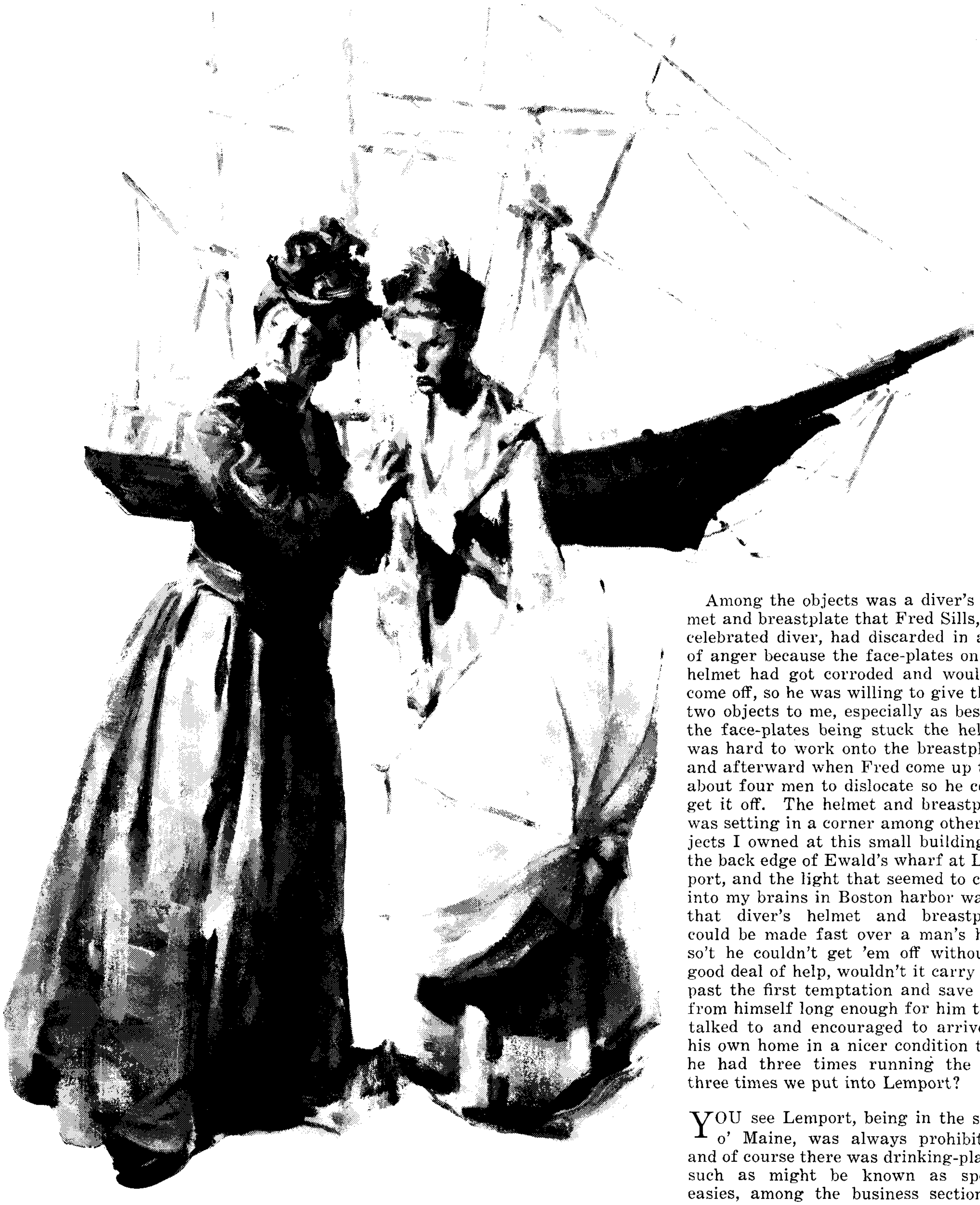
Time and again I'd ask myself in reference to this or that: "Am I being used as an Instrument of Providence now?" or, maybe, "How can I help my fellow-man by looking around for opportunities to be used by Providence as an Instrument?" That was how it come about I was used as an Instrument the first time. I can discern now I was an Instrument; without any doubt it was the Hand of Providence selecting me. I've been used a million times since, just as everybody is, most often not knowing it and thinking they're just a bystander; but that time was the clearest case I almost ever experienced.

I was working for Herman M. Wurtz and Company on the tugboat Herman M. Wurtz, though I wasn't captain of her then; I was deckhand, and a nice job, too, because it gave me opportunities to see a good deal of the world. Why, one spring we was occupied two months in Boston harbor itself, and I don't presume there was a sole inhabitant of Boston that wasn't familiar with the Herman M. Wurtz's whistle or couldn't tell it from any other vessel's whistle they ever heard. So we had a nice time and as fine a body on board as you could ever expect: captain, engineer, fireman, us two deckhands and the steward. It's always best to speak of 'em as "steward" if you can remember to do it, because "steward's" more formal than "cook" and they do any amount better work if they're called "steward;" it shows the beauty of getting just the right expression.

This Preston F. Small of Lemport was the steward and Gus Hetcher, my particular friend, he come from Lemport, too; he was the other deckhand, and I was almost going to be married to his sister-in-law, a lady by the name of Miss Mabel Illig, that lived in Lemport with Gus and his wife when Gus was home. I mean Mabel lived there all the time; but Gus, being on the Herman M. Wurtz, wasn't home much, so of course that was the way I mean, she having a room in the house and me as welcome as a lamb whenever the Herman M. Wurtz put into Lemport. Always went to prayer meeting with her, if it was the night, or, if it wasn't, maybe walk up the road and look in the windows of the power-house a good while.

Gus Hetcher was almost as nice a man as I ever expected; but the trouble was he had a detriment. Customarily you wouldn't hear so much bad language from him and he respected the marriage bounds; but just about every so often he used to get beyond propriety with liquor. The misfortune of this was he didn't show good discernment; it usually happened right in Lemport, instead of places his wife and sister-in-law wasn't in, and there couldn't have been anything that Mabel and Mrs. Hetcher showed more repulsion at. As for me, having the ties of consanguinity almost conformed between us, I held many's the long talk with 'em, deploring Gus's vice and folly in the matter, and come to words with him several times on account of my sympathy with his family.

Not a good while before the Herman M. Wurtz had that job at Boston, Gus spoke so rough to me it would have



"Keep away from me!" she says. "Don't never come near me again as long as you live!"

reached a quarrel if I hadn't kept self-contained. Mrs. Hetcher and I and Mabel was setting on their front porch talking about what a nice night it was when this Preston F. Small pushed him inside the gate and walked away quick himself, and Gus leaned on the inside of the gate-post and began speaking to us as if he thought nothing was the matter; but that only made bad worse. Mabel and Mrs. Hetcher spoke their minds in reference to his condition and they might have got a wrong idea of me if I hadn't done the same, so I was pretty sharp with him, and the trouble of it was he remembered it next day and charged me with it and then wouldn't hardly speak a decent word to me the whole two months we was in Boston harbor.

Well, on account of my character and because I carried the lessons of The Seaman's Zion right into active life, I didn't return his grievance at him, not even when he hurt my feelings the worst. I'd just say, "That ain't like you, Gus," and turn away and ponder some more on if Providence didn't wish to use me as an Instrument to save him from his ill-doing. Anybody could see he needed such an Instrument to alter his present courses, and if it could be me I would have my reward in knowing the good I had done and by winning the praise of Miss Mabel Illig and Gus's wife, because at that period of my life I thought the world of Mabel and was always anxious to obtain female emulation.

THEN one night I was sitting all alone on a pile of chain and looking at all the lights of Boston harbor one by one, and it seemed like there was an answering light come into my brains. We was finishing our job next day and then the Herman M. Wurtz was to make down east to Lemport where she'd lay over for twenty-four hours. My headquarters of course was Lemport, too, at that time, and I kept property I'd collected in a small building—or shack you might sometimes say—on the edge of Ewald's wharf there.

Among the objects was a diver's helmet and breastplate that Fred Sills, the celebrated diver, had discarded in a fit of anger because the face-plates on the helmet had got corroded and wouldn't come off, so he was willing to give these two objects to me, especially as besides the face-plates being stuck the helmet was hard to work onto the breastplate, and afterward when Fred come up took about four men to dislocate so he could get it off. The helmet and breastplate was setting in a corner among other objects I owned at this small building on the back edge of Ewald's wharf at Lemport, and the light that seemed to come into my brains in Boston harbor was if that diver's helmet and breastplate could be made fast over a man's head so't he couldn't get 'em off without a good deal of help, wouldn't it carry him past the first temptation and save him from himself long enough for him to be talked to and encouraged to arrive at his own home in a nicer condition than he had three times running the last three times we put into Lemport?

YOU see Lemport, being in the state o' Maine, was always prohibition, and of course there was drinking-places, such as might be known as speakeasies, among the business section of the town; but the place us men from the Herman M. Wurtz always went was in an alley up a ways from our dock and kept by a Greekish man by the name of Filagree. The trouble was Filagree's place laid right on Gus's way home and he'd always get his beginnings there; but wouldn't quit, and the only way to get him out was to persuade him to come along to these other places, and after that you couldn't get him to do anything at all except go back to Filagree's. So it seemed to me I'd already been an Instrument without knowing it when I got the helmet from Fred Sills, and now was my chance to become one with the enjoyment of knowing all the time how Providence was using me in that manner; but I would need a little help from outsiders.

So I got up from the pile of chain and went to the galley to speak to this Preston F. Small, our steward, and I said, "Look here, you being a Lemport man you know as well as I do how much trouble Gus's detriment causes Mrs. Hetcher and his sister-in-law, Miss Mabel Illig. If we could get him past his first thirst when we put into Lemport," I says, "he'd arrive home sober, and his wife and Miss Mabel Illig'd take charge of him, and I and you would receive their thanks. The trouble is," I says, "nobody customarily knows what time the Herman M. Wurtz is going to make Lemport, so Mrs. Hetcher and Mabel can't be notified beforehand when to be down at the dock to take him in tow, and he always gets to going at Filagree's before they know it. All we got to do," I says, "is to get him past Filagree's, and that'll be easy if it's done the right way."

"Easy?" he says, and he give a laugh. "What you mean by the 'right way' in a case where there ain't no way?"

SO I told him about the diver's helmet and breastplate I owned; but he kept interrupting me and telling how Fred Sills had offered to give those objects to him and when he didn't want 'em was going to drop 'em over the side. But I says, "Listen!" I says. "It makes it all the more certain they was intended to be used by Providence because they come to me instead of you, and so did the idea, which would never have sprung like a light in your brains, for the reason it wouldn't. The side and front face-plates o' that helmet is corroded," I says. "They can't be got off or open," I says, "and, what's more, when that helmet's made fast to the breastplate it can't be dislocated from it without about four men working on it at the same time. So listen here," I says: "If you took that breastplate and made it fast on a man's shoulders so he couldn't get it off himself, and then if you took and put that helmet over his head and worked it tight onto the breastplate, why, there he'd be in it. Anyhow his head would be," I says. "He couldn't get it out of it until he got somebody to cast loose that breastplate for him, which he couldn't do if nobody was willing or told not to. You see what I mean?" I says.

"Why don't you get a cat?" he asked me. "Why don't you get a cat and stick its head in a tin can? You could probably get a cat to do it and you'd have just as much fun."

"Listen!" I told him. "This ain't comical. I'm a-going to drill four holes in that breastplate," I says. "Two forward and two aft. Then if two right stout wires is passed through them forward holes and then pulled back snug under his arms and made fast to the after holes on his shoulder blades where he can't get his hands, his head's going to be in there and stay till it's let out by somebody that decides the time's come to do it," I says.

"Who?" he asked me. "Whose head is?"

"Gus's," I told him. "Gus's head'll be in there; and even if his hands and the rest of him are outside, it stands to reason he couldn't get anything through to his face in the way of liquor, because how could he?"

THEN this Preston F. Small had to state farther objections. "How long," he asked me, "how long you expect to keep him in there?"

"Why, until we can deliver him to his family," I says. "We wouldn't take it off until we'd coaxed him out of Filagree's and all the way home."

"Well, *but*," he says. "Well, but! How you going to get him to let you wire him up in that helmet and breastplate in the first place? You must be out o' your mind."

"I ain't either!" s' I.

"You are too!" s' he. "I rather not mix myself up in it," he says.

He spoke that way; but I see he commenced to feel right interested, so I says, "It'll be easy to accomplish," I says. "You know how Gus always is after the first two or three, awful friendly and joking and glad to take part in anything. All I want you to do

(Continued on page 39)

Bobby Jones, Ty Cobb, Bill Tilden and Devereux Milburn may have set all-time standards of excellence in their respective sports

Four Aces

There is a special gallery in the sports Hall of Fame reserved for such super-champions as Bobby Jones, Ty Cobb, Bill Tilden and Devereux Milburn. They have had more big moments than the average champion dreams about

By Grantland Rice

DURING a recent trip through Georgia and Florida I met in less than a week's time four men who come close to being the best that four different games have ever produced. They were Bobby Jones, world's greatest golfer; Devereux Milburn, world's greatest polo player; Bill Tilden, for twelve years the world's greatest tennis player, and Ty Cobb, whose baseball career was a long succession of runs, hits, stolen bases, quick thinking and daring.

Bobby Jones, now thirty and retired from tournament competition, is actively engaged in law, business and authorship; Tilden is still the professional tennis champion of the world at the age of thirty-eight; Ty Cobb at forty-six gives most of his outdoor time to hunting and golf, and Devereux Milburn at fifty is still playing polo with a lot of golf thrown in.

Meeting these experts recalled to me the dramatic moments they had squeezed out of their competitive careers, starting with Ty Cobb around 1904, on to Dev Milburn as far back as 1909 when he was a Big Four internationalist, up to Tilden's active career today. Each of the four has had memories and thrills to carry up to the edge of the grave. These memories also travel along with thousands of spectators who were lucky enough to see these four in action at one time or another.

My first recollection of Ty Cobb goes back to the spring of 1904 when an eighteen-year-old boy from Royston, Georgia, started his spring practice nearly two weeks before the regular training season opened. "At that time," Cobb said, "I was young and inexperienced, so I wanted to learn all I could, especially about batting and sliding. I don't believe many people know how hard I worked, how much concentration and study I put into baseball in those first few years. I used to sit in my room alone at night trying to figure out different plays that might be successful if tried at the proper time."

In 1905 Cobb went to Detroit, where he batted only .240 in forty-one games. But within a year he was on his way to lead his league for twelve out of the next thirteen seasons, a record that may never be equaled.

Cobb has had more action crowded into his life than most ball players, for he played in nearly 4,000 ball games. I can shut my eyes and still see the fleet Cobb lifting the dust at second, third or home on one of his wild rampages when no defense could hold him back. He was something to remember, especially on those days when he scored from first on a single, when he scored from second on an outfield fly and later scored from second on a bunt.

Dev Milburn stepped into the picture when he took a leading part in rolling back the British polo challenge twenty years ago. He was not only a brilliant horseman but the first of the mighty hitters who took the big punch into battle. Milburn has had his collar bone cracked in several places, his knee broken and his body badly battered, but that hasn't stopped his polo career. He still plays in team matches.

In a discussion of amateur sport the veteran Milburn told me he still favors the polo system which places the matter of eligibility upon sportsmanship without any regard to the amateur or professional debate. "What difference," he asked, "does it make whether a man is an amateur or a professional as long as he plays the game?"

Bobby's Greatest Thrill

My first recollection of Bobby Jones in competition goes back to Merion in 1916 when the chubby young Atlanta star was just fourteen years old. It was easy enough then to see that a new star had come into golf, but no one quite dreamed that before the age of thirty Bobby would be a retired champion with thirteen national titles to his credit, including a grand slam in his final year through four major tournaments.

Someone brought up the point that Bobby seemed to have had the misfortune of bumping up against red-hot competitors in those earlier years when he had to wait seven seasons for his first crown. "It wasn't that so much," Bobby suggested. "I simply didn't know enough. I played well enough to win two or three of those matches if I had only used my head. But that only comes with experience. I learned more by getting beaten in those years than I could have learned through winning."

Incidentally, Jones today is playing the finest golf of his life, with more continued control over every stroke in the bag than he has ever known. Only recently he averaged 67 through four consecutive rounds, which included three 66's and a 69. Yet there isn't a chance that the winner of thirteen major crowns will ever step back into active tournament play. He hasn't the time for the hard training needed to face a championship and he has no inclination whatever to face the stampeding rush of another big crowd. He feels that he has had his share of all this through a tournament career that began when he was ten or eleven years old.

The greatest thrill Bobby ever experienced was in watching his twelve-foot putt drop in at Winged Foot on the final green when he needed it to tie Al Espinosa. "I'll never forget that round," he said recently.

"Twice that afternoon I thought I had the championship won, and then I was sure I had lost it. I first took a 7 on the eighth hole. Then I got going again and was well in front when I took another 7 on the fifteenth. I lost six strokes to Al in the last six holes and if I had missed that last putt I think I would have dived into the cup and stayed there."

I recall watching Bill Tilden struggle along for two or three years but it was not until 1919 that he finally had his big chance against Little Bill Johnston in the final at Forest Hills. Big Bill that day was high-strung, nervous and ill at ease. Johnston, cool and determined, won in a romp. But from that time on the lanky Philadelphian was king of them all until the two young Frenchmen, Cochet and La Coste, handed him too much youth six or seven years later.

Tilden's play today seems better than ever. And there is a reason. Around 1926, 1927 and later, Tilden was bothered by a bad knee which he feared would soon end his tournament career. There were many occasions when it affected his play considerably at a time when he needed all his court speed. He had further trouble with his leg in 1930 when he lost his national title, but since that time, after a rest, his transportation seems to be perfect. He not only appears to have all his early speed, but his stamina is remarkable.

What Makes a Champion?

Tilden is another member of this famous group who has known more thrills and excitement than the average champion would ever dream about. He has played his way around the world, from New York to Melbourne to San Francisco. In the last sixteen years he has been up against every star from every tennis-playing nation in the world.

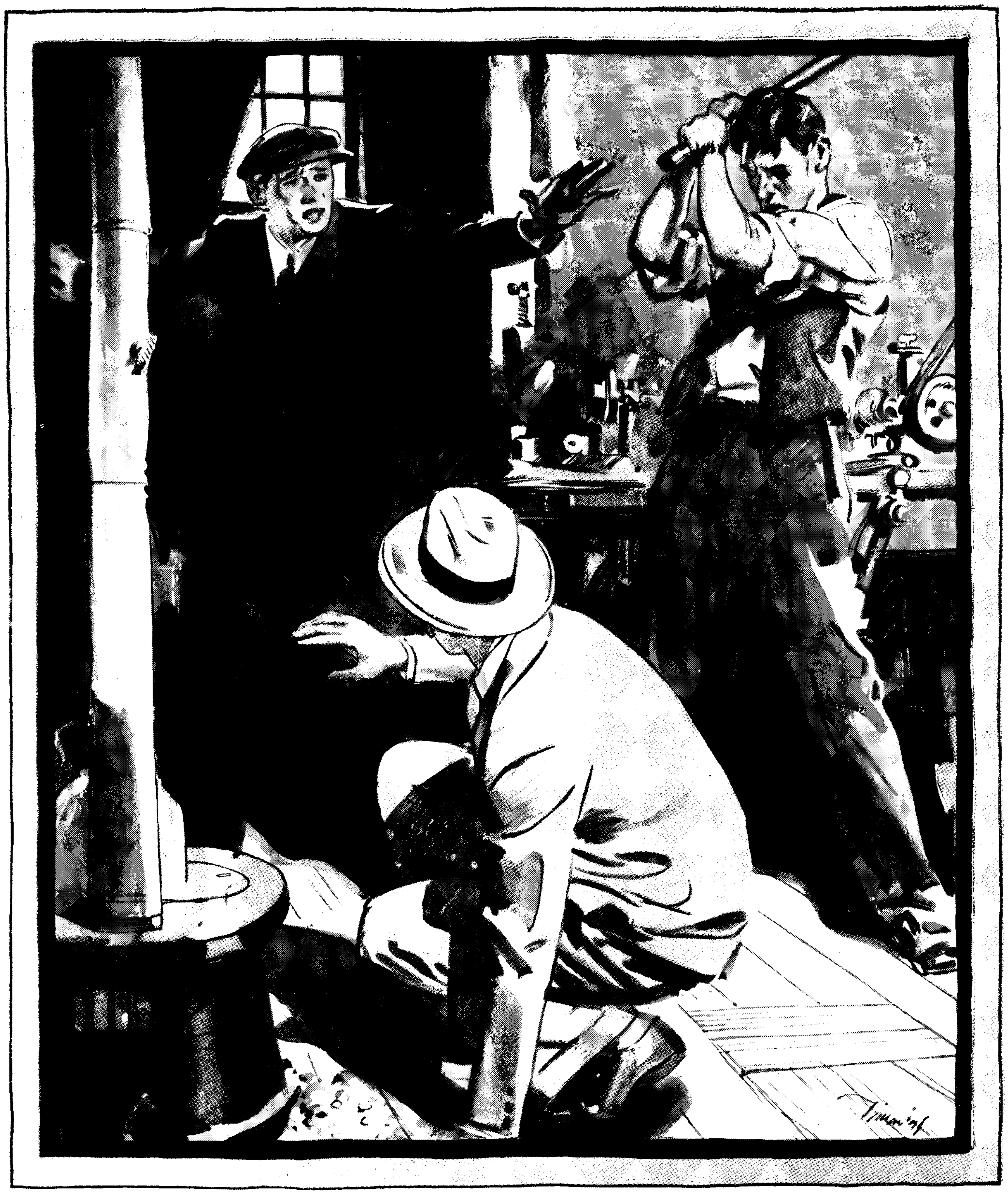
It is interesting to speculate on just what quality or qualities made these four men such outstanding champions of their respective sports. One reason, of course, was that each had a natural inherent knack to start with. And they all put in long, hard periods of intensive training. But there are two other outstanding factors—first, the brains back of the preparation and the play, and second, their physical power. They were all built for the work they had to face through the grind and strain of their competitions, year after year.

Still another quality that might be included is a certain iron-bound determination to keep on going, whatever the odds. It would be difficult to find four competitors who were harder to discourage when the breaks were against them, and that must always be one of the leading winning factors, in sport as in anything else.

Detective O'Malley looks for a clue in a difficult case, and finds—

Six Little Spots

By William MacHarg



Harry L. Timmins

"Look out!" I yelled; and it was just in time. O'Malley jumped sidewise

"THE kind of case I get," O'Malley said, "is always one there ain't no credit in. If I don't solve it I get bawled out, and if I do solve it nobody cares. This is a case that happened in the harbor and the dead guy is one of them river boys. His name was Reilly and he had a motorboat and took stuff off of ships or maybe tied up beside a railroad ferry and took stuff off a freight car. Mostly, the owner ain't around when they take stuff, so they don't have to pay for it; it's a regular business. This Reilly goes out alone in his boat and, the next morning, the boat is found tied up somewheres else and he is dead in it. He'd been stabbed."

"Sounds like a racketeering case," I commented.

"No; this was a private murder. These guys make deals with fellows on ships to slip them stuff, so they sometimes carry plenty money. Reilly had twelve hundred dollars on him when he was alive and nothing when he was dead. We'll go look at his boat."

The police had the boat tied up in the East River with an officer on guard. We examined it thoroughly. It was plain that Reilly had been killed in the small cabin, for there were signs of struggle and the floor was bloody.

"They got anything new on this?" O'Malley asked the officer.

"They found nothing but the guy himself on the boat and there wouldn't be anything else around here, because the boat was found higher up the river."

We went to look at the place where the boat was found. There was a small pier, with waves washing gently against it, and small boats were anchored near it.

"This looks like a tough case to me," I said. "Reilly may have been killed by some of the men with whom he had business dealings, or by some sailor on a ship with whom he got into trouble, or by almost anyone along the waterfront. How are you going to find out?"

"Did I say I expected to find anything out?" O'Malley asked me.

"He would hardly have taken anyone on the boat with him unless he knew him. The best way would be to question his acquaintances."

"Yeah, you got good ideas," O'Malley replied derisively. "This guy was raised on the West Side and didn't know any more people than the mayor does."

There were three round, dull-brown spots close together on the pier, and close by there were three others. O'Malley tore a corner from his newspaper, dampened it in the river, and pressed it on the marks. When he had held it there a little while, the brown spots appeared dimly on the wet paper. He rolled it up and put it in his pocket.

"We'll see Mrs. Reilly," he remarked.

We went to the West Side. The wake was going on, so we did not go in but sent word for Mrs. Reilly to come out. She came out presently.

"Has Mr. Reilly's dog come home?" O'Malley asked.

"He didn't have a dog."

"I BEGIN to see through this, O'Malley," I said, after we had left her. "You figure there was a dog on Reilly's boat and that it stepped in the blood and then walked on the pier—provided those spots on the pier are human blood. But I don't see how that will get you anywhere. It may have been a stray dog that got aboard the boat after it was tied up at the pier, and then got off again."

"Sure it might be," O'Malley agreed imperturbably, "and then again it might be something else. We'll ask the guys that work on ferries if they seen anything. They notice things, and probably most of them know Reilly's boat."

We went and talked with the ferry crews along the waterfront. The fifth ferry we visited, a deckhand remembered seeing Reilly's boat that day.

"Who was with him?"

"There wasn't nobody with him, mister," the deckhand answered. "He was alone, except he had a dog."

"What kind of dog?"

"It wasn't any kind of dog."

"I guess you don't know dogs," O'Malley ventured.

"You're wrong there, mister. One time I handled dogs. That's why I say it wasn't no known kind of dog. That dog, brother, never knew who his parents were. He was what you call a mongrel. He was a black dog, not very big, with a white spot under his left eye."

We found some other people who had seen the boat, but only Reilly and the dog were in it.

"Well, O'Malley," I said, "you've talked with a lot of people and, so far as I can see, it's got you nowhere. This was a stray dog and Reilly picked him up and had him in the boat with him. The dog may have seen the murder but he had no connection with it. After it was over, he got out of the boat and went about his business."

"I guess you're right," he answered. "I'm getting nothing and the day is over. It's getting dark and I'll lay off till tomorrow."

We parted and I met him in the morning.

"How about it?" I asked.

"THEM spots are human blood. You're always asking questions, now I'll ask you one: What's dumber than a cop? The answer is there ain't nothing else that's even half that dumb. This cop on post on Reilly's boat found a button and picked it up and put it in his pocket and forgot to turn it in. He said he thought it come off Reilly's coat."

He showed me a plain metal button.

"Was it from Reilly's coat?" I asked.

"Mrs. Reilly says he never had no clothes with buttons on like that."

"Then it may have been lost by the murderer," I concluded.

"It may, or may not. Plenty people been on Reilly's boat that might have lost a button."

(Continued on page 55)

A Holiday for Fear

They tried something new in Urbana: the city took a holiday and forestalled the impending runs on its banks. It did more than that; it found a way to bring together bankers and depositors so that where distrust had existed before there are now confidence and a desire to help. That achievement has been duplicated elsewhere. It's an inspiring story

By William G. Shepherd

EATMORE
SHOE SHINE
PARLOR
HATS SUITS
RED HOTS

Aurora celebrating the termination of its enforced holiday

CITIZEN'S PATRIOTIC PLEDGE

Having confidence in the soundness of Aurora and its banks, in consideration of the execution and delivery of contracts of similar effect by others, I the undersigned agree with such others and The First National Bank in Aurora, ☐ Aurora National Bank, ☐ Broadway Trust and Savings Bank, ☐ Old Second National Bank and/or Merchants National Bank, ☐ all of Aurora, Illinois, in whichever of the same I may have funds on deposit, that I will not withdraw any part of such funds now so on deposit unless such withdrawal be necessary and in no event shall such bank be required to pay on my order in excess of ten per cent thereof in any one month until the present business emergency is ended.

I further agree to deposit in the bank carrying my deposit such funds as I may have available for the purpose.

January.............., 1932.

Witness .... Seal.

....

The pledge card signed by Aurora's bank depositors

WHAT are you going to do in a small city when everyone in the place knows there's going to be a run on all the banks in the morning? When lights do not go out in the homes at bedtime? When panic-stricken fathers and mothers talk and plan through the black hours, while the children are asleep, about how to save the home, how to keep the children in school—how, in God's name, to get their money out of the bank in the morning before the bank fails?

First come, first served! Will it be like that, when the banks open? Panic's afoot. How can you stop the lines from forming? How can you stop the banks from closing their doors and falling into the hands of official receivers? No wonder the town is wide-eyed through the night, until the zero hour comes at the cashiers' windows in the morning.

What can you do to stop it? Nothing seems solid. Who or what is there to hold onto in such a storm?

A night like this came to the little city of Urbana, Illinois. No one in that place will ever forget it—January 18, 1932. Nor will anyone there forget how the city fought off the storm and found something as vast and solid as the Illinois prairies to fasten an anchor into.

On the afternoon of that day two banks closed! They were in the little city of Champaign, where the University of Illinois is situated. The two cities are so close together that they are practically one. The people in both were literally terrified.

The news of the failures went out too late in the day for all the people to demand their money at the remaining four banks. However, there would be lines of clamoring people at the doors of the four remaining banks at sunrise. That was certain!

But there were *no* lines of people at the bank doors the next morning. And that's just why I'm writing this story. The banks were saved. No, they were not saved by the bankers. They were saved by the depositors; by the very folks who were in a panic that afternoon and night of January 18th.

The most solid thing that anyone found to lean against in that city during its financial troubles was the folks.

Closed banks in a university town wreak double disaster. Students go back home. Illinois University knew what happened to Iowa University. One-two-three-four-five, the banks went down in Iowa City within a space of four months. They began closing in October, just as students returned and deposited the school money which they had been saving or earning during the summer.

"I've got to go home. Haven't got any money left." That became the cry of the Iowa students, as one bank after another closed its doors.

"Don't go unless you must," pleaded the faculty.

"I must." Almost four hundred students made this declaration.

"You won't if we can help it," replied the faculty. The absent-minded professors thereupon showed themselves in a new light; they raised a lending fund of $10,000 somehow; they kept three hundred students from quitting.

Illinois University didn't want to come to any such desperate pass as that.

Urbana's Anxious Night

The night of January 18th no one among the bankers, the business men or the aldermen did any sleeping; neither did Mayor Reginald C. Harmon. He is a lawyer; a graduate of Illinois. They remained up, all night, in meeting. And they decided that the city would not take the coming blow lying down.

"The banks must open in the morning," declared the bankers. "By law, if we keep them closed they stay closed and the government takes them over."

"Let's ask about that," said someone.

At two in the morning, with the storm only seven hours away, they awakened a national bank examiner in Chicago. He declared:

"If the national bank in your city doesn't open tomorrow it must stay closed."

And then someone hit upon an idea, inspired right there at the telephone.

"Say," they asked the Federal man, "what could you do if the mayor or the police or some authority ordered the banks to stay closed tomorrow?"

"Well, I can't answer that question till I'm confronted with the actual situation," was the answer.

"Let's make tomorrow a legal holiday in this town!" They told me in Urbana that it was a lawyer named Henry I. Green who made this suggestion.

"Close the banks so there'll be no run on them. Close all business until we cool off. This thing came on us so suddenly that we haven't had time to think it over. The state officials can't help us. Neither can the Federal officials. Nor can the bankers. Let us Urbana people stop everything until we find out what it's all about."

This was about the way the talk went. But what official would be willing to take this drastic step? Would the chief of police do it? Or the sheriff of the county? Some public official would have to step forward and declare himself willing to take the coming blow, on the chin if necessary.

Mayor Reginald Harmon did the job. He declared almost the equivalent of martial law. You can see from the following proclamation, which was written, signed by him and printed for public display the next morning, how desperate the Urbana picture looked:

PROCLAMATION: *Whereas*, for the suppression of disorder and to maintain the peace within the City of Urbana, Illinois, it is deemed expedient for the public welfare to suspend business within the corporate limits of said city for the time and with the exceptions hereinafter enumerated.

Now, therefore, I, Reginald C. Harmon, Mayor of the City of Urbana, Illinois, do hereby order and proclaim that all business establishments in the business district of said city, excepting stores furnishing food supplies, drug stores, transportation and public utility agencies, and newspaper offices, shall remain closed during business hours on the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d day of January, A. D. 1932.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed my hand, etc.

REGINALD C. HARMON
Mayor of the City of Urbana, Illinois

Pledges of Confidence

I've seen proclamations like this in war time. Admiral Fletcher signed some such order when the Americans took Vera Cruz. French mayors issued somewhat similar orders when the German lines advanced toward their towns.

The posters told the story the next morning when people came to the banks or went to their offices to work. The banks weren't open; neither were the offices.

"When these banks open again," said the mayor, unofficially, "no one person or group of persons is going to get a privileged grab at deposits."

But in the meantime, a second step had been taken.

The Association of Commerce, during the night, had prepared a pledge to be carried from house to house, for the signatures of bank depositors. The names and addresses of depositors, though not the amounts of individual deposits, had been obtained from the banks.

Squads of business men, their clerks or secretaries, went about the town in cars, seeking signatures. The pledge ran:

"Having confidence in the soundness of Urbana and its banks, we pledge to the people of Urbana that we will not withdraw from (name of bank specified) any part of our account therein until this present period of hysteria has

Mayor Bjorseth making the first deposit on the reopening of his city's banks

fully subsided, and if all the depositors will do likewise the banks will be saved and property values will be preserved."

An amazing tranquillity immediately spread over the town. Everyone knew that the other fellow wasn't getting any money out of the banks; that thought made him rest easy about his own money.

Depositors were delighted to know, when pledge-carriers came to their homes, that other depositors were signing the pledge. They tell me the following is a true story of how one worker got a signature:

Mrs. Smith heard a knock at her door. She peeped through a window and saw there the figure of Mr. Whostein, the furniture dealer to whom she owed a bill.

Her heart turned over with the doorknob.

"Mr. Whostein!" she exclaimed. "I told my husband last week to see you about our payment on the furniture. We can't make it this month."

"Mrs. Smith, please! please!" answered Mr. Whostein. "I didn't come to ask you for furniture money. What you should do is help us save our banks so they won't blow up. Please sign this paper to keep your money in the bank a little while."

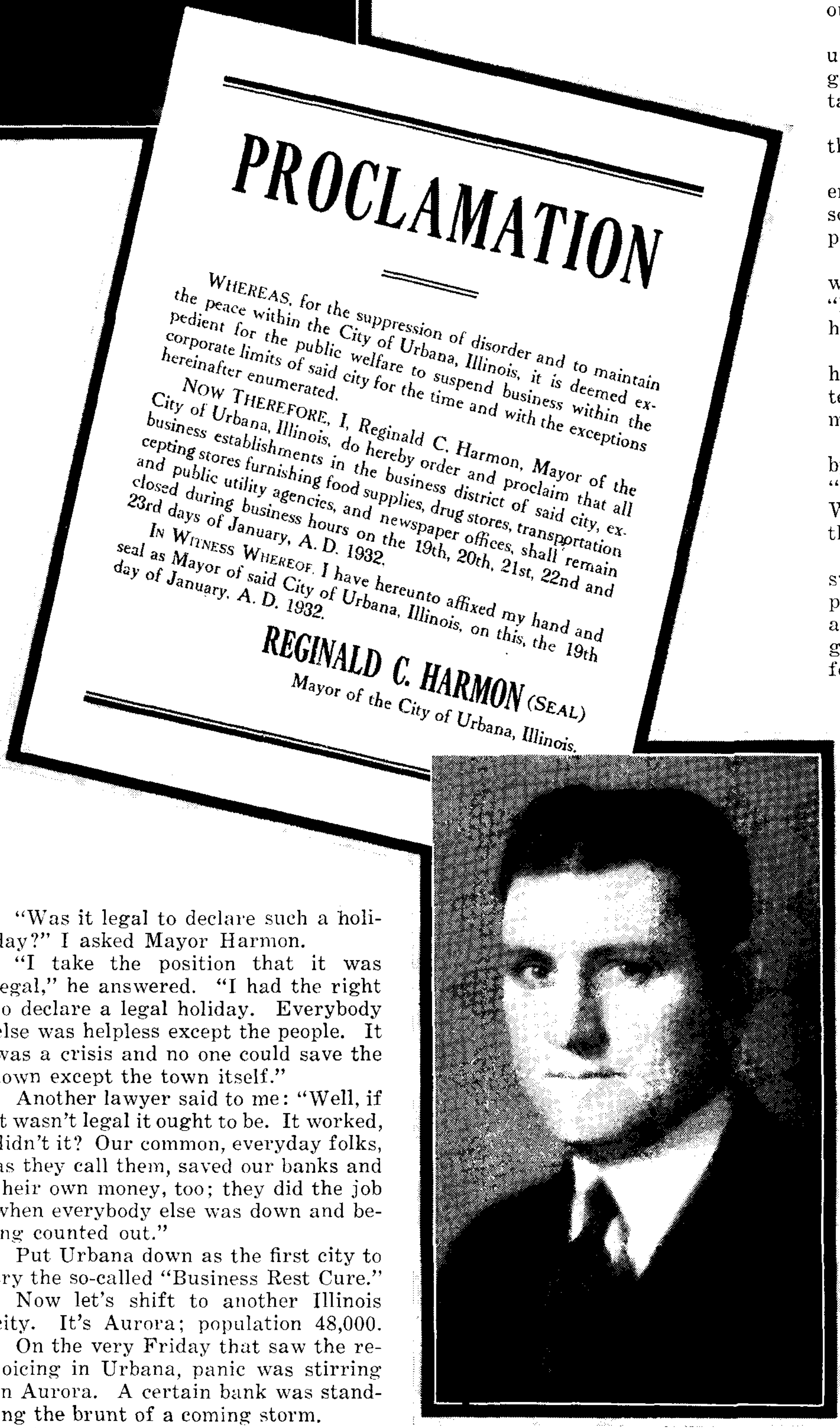
The rush for pledge signatures in Urbana was like a Liberty Loan drive. Within two days over ninety per cent of the depositors had agreed not to draw on their banks.

Business As Usual

At the end of the second day, the storm was over.

"We're going to cut this five-day holiday short," announced the mayor. "We didn't need as much time as I thought to calm down."

There was no run on the banks when they opened the third day. The Association of Commerce later announced that deposits on that day exceeded withdrawals by 13 to 1. The trouble, which began Tuesday, was ended Thursday and by Friday the panic and the danger had passed. The people had learned something. Exactly what they had learned I shall describe later on.



PROCLAMATION

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IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto affixed my hand and seal as Mayor of said City of Urbana, Illinois, on this, the 19th day of January, A. D. 1932.

REGINALD C. HARMON (SEAL)
Mayor of the City of Urbana, Illinois.

Mayor Harmon of Urbana, Ill., and, above, his proclamation of a business holiday

"Was it legal to declare such a holiday?" I asked Mayor Harmon.

"I take the position that it was legal," he answered. "I had the right to declare a legal holiday. Everybody else was helpless except the people. It was a crisis and no one could save the town except the town itself."

Another lawyer said to me: "Well, if it wasn't legal it ought to be. It worked, didn't it? Our common, everyday folks, as they call them, saved our banks and their own money, too; they did the job when everybody else was down and being counted out."

Put Urbana down as the first city to try the so-called "Business Rest Cure."

Now let's shift to another Illinois city. It's Aurora; population 48,000.

On the very Friday that saw the rejoicing in Urbana, panic was stirring in Aurora. A certain bank was standing the brunt of a coming storm.

Thirty thousand dollars, the town story goes, was taken from it in the forenoon and $150,000 in the afternoon. That bank was glad enough to be able to shut its doors at closing time. You could almost hear the building itself sigh in thankfulness for a few hours' relief.

"The people who have been taking out their money have been renting safety-deposit boxes at other banks," reported one bank scout. "One bank rented eleven boxes this afternoon."

The five Aurora banks had $16,000,000 in deposits; within a few weeks people had withdrawn seven millions. And they hadn't put the seven millions into anything else but tin boxes or socks or mattresses.

The storm had been slowly brewing, but on this Friday afternoon it was only too certain that the crisis was at hand. No bank had failed for many years in Aurora. But the test would come the next day.

Bankers and business men met at a club to talk about how they might possibly stave off the bank rush which was sure to come Saturday morning. The rush would be all the wilder because the banks would close at noon. Could the banks stand it? Of course not. And right here let me point out the thing that the people of Urbana—and those of Aurora, later on—discovered for themselves about banking during the panic days. It is this, simple as daylight:

No bank can pay out to its depositors at one certain time all the money which they have deposited with the bank. The money is hired out, working for wages. It can't be all called in at a day's notice and turned over to depositors.

"You'd be amazed to know," one of the campaigners at Aurora told me, "how few people knew this simple fact. And you'd be surprised to know how reasonable they were when it was explained to them."

Aurora Finds a Precedent

No, the Aurora banks couldn't stand a run the next day. They would be forced to close and go into government hands.

"Let's telephone the authorities at Urbana," someone suggested in the meeting.

They got an Urbana lawyer who had taken part in the Urbana "holiday" on the telephone. He told them the various steps that had been taken.

"But you haven't had any bank failures to frighten your people," he suggested. "I don't know whether they'll take it as wisely as our people took it."

That was one wild night in Aurora, that Friday night, January 22d.

Everyone in the meeting of some seventy men decided that there might be some hope in the Urbana "holiday" plan.

"Our banks can't close themselves without staying closed," they agreed. "But we'll try to close them with a legal holiday."

Mayor Conrad M. Bjorseth told me how he was awakened at home by a telephone call at two o'clock in the morning.

"Come down to the club," he was told by a friend whose voice he recognized. "And come in by the alley entrance. We're keeping our plan a secret until the right time."

"Well, I know it's you all right," answered the mayor. "But I don't like the plot. Why should I come through the alley? How do I know someone hasn't got a gun up against your stomach forcing you to summon me?"

"I telephoned over to police headquarters," Mayor Bjorseth told me, "and asked 'em to send me over a police-squad car with a guard. Then I went to the club."

The Aurora leaders went farther that night than the Urbana leaders had gone. They closed factories. But they kept the theaters opened so that minute men could address the audience. They did not talk of physical dangers and disturbance of the peace.

At the club, at 3 o'clock in the morning, Mayor Bjorseth signed this proclamation:

"The economic distress of the nation has struck with violence in neighboring cities and villages and its effects are felt with increasing force day by day in Aurora.

"It has come to my attention that there is unrest among our citizens due to this fact and to vicious and insidious propaganda circulated without good reason among our people. All this has its effect upon our business and commercial life and threatens the welfare of our people and their safety.

"Aurora business and society rest upon firm foundations and I do not propose to stand idly by and permit such actions and expressions to create conditions that might seriously affect the social and economic welfare of the City

(Continued on page 48)

The Kiss Cure

It was what might be described as one more exciting evening! And it would seem to indicate what girls like Mary really need

By George Weston

FIRST they had dined together—at one of those tricky places where Paul had sat facing a mirrored wall, so that he could not only see how he opened his mouth for egg-and-lettuce salad, but could also see, in reverse reflection, how strangers opened theirs.

And then they had gone to a show together—a clever show because Mary was a clever girl. And there, between curtains, they had watched a Virtuous Matron ruin her husband's career until a Scarlet Woman had come along to straighten things out again.

Nor was this the end of their evening. They were now rolling across town in a taxi—sitting intellectually apart because Mary had very definite ideas about people who embraced in taxis. So there she sat—young, good-looking, and almost poignantly provocative—in short, as alluring a problem as you would have found in all the taxis of the so-called civilized world that night. And there, on the same seat, sat Paul, secretly busy with the problem by his side but apparently intent upon nothing more important than watching the car ahead.

"You know," he suddenly remarked, "I feel that I should warn you about something."

She looked at him quickly. Indeed, if you had been there with the gift of seeing things clearly in a taxi at night, it might have occurred to you that Miss Mary Logan looked at Mr. Paul Menjes in a manner which can only be described as cautionary.

"This Valentine party that we're headed for," continued Paul, still apparently intent upon the car ahead, and getting ready to brace himself if they bumped, "I know next to nothing about it, except that I hope you'll like it."

"I love that!" said Mary in a clever little murmur; and she almost seemed to purr with satisfaction, as if perhaps thinking of the marvelous power she had of keeping young men in their places.

"Scotti, the man who's throwing the party," continued Paul, "has just been painting some posters for our company. Believe me, they're knockouts, too! And because I've been looking after him down at the office, he called me on the phone today and asked if I'd like to drop in tonight—and bring a friend. . . . And knowing how interested you are in artistic and intellectual people—"

"OH, I think it's wonderful," she said, speaking again in that clever little murmur aforesaid, "to meet people who aren't—well—just primitive, if you know what I mean. People who know how to amuse themselves without wrestling with each other—or playing cards—or eating something they really don't want in a restaurant they really don't like, and then hurrying out to a show—"

In the shadows of the car, Paul's ears reddened—auricular flowers which were born to blush unseen.

"Well, here we are," he said, as the taxi stopped at the end of a street. "'Overlooking the river'—yes; this is the right place." And a few minutes later, after they had left their wraps in a bedroom and were standing on the top of the two tiled steps which led down to Scotti's living-room, he whispered, "What do you think of it?"

"Oh, I love it!" breathed Mary, with shining eyes. And like a young pilgrim in a strange land who has unexpectedly come at last upon a group of her own people, she unconsciously stepped forward away from Paul and sighed with that deep sense of satisfaction which comes only from the heart. "Now this is what I call a *real* studio party!"

At least nobody was drinking out of paper cups—or cereal dishes—or bottles with humorously conceived "Poison" labels. There were no men in smocks—no girls in velvet super-shorts which they had once worn at a masquerade. No, indeed; Scotti was doing the thing right.

Most of the men were showing their shirts, for instance. Most of the girls were showing their backs. And a caterer with a Park Avenue address was not only showing a good line of refreshments; he had also supplied a collapsible bar, complete with all accessories even to a bartender in white coat and apron, his hair brushed flat over one eye.

PAUL and Mary were making their way through the mob, when a deep voice suddenly cried, "If it isn't little Mary Logan!" and toward them came plowing a beaming, impetuous greeter with eloquent eyebrows, a black mop of hair and a dark, romantic beard.

"You remember me, little friend Mary?" he boomed.

She proudly answered, "Of course I do! You're Mr. Dapso, one of the directors of that South American cruise—"

"Deep-sea Dapso trying to find himself; that's right," he laughed, his voice like the chorus of a wind-jamming chantey. "And do you remember the water-color I painted of you on the boat deck one afternoon when I wasn't busy directing? Well, let me tell you something that I've wanted to tell you for a long time. I put that picture in the Carnegie show and it won a medal. Wait till you see it in my studio—for, believe me, I'm not losing sight of you again—that is, of course, you're still Miss Logan, I hope?"

Mary nodded, prouder than ever now because of the picture and the medal and all the clever people who were listening. "This is my friend, Mr. Menjes," she said, quickly accounting for Paul.

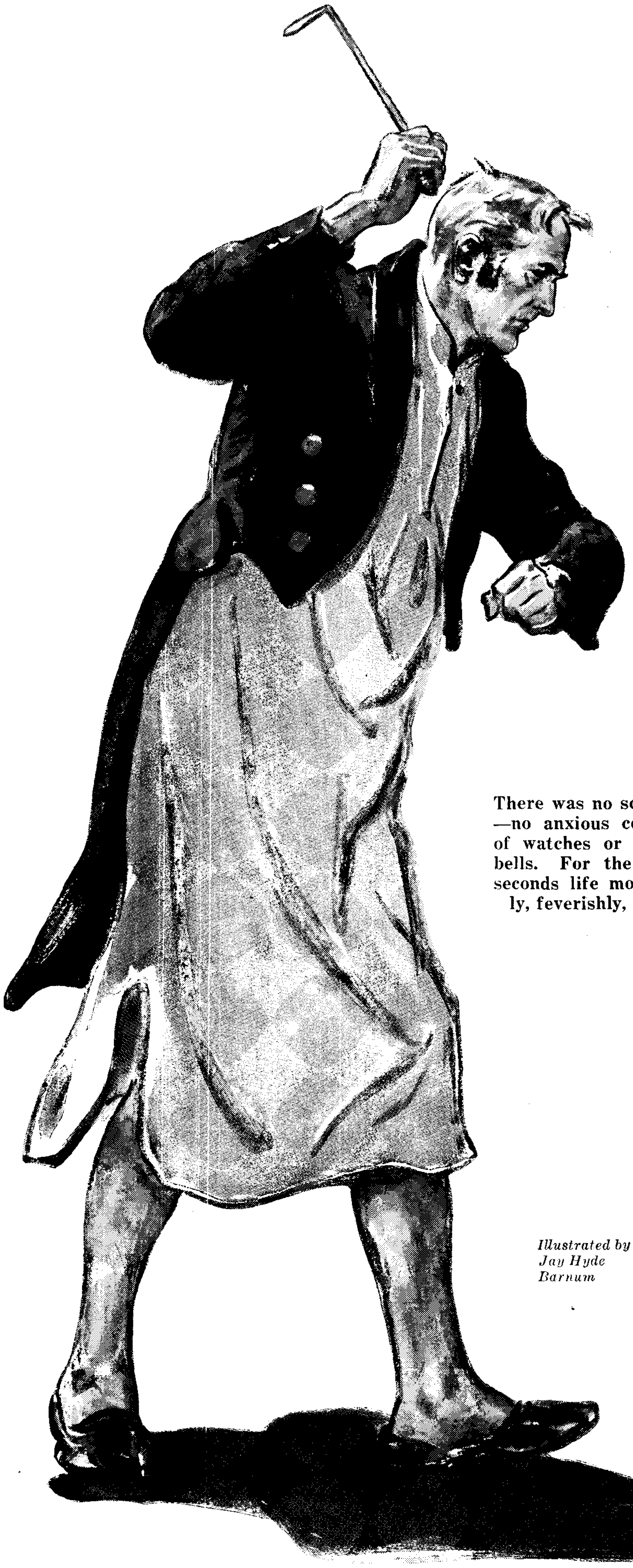
"Mr. Menjes!" repeated the Bearded One with a handshake that made Paul wince. "Mr. Menjes, I want to congratulate any man whom Mary Logan calls her friend. And yet, sir, I would have you consider this: that you have been with her all the evening, while I have only this moment met her again after a lapse of years. So surely you won't deny me the next ten minutes—"

Taking the lack of denial for granted, he impetuously threaded Mary's hand first under, then over his arm.

"Come, child," he said, all dark beard and darker confidence. "We have much to say to each other, and there was no one on the terrace a minute ago."

The terrace was cold with the chill of a February midnight; but over in the corner was a small solarium like a greenhouse, ingeniously heated with steam pipes from below. By the light of the moon they found the door and the two deep chairs from which they could look over the river; and there they sat—two human plants in that young greenhouse—a study for any botanist who would like to see how nature takes its course.

"Now!" he said, promptly turning his back to the view, the better to pat her hand. "Tell me, my dear, what you have been doing in the world—it has been something wonderful, I



There was no science here—no anxious consultation of watches or ringing of bells. For the next few seconds life moved quickly, feverishly, furiously

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

know, or you wouldn't be here tonight."

"I wish you were right," said Mary wistfully. "But—well, I've dreamed a lot—I suppose most girls do—but I haven't accomplished much—yet—"

"Of course you've dreamed—you will always dream—you are the type to dream!" This in a spirited crescendo like a rising wind on the water; and then more softly, "But, what particularly have you dreamed, my dear?" he asked, her hand by this time between his gentling palms.

"You won't laugh?" she uncertainly asked.

"You know I won't laugh."

"Then—well, the whole world seems so topsy-turvy, that more and more I've been wondering if I could write—well, some sort of a book—that would just set everybody straight again."

"Oh, wonderful!" he exclaimed, almost beneath his breath, but still loud enough for her to hear. "A real inspiration, my dear, if ever I heard one."

"A book," she tremulously suggested, "that might even have as much effect as Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"NOW, that's strange!" he whispered, staring at her. "I was thinking of the very same thing!"

"Because, you know," she hesitated, "it seems to me that all our troubles—or at least most of our troubles—can be traced to the fact that people are still too primitive. So I thought that perhaps I could get my title from that: The Primitives. And in my book—well, first I'd show that people nowadays spend practically all their time and energy in doing exactly the same things that the primitive races used to do. Why, Mr. Dapso," she said with a rising touch of indignation, "you'd think there was no such thing as the culture of the ages behind us."

"Oh, you clever girl!" he whispered again. "You mean that all around us—everywhere—people are spending too much time in eating and drinking—and things like that?"

She nodded, "Yes. Eating—and drinking—and trading—and fighting—and making love—"

This, particularly, he seemed to deplore, saying "Tt-tt-tt!" and thoughtfully continued: "Isn't it true, though, when you think about it? Especially making love . . . the precious hours, and days, and even years that people spend on that one thing alone."

Mary said, "Yes."

"As if it were something to be taken seriously!" he scoffingly continued. "As if a man couldn't admire a sunset without wishing to marry it! Or a girl couldn't like Lohengrin without living the rest of her life with the swan!"

Mary again said "Yes," but this time with just the least hint of hesitation, first in her manner and then in her voice.

"Do you know what you've just done?" By this time, his free arm had worked its way along the back of her chair like a quickly growing grapevine and his beard was hovering over her—a strange dark bloom. "You've given me an idea for a picture—an allegory! And do you know what I'm going to call it? 'Love-in-Chains!' How's that?"

SHE made a polite, uncertain noise. "The Spirit of Love—in a flower garden—" he impetuously went on, "his hands and feet fettered with golden chains—languishing—dying—all the life and happiness weighed out of him. And for a double allegory I'll paint a withered bunch of flowers by his side. And I'll paint a bird—flying and free! And I'll paint a butterfly—happy and free! But the Spirit of Love—ah, there he lies dying, a victim of his golden fetters—golden fetters made of wedding rings. 'Love-in-Chains.' The picture of the year. And it's you, my dear—you, my little friend Mary—to whom, again, I owe my inspiration!"

And then, so suddenly that Mary couldn't escape, he kissed her—kissed her so completely and comprehensively that for a few dark moments she was almost suffocated—probably the most startled and stifled young intellectual in all New York on Valentine's Eve that year. . . !

When Mary rejoined Paul at last, he was helping the bartender shake cocktails, and Mary had that heightened color which naturally comes to a face which has just been washed in cold water and vigorously rubbed—and rubbed again—with a huckaback towel. "I don't know whether it's the heat or not," said Mary, "but I feel a bit dizzy."

Paul looked at her anxiously. "Do you think you'd feel better in the air?"

"Yes," she said. "Wait till I get my things—"

They stepped out on the street together and walked a few moments in silence, along the bottom of a deserted canyon.

"That was interesting," Mary said at last. "I—I'm awfully glad you took me."

PAUL looked down at her. They had come to an intersection of street and avenue where the moon reached the sidewalk; and in its light she looked like something sent from heaven, walking so noiselessly by his side in her snowy jacket. If she would only get over this craze for "clever people". . . ! Paul had always scoffed at young women with careers—young women who used lipstick in place of logic—and crossed their knees instead of their t's—and now to think that this girl who interested him more than any he had ever known . . .

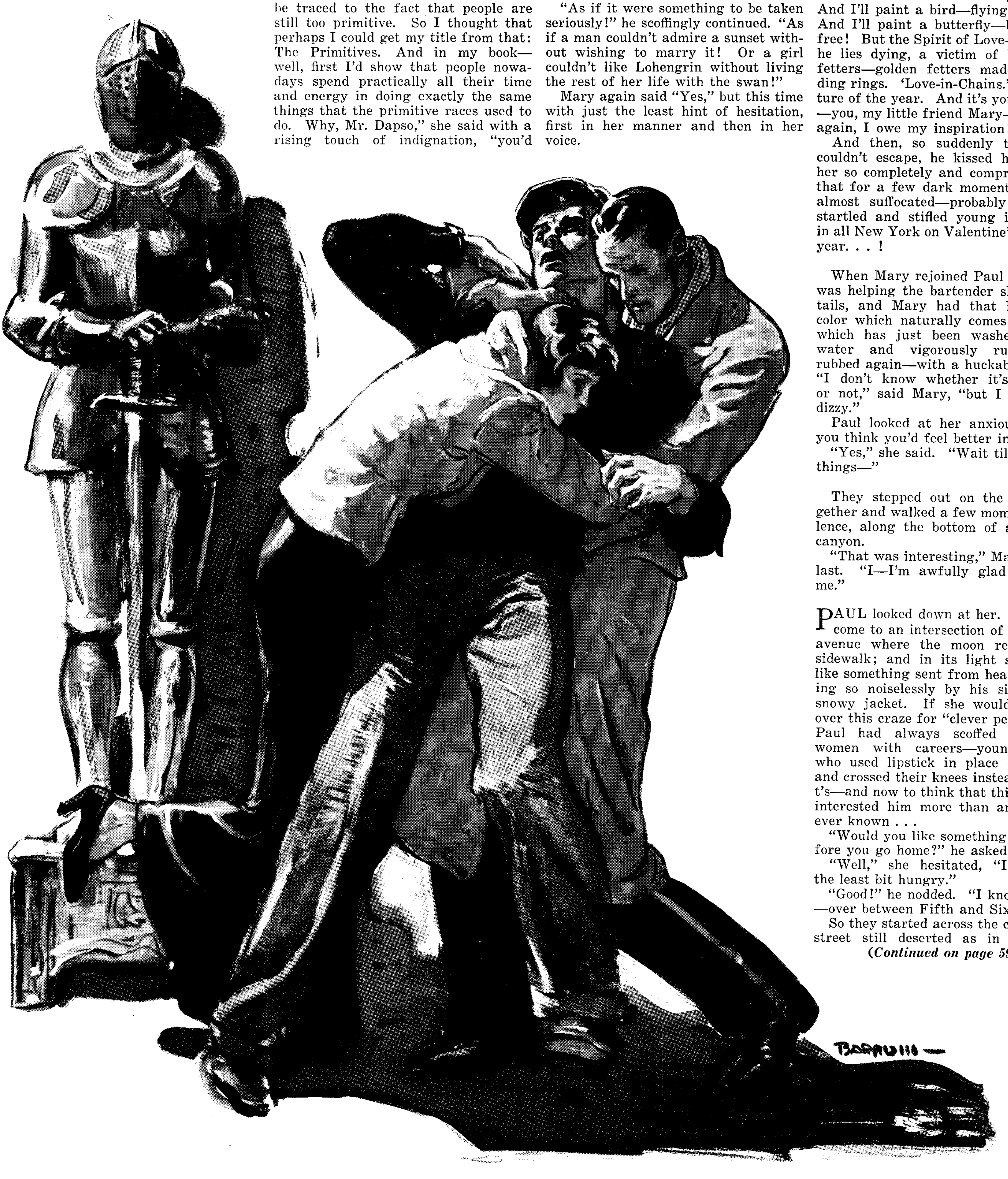
"Would you like something to eat before you go home?" he asked.

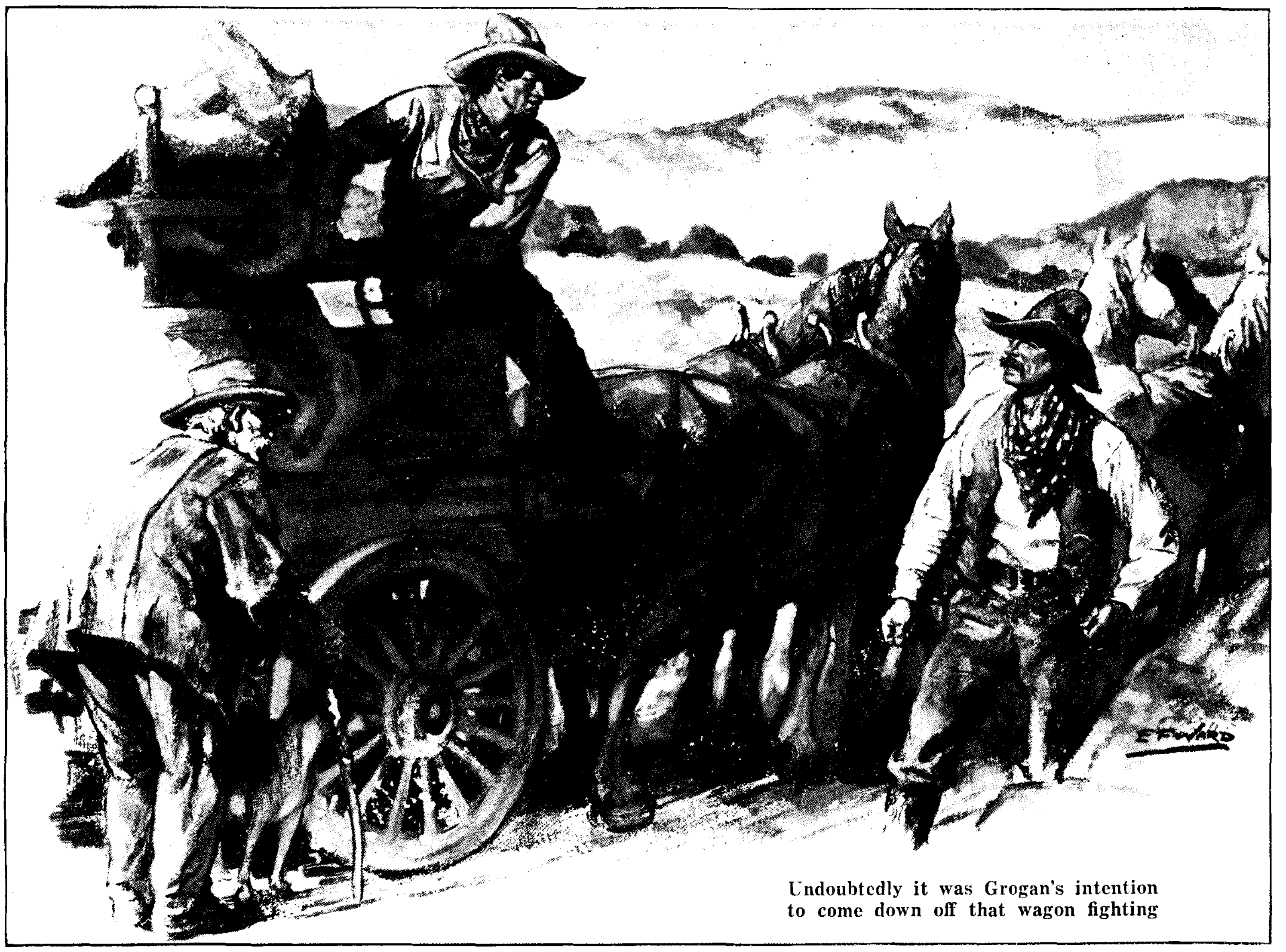
"Well," she hesitated, "I *am* just the least bit hungry."

"Good!" he nodded. "I know a place—over between Fifth and Sixth—"

So they started across the city—their street still deserted as in a dream.

(*Continued on page 59*)





Undoubtedly it was Grogan's intention to come down off that wagon fighting

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

Eyes of Doom

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Lyman Bryson and Alan Le May

ON THEIR *fourteenth* trip together, Tom Snair finally got his break.

For more than two hundred miles the six-horse wool wagons had been crawling over the black-lava-speckled desert; and an isolation constant, inescapable, oppressive, had bound the two drivers together. Tom Snair could not remember all his reasons for hating Grogan; reason had ceased to count in the blind fury the other driver roused in him. It would have been easy a few years ago, he was thinking, to start a shooting scrape and have his chance at that broad, grinning face. But nowadays they wore no guns, and murder was generally called by its right name. Snair, in the depths of his poisoned soul, was afraid of a rope.

Today, as Snair looked ahead into emptiness from his seat on the lead wagon, he could hear Grogan singing to himself on the second wagon. That cheery noise made Snair curse; he had to keep reminding himself that the crazy singing which followed him across the desert was really his own doing, and represented a minor success. For Snair knew that he could only wait for a sneaking chance to do for Grogan; and all he dared to do while he waited was to play on Grogan's weakness for corn whisky.

Then as his drag surged up out of the crossing of a dry coulee, a raw swing horse shied, and Snair was jerked up.

On a boulder by the trail sat an old man. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, shadowing all but his ragged beard. At his feet crouched a black and gray dog.

"Give me a ride into town, mister?" The old man's voice was faint and hesitant.

Snair did not answer, but cracked his blacksnake over the lagging wheelers and plodded on. He was already fifty yards past when he became aware that Grogan had pulled up and was parleying with the stranger. In incidents that had to do with Grogan, Snair flared up less upon occasion than upon opportunity; and he flared up now. For Snair—though he did not think of it—was probably the only man in the sheep country who would refuse another a lift.

HE COULD not see around the huge brown pile of wool bags, so he hauled in his team, jumped down, and went striding back. The old man was moving to climb aboard Grogan's wagon.

Snair's voice split the quiet: "Here—get away from that! We got a top load here. This ain't no passenger train!"

Grogan's answer came readily, easy with contempt: "Go lay an egg!"

The quarrel, smoldering always, even under Grogan's cheerfulness, was suddenly a burning fire. The old man stumbled backward, away from the wagon; he stood listening as Snair begged Grogan to get down and fight, his maledictions working upon Grogan as a sixteen-foot blacksnake works over a bogged team.

Grogan stood up on the footboard, swaying dizzily with Snair's whisky. Undoubtedly it was his intention to come down off that wagon fighting, as, in his care-free, reckless manner, he had come down many and many a time before. But this time as he jumped the toe of his boot caught in the ratchet of the brake. His great body, arms outflung, came spread-eagling through the air, and as Snair stepped back Grogan landed head-on in that broken black lava. His skull struck with a muffled crack.

Snair charged upon the inert, awkwardly sprawled body, but Grogan did not move again. For a moment Snair stood over him, dazed. He looked toward the old man, but the old man was hurrying away, his retreat covered by the gray dog, which kept looking back with raised hackles. Snair called out but the old man hurried faster, up the hill toward a lonely cabin. Turning back, Snair made certain that Grogan was dead.

When Snair had shaken the bewilderment from his brain a slow exultation came into him; for he realized now that he had killed this man just as certainly as if he had picked up that black chunk of lava and hurled it. It was the tanglefoot whisky that had pitched Grogan to his death—Snair's whisky. Aided by a mysterious and kindly fate, he had done for his enemy in the most desirably possible way—a way so handily perfect that no word could ever be raised against himself. Snair grinned grotesquely as he lifted the limp body to his own wagon and jammed it among the wool sacks. Deliberately, but very merrily, he unhooked the horses from the second wagon and tied them behind his own. Town was eight miles away.

OCCASIONALLY as he drove on he turned and looked back at Grogan's legs protruding from the wool sacks, helpless, tragically absurd, and he smiled again. Snair did not even have to shape a story. The simple truth would clear him, and he had a witness to that truth.

In town he brought his wagon to a halt before the hotel where he could ask for the coroner. Loafers from the hotel porch crowded around as he lifted Grogan's body to the ground with regretful care. Many of those loafers knew him. More had known Grogan, and there was a murmur of honest grief. Grogan's face showed a curious, contorted smile until someone put a handkerchief over it, changing it to a blotch of blue color on the dust.

Will Durner, town marshal, pushed through the crowd. "What's happened?"

Readily, concealing his exultant satisfaction, Snair told his story. Will Durner shook his head. "I don't know about that," he objected. "Did you and Grogan ever have any trouble?"

"I should say not—" Snair began, but someone in the crowd protested hostilely. They did not believe him. He could see in the dark faces as they pressed close that they thought he had struck Grogan down. But he faced them, confident and easy under their scrutiny. "There was an old man out there by the trail," he said. "He saw it all happen."

DURNER was puzzled. He remembered the shack eight miles out; prospectors stayed there sometimes. "I guess we'd better go on out and talk to him," Durner decided.

As Snair, riding on the marshal's buckboard, finally pointed out the shack, he was glad that half the town was following behind. "That dump up yonder," he indicated; "there he is."

The old man was squatting against the adobe wall, his dog beside him.

"Yes, sir; I stood by while them two fellers had their row," he told them.

"You saw Grogan fall and hit his head on a rock," Snair insisted.

"No. I just heard you cuss him out. You dared him to come down. Then there was a yell and a whacking noise—"

Snair lunged toward the old man, but a dozen hands held him back. "You're lying," Snair shouted. "You saw—"

But the old man was staring past him with pale, meaningless eyes. His voice was distant, innocent, full of doom. "No, mister, I didn't see anything. I'm stone blind."

Capital Chatterbox

By Clinton W. Gilbert

SOME Republican leaders, chiefly wets, are planning to offer the country a novelty in prohibition politics, a dry candidate upon a wet platform. The dry candidate will be President Hoover, always hitherto regarded as sympathetic with the dry cause.

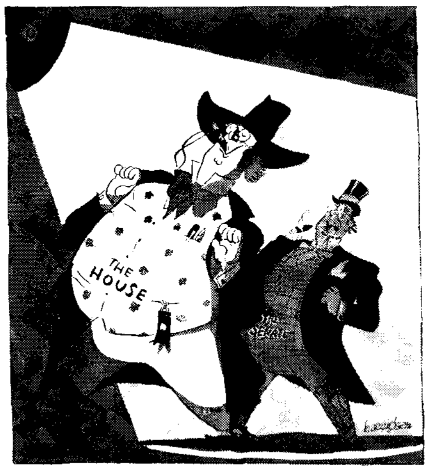
The wet platform will pledge the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment whenever a majority of the states through their legislatures petition Congress for another chance to vote upon constitutional prohibition. The drys may vote for the candidate on the theory that he is a man after their own hearts, at any rate one to be preferred to a wicked wet who has declared for repeal of prohibition. The wets may vote the ticket on the theory that it makes no difference what the President's personal views may be so long as the representatives of his party in Congress are pledged to vote for submission of a repealer when indicated.

Thus the Republican party, if this plan succeeds, will be wet where wetness counts, in Congress, and dry where dryness doesn't make any difference, in the Presidency.

The pertinent facts of President Hoover's record on prohibition are that in 1928, responding to a quiz of Senator Borah's, he declared prohibition to be "an experiment noble in purpose," and on another occasion he expressed his conviction against repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. There is just room enough between these two persuasions of his to let in three-per-cent beer. But the President has nothing to do with repeal. So why should any wet hesitate to vote for a President on record against repeal provided he can at the same time vote for a party pledged to repeal under certain conditions?

Apparently under this ingenious scheme the Presidential candidate may remain personally opposed to repeal while his party is pledged to repeal. And persons looking as if they knew give assurances that the President will keep his hands off and let his party adopt whatever plank it likes on prohibition. The plank may say, "We pledge the Republican members of Congress to vote for resubmission of prohibition to the states whenever twenty-five states ask for a reconsideration," and there will then be no reason why the candidate for President should ever mention prohibition. It is turned over to Congress where it belongs.

The difficulties of the Republican party, which is wet in the East and dry in the West, are so great on the subject of prohibition that I am persuaded that the party will resort to this expedient in the next election, and be both wet and dry. If President Hoover does keep his hands off in the next convention, as wet Republicans say he will, then it is likely that the Republican national platform of 1932 will contain a wet plank.



The House steals the act

I do not know just how a partly wet and partly dry party will be received by the country. The ungodly may laugh. But they shouldn't. The difficulties of parties with respect to prohibition tax human ingenuity. And a dry candidate on a wet platform isn't any funnier than a wet candidate on a dryish platform.

On the whole the drys seem likely to have Hobson's choice this year. And they may properly think that with the election of a dry President, even though his platform is wet, they may prevent the bad moral effect of putting a wet in the White House. They may think also that prohibition repeal will at least be delayed by the Republican requirement that the submission of a repealer must first be demanded by twenty-five state legislatures. Most of these legislatures meet only once in two years and in all of them the dry rural sections are overrepresented. Then it would have to be voted on by Congress, instead of having to be, under what is likely to be the Democratic platform, voted on only by Congress.

The wets may be disinclined to the Republican plan for the same reasons that the drys may prefer it. But there is no reason why a Republican wet who wishes to vote for Mr. Hoover for economic reasons or out of party loyalty should not find an excuse for doing so in the wet plank.

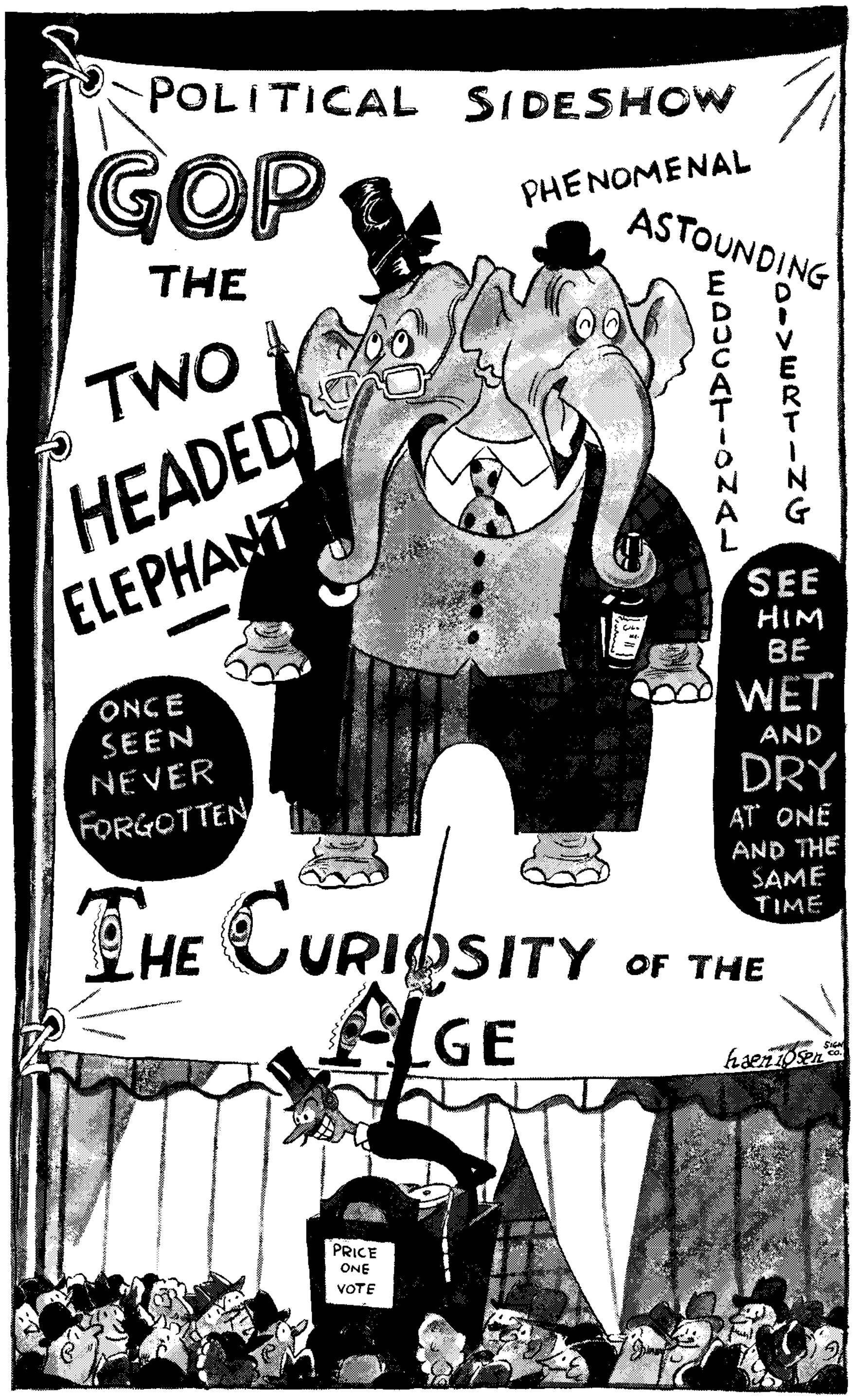
Free Spieling

The Honorable Hamilton F. Kean, senior senator from New Jersey, seldom finds his remarks in the Senate quoted in newspapers published outside of his own state. More's the pity, for the Honorable Mr. Kean belongs to a great family which has long served the United States in a distinguished capacity. Two of Mr. Kean's brothers have been members of the United States Senate and an ancestor served in the Continental Congress.

I liked the senator best when he arose in the midst of discussion of one of Mr. Hoover's depression-curing measures and said profoundly, "Let us all get together and legislate for the benefit of the United States." After saying this, the senator threw out his chest and walked about the rear of the Senate Chamber, well pleased with the contribution that he had made toward the solution of the nation's economic problems.

The senator's speeches are generally brief. His mind ranges far. As, for example, when the Senate was discussing a problem relating to the financial difficulties of cities the New Jersey senator begged one of them to yield the floor to him. Having obtained it, he contributed this bit of information: "Every mile of railroad track in this country, every freight car, every passenger car is subject to regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission."

The pertinence of the remark was perceptible only to the speaker, but its profound truth was perceived at once by every senator. Only the rules of the Senate, which forbid demonstrations, prevented an outburst of applause. Charley Curtis' gavel was poised in air, but the senators restrained themselves without its aid.



Harry Haenigsen

A new side-show for the great G. O. P. Circus, now on tour

Finance is one of the subjects on which the New Jersey senator is an authority. So when Senator Glass was making his great speech explaining the Glass-Steagall banking bill, a sort of stepchild of the administration, Mr. Kean arose and asked the Virginia senator, who had the floor: "Is it not true France has not $600,000,000, but has four hundred and odd million dollars that are earmarked, and by 'earmarked' is meant that the bags of gold have a tag on them to the effect that gold contained therein does not belong to the United States nor to the Federal Reserve System, but belongs to the Bank of France, so that such gold is not used for any purpose here, but it is simply for safe storage?"

The world at last knows what the "earmark" on gold is. Unfortunately the Virginia senator, also a great authority, replied, "That is not altogether the fact."

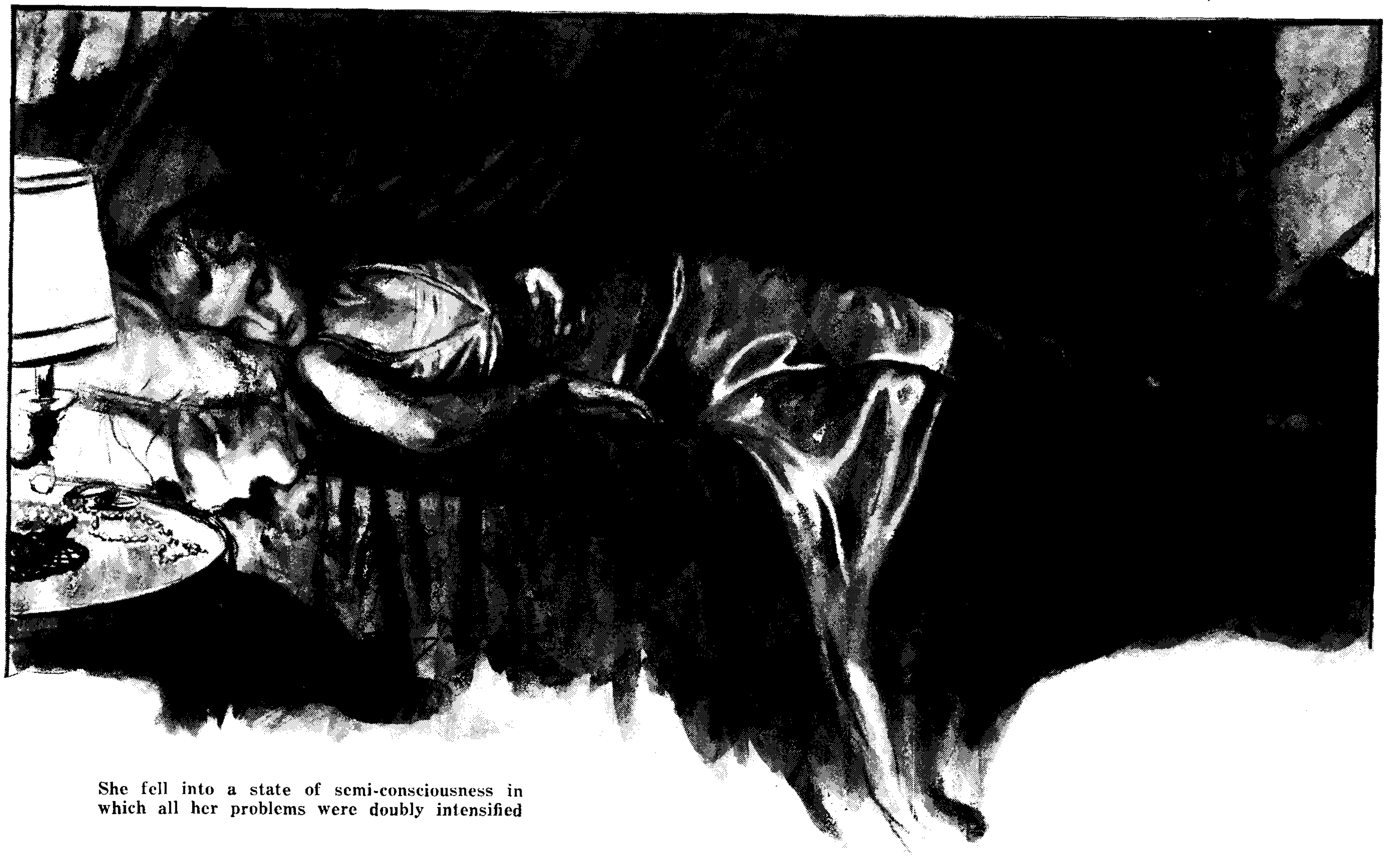
Aside from his illuminating remarks, the senator serves another useful purpose. Once a week he gives a dinner to the junior Republican senators, once known as the "Young Turks" when they were hot with zeal for reform in Republican leadership. From him they derive inspiration. As genial Jim Watson said, throwing his arm about Mr. Kean's shoulders: "Ham, I don't know how we could get along without you!"

House Rules

The Senate is now bitterly jealous of the House. Ordinarily it regards the House with scarcely disguised contempt. What has made the Senate jealous of the House is the extraordinarily favorable publicity which the House has received under the leadership of Speaker Garner.

But that is only half of it. The House has for the first time in two decades produced a real candidate for President with a good chance of being nominated and elected. Hitherto it has been the Senate's prerogative to develop candidates for President.

The House has invaded the Senate's field. All the members of the Senate who once served in the House and so "knew John Garner when" can hardly restrain their tongues. It is especially bitter for the Southern senators that the first serious candidate for President that the South has had in seventy years should be a House member and not a senator.



She fell into a state of semi-consciousness in which all her problems were doubly intensified

The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

BROUGHT up in this country after the death of her parents, Helen Stevens, the American tennis champion, visits her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch, of Illyria. Helen's father, the Crown Prince Dushan, had renounced his right to the throne to marry her mother, an American.

King Stephan proclaims her Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch. He makes her his heir and, because of failing health, plans to abdicate in her favor. He does this in order to keep the rascally Milan, present crown prince, and son of his second wife, from coming to the throne. Milan is in league with powers in Italy trying to take the valuable Tokar oil field away from the little kingdom. To make Helen's position stronger, King Stephan persuades her to become betrothed to Prince Marko, a distant cousin.

John Brent, who had been diplomatic attaché in Illyria, is now representing the Consolidated Petroleum Corporation of New York, trying to secure the lease to the Tokar field. He arrives in Zeta, capital of Illyria, on the day of Helen's betrothal to Prince Marko, and witnesses the ceremonies. He met her on the boat crossing from America to Italy and, knowing her only as a beautiful American girl, fell in love with her.

Brent hunts up Sloat, another "C. P. C." official, and discovers that he has been quietly financing a revolution to make Marko king, so that Marko, in payment, will let the oil field go for practically nothing.

Biding his time to see what will happen, Brent goes to a reception at the palace with General Michael Kosovo. He sees Helen and forces himself to speak to her with absolute formality.

VII

TAKING Brent's arm General Kosovo led him back to the now deserted drawing-room.

"Circumstances make it proper for me to confide in you," he said. "Something has happened which may precipitate a crisis at any moment and I may need your help. King Stephan has been planning to abdicate in favor of the Princess Stephanie a couple of weeks from now at the maneuvers. The ukase and proclamation by which such an act is accomplished are highly technical and elaborate. They were being drafted secretly by the Lord Chancellor. Well—the fat is in the fire. They have been stolen!"

"Stolen!"

"There is nothing so remarkable about that. The government offices are full of spies. Quite between ourselves, it isn't inconceivable that the Lord Chancellor was a party to the theft himself! Anyhow, it means that Milan will have definite knowledge of the King's purpose by tomorrow morning at the latest. So will Mussolini. For that reason Stephan must abdicate as soon as possible."

"Before Milan can raise a row?"

"Exactly, but he won't dare to! So long as the King lives the army will carry out his wishes. Of course if Stephan were dead, he and Marko would undoubtedly fight it out between them. A part of the army would back Milan; the rest would support Marko, who has an American oil company behind him. A fellow by the name of Sloat is handling things for them. They've spent over a hundred million dinars building up a revolutionary party in Marko's favor. Of course Sloat expects to get the Tokar concession for nothing in return. Luckily they have played right into our hands, for the stronger Marko is the more ground he cuts from beneath Milan's feet. Otherwise they might have caused a civil war."

"Your confidence, General, deserves another," said Brent. "I am one of the officers of the company you mention. But although Sloat is on our pay roll we have known nothing of what he was up to. I was sent out here to check up on his expenditures. I arrived only today and I've already learned quite enough to make up my mind to lay all the facts before you at once."

He glanced about the room.

"Can't we go where we'll look less like a pair of conspirators?"

"BY ALL means. How about the garden? I must not leave the palace grounds, for Milan and Marko might start something. There they are at that table—snarling at each other like two wildcats!"

"Does Milan know that Marko has been planning to prevent his accession to the throne?"

"Everybody knows whatever goes on in Zeta—as well as much that does not."

"And about Sloat, also?"

"Undoubtedly. Sloat would have bought Milan instead of Marko if he could; Marko was second choice."

"Who is this madonna-like Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini?"

"The cleverest and the most beautiful woman in Italy! Be careful!"

They walked to the door leading to the garden. The transition from the noise and heat inside into the cool and silent semi-darkness was so abrupt as to make what had occurred seem like a play upon which the curtain has descended. They followed the path under the moon-flecked leaves to the Beech of Justice and sat down upon the bench used by Stephan when holding his informal court.

"When do you now plan to have Stephan's abdication take place?" Brent asked.

"Tomorrow week, if the ukase can be redrafted in that time."

"And you feel confident that Milan will not attempt anything in the meantime?"

"What can he do? Stephan has a right to name his successor. Moreover, he can support that right by force of arms. No foreign country has the slightest ground for interference."

Brent lighted a cigarette.

"If there is to be a new sovereign of Illyria so soon, wouldn't it be advantageous to settle the matter of the oil field before the change occurs?" he asked.

"Decidedly. It would take it out of politics and stabilize our international relations. You say you represent the Consolidated Petroleum Corporation of New York—and that Mr. Sloat can be disregarded? Well, my boy, what sort of a proposition are you prepared to make to us?"

BRENT carefully outlined the situation as he saw it, the probable value of the Tokar field, the need for more positive information, the danger that the concession might be given away to some favored party by Milan or Marko, as circumstances might dictate, and the immediate need of money on the part of Stephan's government.

"I propose that you authorize me to sink a test well on the Illyrian side of the Dravitza, the cost to be credited against ultimate royalties," he said. "If the test is satisfactory the C. P. C. will take over the field and operate it, allowing your government, if the oil runs forty degrees or better, twenty per cent of the gross receipts, with a sliding scale downward of a half of one per cent for every degree the oil may run less than forty. That is to say, if it runs thirty-four, we would allow you seventeen per cent of the gross, and if it runs twenty-eight we'll allow fourteen. Meanwhile we'll advance you on account for your immediate needs a couple of million dollars. How does that strike you?"

"As eminently fair. I will lay the matter before Stephan in the morning. If he agrees we can sign a memorandum tomorrow. When would you start drilling?"

"As soon as possible. I'll cable for the company's ratification at once."

"Good! It is pleasant to deal with an honest man once more. Do you know that the best offer that we have yet received is ten per cent?"

"Of course that would be sheer robbery!"

"As soon as you get your answer from America come to my office in the State Department. Now I must go to keep my appointment with Drintyre. Good night."

"Good night, sir!"

They saluted, and the general disappeared toward the road bordering the end of the parade ground. Brent wondered if anything would come of it. The proposition was certainly, as Kosovo had admitted, a fair one. But it would take a long time to procure a rig, which might even have to be brought by air from Irak. Perhaps he could buy a drill from the Russians. Or possibly he could have one shipped from Roumania or Trebizond via the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. If only nothing happened in the meantime—!

He looked up. There was a shadow on the path. Had Milan followed him out here? No, it was a woman. She stopped and peered under the boughs.

He could see only the outline of her figure as she leaned with one hand against the beech trunk.

"John! Are you there?" she said.

He got to his feet, with a rapidly beating heart.

"Are you there, John!" she repeated. "I—I can't let you go like this!"

"YES, I'm still here. Won't Your Royal Highness sit down?"

"Please don't call me that!"

"Why not? You are one, aren't you?"

"I suppose so. Only I don't want *you* to think of me in that way."

"How else could I think of you?"

"Just as a friend. What's the matter, John? You are acting so strangely. What have I done?"

They stood at arm's length in the half-luminous darkness at either end of Stephan's bench. He could not see her face. He would have given the world to take her in his arms. She should never know! He laughed.

"What have you done? What haven't you done! You've treated me about as shabbily as any woman could treat a man. But as royalty I suppose you don't regard yourself as bound by the ordinary American standards of fair play."

Stephanie flinched at his unexpected tone. She had followed him out into the garden on impulse, blindly answering the dictates of her heart. Her position as a member of the royal family, just publicly affianced to a member of the court, made her action a flagrant defiance of etiquette, while the very fact that she had invited his rebuff humiliated her the more. She had her dignity to maintain.

"Even you have no right to speak to me in such a way!" she said.

"Not to the Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch, perhaps, but I have to Helen Stevens, the girl I asked to marry me!" he answered bitterly.

"Not to any woman who has a shade of self-respect. You talk about fair play. Is it fair play to accuse me of treating you shabbily without even trying to understand—"

"Good God!" he interrupted. "I understand well enough! Didn't you tell me you weren't engaged and let me make love to you on the steamer—string me unsuspectingly along the entire voyage—and then leave me flat after being arrested on your account at Trieste? What more is there to understand! No woman—I don't care who she is—can treat me that way and get away with it. You can be Princess of Dalmatia or Queen of the Cannibal Islands—you can marry the Prince of Wales or any make-believe prince in a fur cap and tassels you choose, but it's not going to prevent my telling you what I think of the way you've treated me. And I hope it may do you some good!"

It was too much. Even after all she had been through she had plenty of her old spirit left.

"I didn't come out here to be insulted," she retorted furiously. "If this is your own idea of fair play, well and good. I shan't wait to listen to any more of your remarks. I wanted to explain—possibly to make amends—"

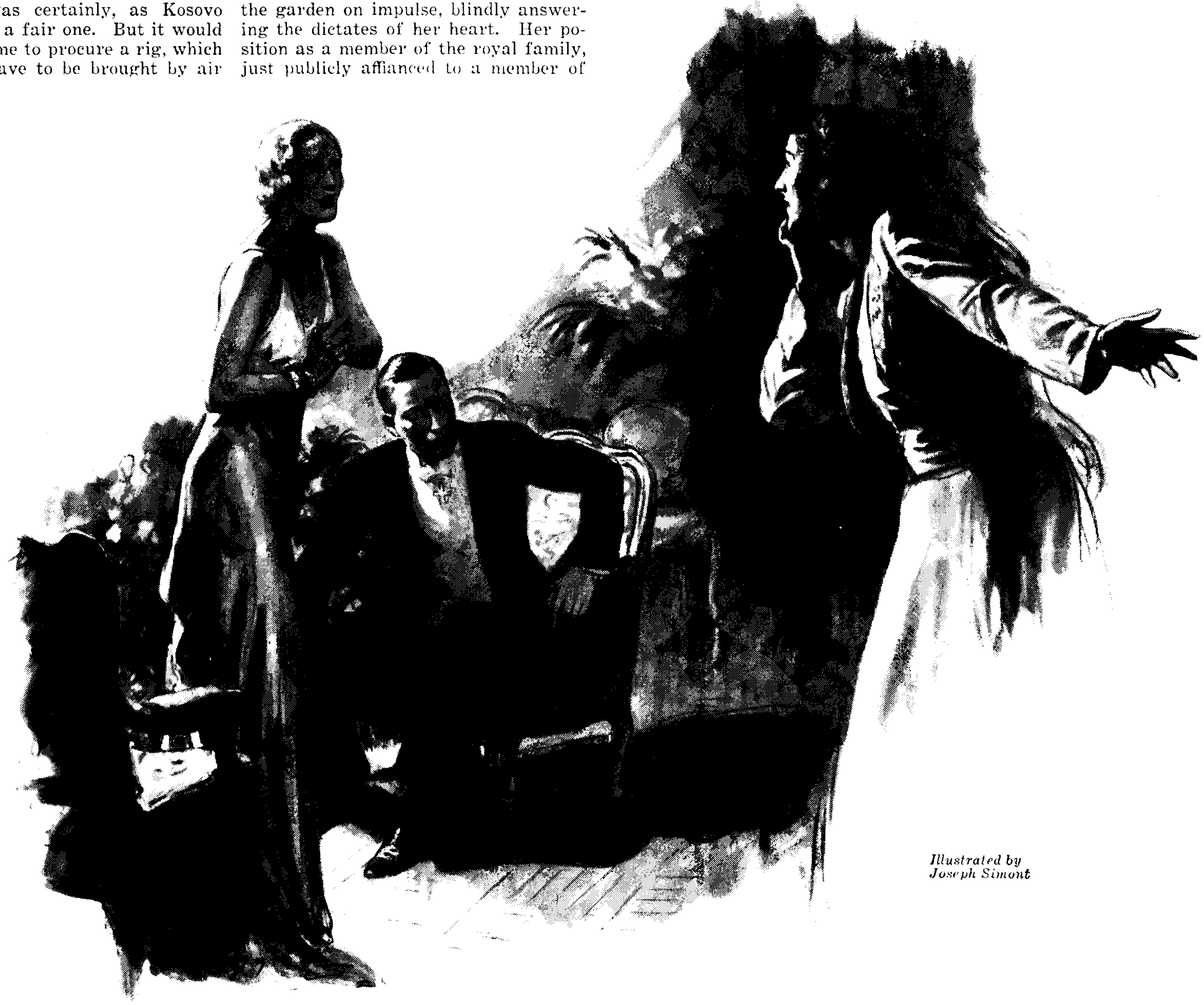
She stopped abruptly. A figure had appeared in the doorway—Marko's. He was humming a gypsy air and smoking a cigarette. If he found her there it might lead to embarrassing consequences. Here in Illyria her presence alone in the darkness of the shrubbery with a man other than her own fiancé could have but one interpretation, one which would involve the honor of the only female member of the royal family.

"We must go," she whispered, "before he sees us!"

TWENTY yards away they paused and waited. Marko, who had no suspicion of their presence, seated himself upon the bench which they had just vacated. An instant later there was a glint of white and a woman joined him. The scintillating jewels upon her neck and forehead unmistakably identified his companion as the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini.

"Come," Brent said. "We are not needed here. Let us go inside." His anger had been superseded by derision, mingled with a certain amount of pity. By God, she *had* let herself into it! Whatever her emotions she did not disclose them in her face, but with her head proudly erect, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes bright, she entered the ballroom, never more radiantly beautiful. The band was playing The Beautiful Blue Danube.

(Continued on page 52)



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"Oh, Kralyevsko! Oh, Madame!" Draga cried hysterically. "Come quickly!"

The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARRIED to brutal Sam Clayborne, Rita Clayborne is in love with Dean Resolve. She dares not divorce Clayborne, for she knows that Dean's father, old Sturgis Resolve, owes him a million dollars—and she knows Sam Clayborne. . . .

Learning of the situation, Jinny Carpenter comes to the rescue by "investing" a million dollars in Resolve and Company, the Resolves' real estate firm.

Feeling that the Resolves are now safe, Rita goes to Reno, but Clayborne swears to prevent her marrying Dean. When Rita is away he attempts to involve Jinny and Dean in a discreditable affair, but luckily fails to produce a scandal.

Clayborne has been mixed up with gangsters, and has been backing a racketeer named Swede Larkin. A boyhood friend of Resolve's, Giuseppe Martello, who is a bootlegger, knows of the row between Resolve and Clayborne. Martello tells Larkin that Clayborne may make trouble at the station when Rita arrives from Reno to meet Resolve, and Larkin promises Martello that if this is true Clayborne will have to do his own dirty work.

When Dean meets Rita they hardly notice a slight fracas that occurs near them, but go straight to the minister's where they meet Jinny and a friend, Wallie Curtis. They are waiting for the minister when a woman newspaper reporter bursts in and tells them that Clayborne, with a gun in his hand, was shot and killed at the station.

Resolve sends Rita home with Jinny and with his lawyer goes straight to the police. Because he tells the whole truth to the commissioner, he is released. It is evident that one of Larkin's men killed Clayborne. Larkin was fed up with Clayborne and thought that in this way he would not only get rid of him, but that the crime would be pinned on Resolve and Rita.

After seeing the police commissioner, Resolve goes straight back to Rita at Jinny's. He finds her very upset by the thought of the scandal which must ensue. She is afraid that whispers will follow them all their lives and she begs Resolve to give her *up and marry Jinny.* She surprises and startles Dean by telling him that Jinny loves him.

IX

HER brown eyes, which so oddly combined shyness with frankness, held now an expression of —almost—amusement. Amusement—if it were that—blended with tenderness.

"Dean, one of the nicest things about you is your lack of vanity."

"It has been commented on by sage judges," he said lightly.

She shook her head slowly.

"No—I mean it. Almost any other man in the world, with your attraction, would be offensively conscious—"

"Oh, come now, sweetheart," he said, embarrassed.

"Because I haven't been—too generous—with spoken endearments, you think that perhaps—I haven't felt them. You know I love you. Isn't it possible that another woman could love you, too?"

"I should think," he said with mock solemnity, "that the man who could capture your heart would be irresistible to all women."

"And that, instead of conceit, is flattery of me," she said. "But, Dean, why do you think Jinny gave you a million dollars?"

He flushed hotly.

"She didn't *give* it to me," he said. "She put it up—"

Rita sighed.

"I know. In a business deal. I've told myself that over and over again, Dean. I've tried to justify myself by telling myself that she wouldn't lose, that she'd eventually get all of her money back."

"Justify yourself? For what do you need justification?" he asked.

"For taking you from her," she replied.

"Now, this, Rita," he said in quick exasperation, "is the most nonsensical thing I ever heard. I've known Jinny for years. We're great pals. But I never loved her; she never loved me. Why, Rita, when she thought I'd cabled her a proposal, she turned me down. Did it in the sweetest but most nonchalant fashion. If I'd been mad for her, if I'd really sent her the cable, I'd have given up all hope when I read her letter. Girls in love don't write that kind—"

"Unless they suspect that the proposal isn't genuine—or is born of a sudden mood. You don't know girls, Dean."

"I KNOW Jinny," he insisted stubbornly. "And, anyway—even if it were true—and it's ridiculously *untrue*—well, it couldn't be helped. Rita, you're overwrought—"

"You've told me that," she smiled wanly. "And even if I am—sometimes, when people are overexcited, they think more clearly, see more truly—"

"Well, you don't," he interrupted. "And I don't want to hear any more of this nonsense. We love each other. Unfortunate circumstances—"

"And I wonder if they aren't warnings," she said.

"Warnings?" He frowned in bewilderment.

"I mean," she explained, "that things don't happen without meaning. Sam's—murder," she hesitated over the dreadful word. "Just as we were about to be married—"

"Was that in any way the fault of either of us?" he demanded.

She hesitated.

"I'm not sure. I wish I could be certain."

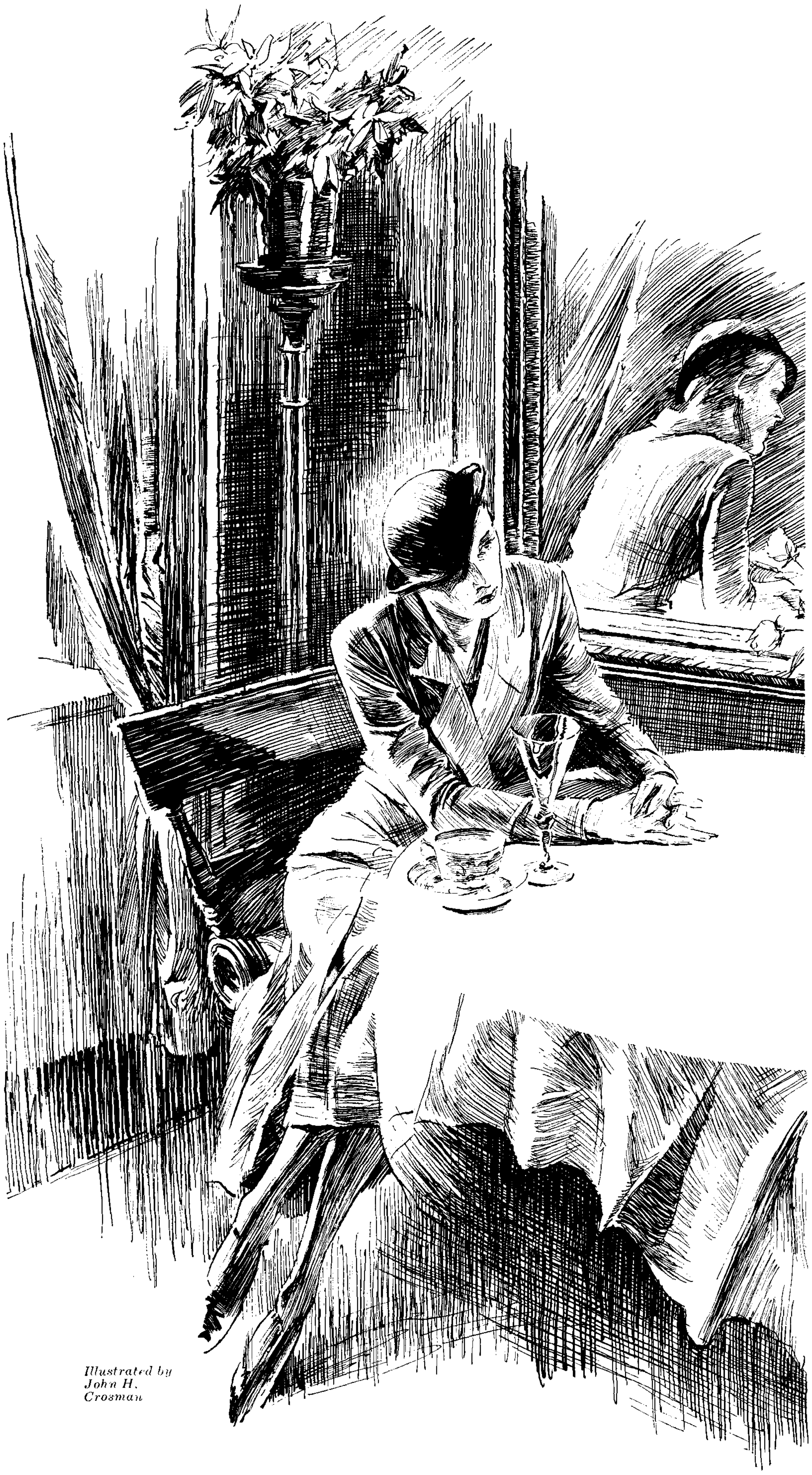
"You're not hysterical, Rita. You're by way of being mad. Jinny's in love with me. We're responsible for Sam's—"

"Oh, I don't mean that — exactly," she said. "Only—if I'd not fallen in love with you—he'd be alive—I'd be married to him—"

"And if he—had been a different kind of husband—you'd not have fallen in love with me," he said sternly. "Oh, he's dead, Rita, and—I don't want to say certain things. But—alive he kept us apart—too long. We mustn't let him — dead — separate us. If you're going to seek ultimate responsibility for things—blame him. He should never have married you. You and I should never have been born, perhaps. Our parents should never have met. See how absurd it is to take any one thing out of a long chain of things and say that that particular thing is responsible. Life is responsible, and we can't quarrel with life. We can resent it, sometimes. We can blame it, sometimes. But we can't quarrel with it, because it can't be moved, can't be changed, won't yield either to our pleadings or our anger. When we quarrel with life, we yield to madness."

"I suppose so," she said dully. "Only—it's such a tangled, mixed-up, reasonless thing. Dean, I'm very tired."

He rose and looked down upon her.



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Of course you are, darling," he said, quick contrition in his voice. "And I've been bothering you with argument—"

"Not bothering me," she corrected him. "You've been sweet. Only, I want to think, Dean."

He took alarm again.

"You're not to think of anything, Rita, except the fact that we love each other and that we're to be married right away. You're not to worry. You're not to get silly ideas about Jinny. In fact," and his voice became mirthfully masterful, "you're to let me do all your thinking for you."

She responded to his mood:

"It sounds too perfect, Dean."

"And you'll do it?"

"I'll try," she said.

"You're not to talk to anyone over the telephone," he ordered. "Reporters will try to interview you. But they may not find you here—"

"I ought not to stay here," she said quickly. "It—it's not fair to Jinny. I mean, to expose her to scandal. And that woman from the Glass—she knows where I am. She'll be here—"

"Don't see her," he commanded. "And as for leaving here—Jinny's no fair-weather friend, Rita. And her mother is loyal. They'll *like* you. They'll want to stick now. You mustn't go to a hotel, mustn't go anywhere. Promise?"

She sighed again.

"Don't—exact—promises—anything, Dean," she pleaded.

"Then I won't," he said. "Only—the way you talk shows you're not in a mood to be very common-sensible, and this is a time when common sense is required."

"Then I'll try to acquire some," she smiled.

He reached for her, and she gave herself to his embrace. Always he had been conscious of the sweet roundness of her, but now he felt, as men must when the loved one is suffering, the feminine frailness of her. His arms tightened, not with passion, but with that protective instinct which weakness arouses in strength.

"You're to rest. You're to realize that what seems terrible tonight will seem less terrible in a few days. But above everything else in all the world you're to realize that we love each other."

Into her eyes, in which trouble had sat, came that twinkle of gayety that, always unexpected, never failed to add to the measure of his subjugation. It expressed somehow, a courage that nothing could really daunt.

"If I forget it, I'll ask you to remind me," she said.

AND upon that note of unhoped-for lightness, he left her. Wallie and Jinny were by the street door, engaged in whispering as they might in a house of tragedy. The girl looked inquiringly at Dean.

"She's all right?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Nervous—upset—naturally," he said. "But—Jinny, keep her here, will you?"

Jinny's blue eyes were surprised.

"But of course, Dean. Why should you think—"

"Rita feels—naturally—that—well, that her presence might upset you—and your mother. And—your mother spoke to me recently. About Clayborne."

The girl colored.

"This is very different, Dean. Mother will want her to stay. She *does* want her to. What sort of barbarians do you think we are, Dean?"

"Forgive me, Jinny. Only—newspaper men—"

"That Miss Stone has been here. But I told her that Rita couldn't see anyone, and she left."

"And she mustn't see anyone," said Dean. "It will die out—this furor. The yellow papers will try to keep it alive, but—if Rita doesn't talk, and I refuse to be interviewed—the press will find something else in a few days. Only, those few days will be hard for Rita, hard for you and your mother, Jinny."

"Don't think about Mother and me, Dean," she said. "If only Rita will be brave."

If only Rita would be brave. As he left the Carpenter house, to be assailed by the cries of newsboys—grown men, rather—plying that species of racket which consists in screaming their wares so loudly that listeners are convinced another World War has broken out—he wondered how brave Rita would really be.

Then he put doubt from him. Whatever Rita Clayborne might do, ever, the action would never be caused by any kind of cowardice, whether of body or mind or soul.

But—he had been a little frightened by her attitude now. Of course, it was the most natural thing in the world that she should be disinclined to go ahead with their interrupted wedding plans immediately. Good taste might dictate a longer delay to Rita than it would to Dean. He could understand that possibility, even sympathize with it.

But there had been something more in her attitude—in her spoken words—than ever had been dictated by good taste. She had mentioned Jinny Carpenter, had said that Jinny loved Dean.

He had pointed out to her the absurdity of that thought. Now, walking along the street, he suddenly wondered if Rita's words had been inspired by jealousy. But that was another absurdity. In the first place, Rita had nothing of which to be jealous. In the second place, Rita, his Gracious Lady, was not the type to feel jealousy. Or, if it were remotely conceivable that she could feel it, she certainly would never show it.

BUT Rita was not the kind to say things lightly. If she said something, it was because she believed it, because she had given the matter thought.

But—and he smiled—his Gracious Lady, delightful though she was, was not infallible. Because she happened to believe a thing, her belief did not render the thing inevitably true. This ridiculous idea about Jinny was something for which he would gayly chide her in the good days to come.

The good days to come. He sighed heavily. How they had been delayed. Today, when it seemed that nothing could longer postpone their happiness, tragedy had intervened. Well, even tragedy, thank God, could not intervene forever.

Two men accosted him as he reached his home on East Seventieth Street, the home to which he had said farewell today, which he had never expected to reenter except as a guest, welcome in his parents' home.

"Oh, Mr. Resolve," said one of the men.

Resolve, engrossed in his thoughts, looked up in a surprise that he should not have felt. As he did so, a flashlight exploded, and a third man exclaimed delightedly. Dean took a step toward this latter, fist raised, prepared to smash both man and camera. Then his hand fell at his side. After all, the newspapers had scores of photographs of him. What difference could it possibly make that they had one more?

He turned to the steps.

"I've nothing to say," he said heavily to the two men who blocked his path.

"And I don't blame you, Mr. Resolve," said the man who had called his name. "Anyone mixed up through no fault of his own in a murder wants to keep his mouth shut."

Dean smiled grimly.

"Glad you appreciate my attitude," he said. "So, if you'll let me pass—"

The reporter grinned amiably.

"WHAT we want and what we ought to do are sometimes very different, Mr. Resolve. Naturally, you don't want to talk. But talk sometimes is the wisest thing. Don't you think it would be a good idea if you gave a statement to the Star—that's our paper—setting forth your side of this matter?"

"My side? What *side* have I?" asked Dean.

"Well, you were to be married today. You heard about Clayborne's murder; you went to see the commish; you postponed your wedding. Now, that's a whale of a yarn, as you ought to know. Why not give us a statement—anything you like, Mr. Resolve? How well did you know Clayborne? Do you have any idea why he was bumped off? When do you and Mrs. Clayborne plan to go through with the ceremony? You know—we'll treat you right, Mr. Resolve."

"I haven't a single thing to say, to the Star or to any other paper," said Dean. "Now, if you'll let me by—"

He waited for no yielding. His muscular shoulder thrust between the two men and they parted. Deliberately, while they clamored behind him, he rang the bell, and, as he waited for admission, no stone image could have been more immobile than he.

Petersen opened the door a crack.

"There's nobody home, as I've told you a dozen times— Oh, come in, Mr. Dean."

He opened the door, and his usually impassive face lighted with a welcoming smile that vanished as he saw the two men on the steps behind Dean. He slammed the door violently in their faces.

"My father in?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Resolve are at dinner, sir," said Petersen. He coughed. "If you don't mind, sir, we're all terribly sorry and—"

"Thanks, Petersen," said Dean. He gave the man his hat and strode to the dining-room.

There, in evening dress, as always since Dean could remember his parents had dined, sat his parents. His mother looked up at him. She half rose from her chair.

"Dean, my son. I knew. My swami told me last week that trouble—"

Dean put his arms about her and gently forced her back into the chair.

"Your swami," he chuckled, "can make prophecies like that to almost anyone in the world and be certain that they'll come true. I hope you haven't worried, Mother."

"Of course I've worried, Dean. And I wonder if you're right about the swami? It seems to me that he never is *specific*."

Old Sturgis Resolve chuckled.

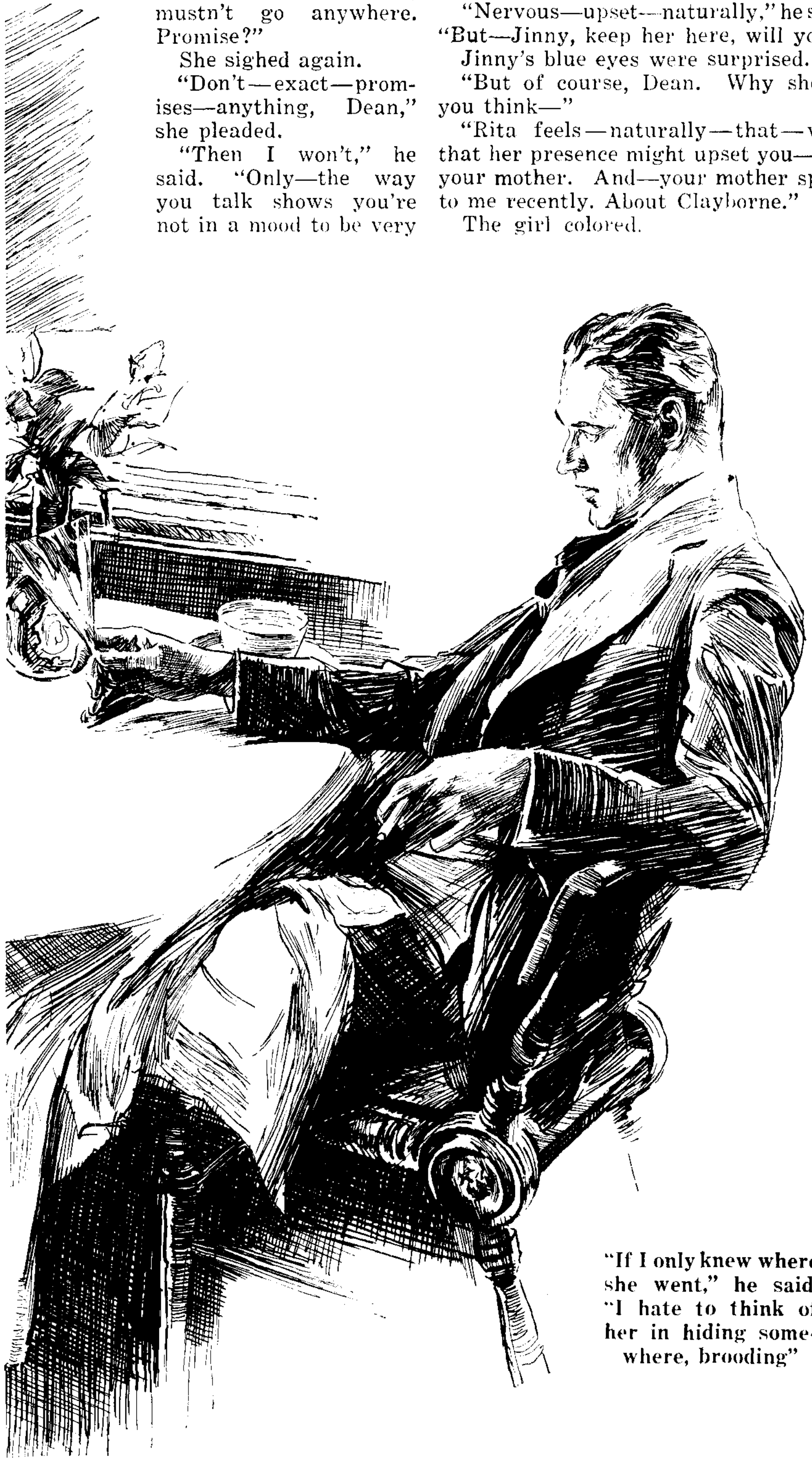
"The swami's on his way out, Dean. I wonder if he's smart enough to read the signs and portents of his dismissal? Your mother is going in for letterology now."

"Letterology? Never heard of that one," said Dean.

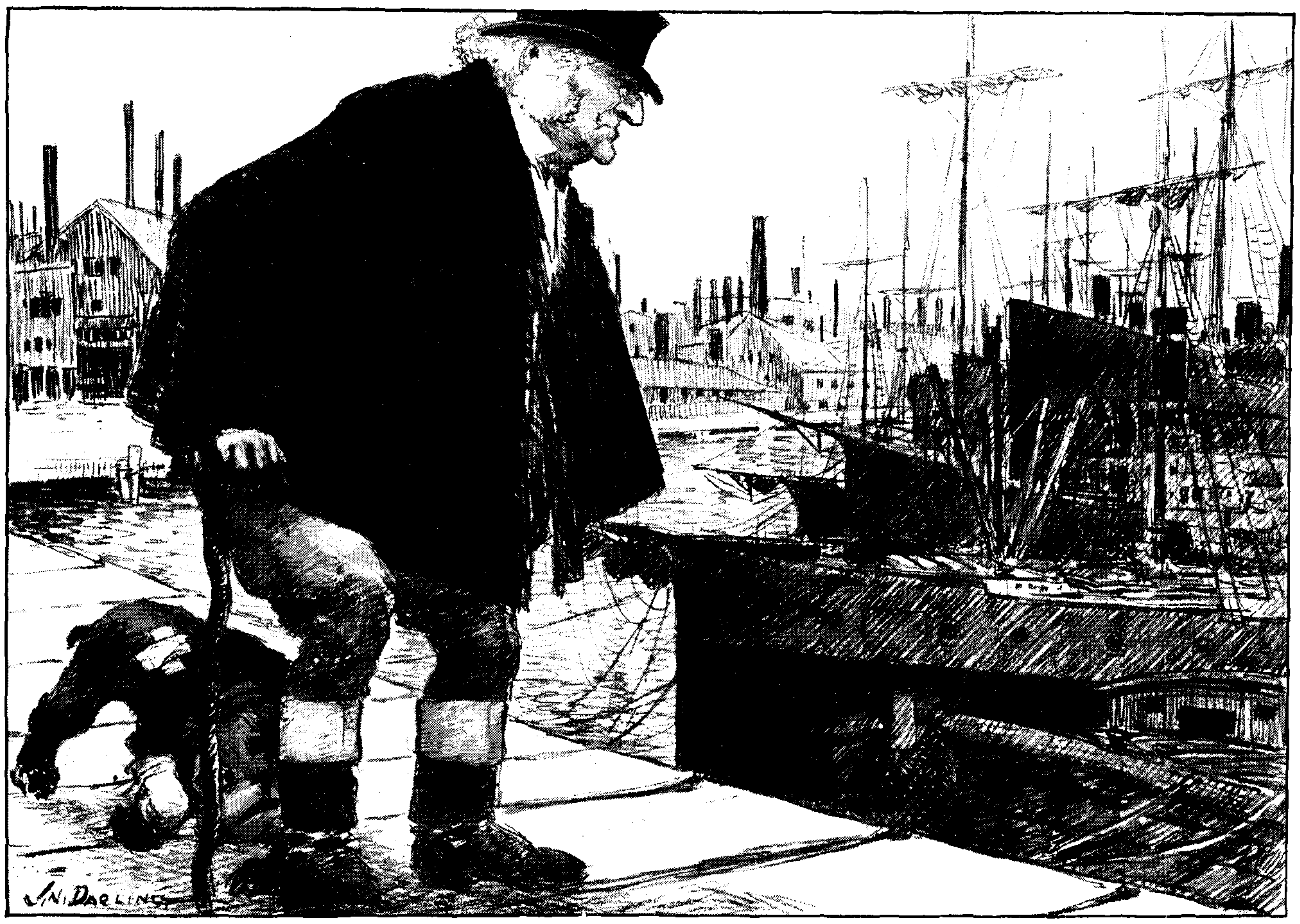
"Nor did your father, Dean," said Mrs. Resolve indignantly. "He just made it up. Because I seek the truth, and am not content to be a mere clod—"

Sturgis Resolve lifted a hand.

(*Continued on page 56*)



"If I only knew where she went," he said. "I hate to think of her in hiding somewhere, brooding"



John Bull needs every bit of his strength and confidence

Cartoon by J. N. Darling

England, Under Dog

Baffled and bewildered, John Bull has awakened in a world he does not understand. Even his virtues are called antiquated. He sees himself outstripped in his conservative course by the new realism of France. He feels his dominions straining at the leash. "Really a nasty state of affairs." Here Mr. Ybarra shows him to you as he sets doggedly to work to put things right

By T. R. Ybarra

IN LONDON recently an American business man was seeking to close a deal with a Londoner. It involved payment by the latter of a sum in English pounds at a date three months in the future. As he was most desirous of getting the business, the American thought that he could afford to be liberal. So he said:

"Look here, if you sign the contract, you will be liable to pay me, three months from now, the equivalent in dollars of 10,000 pounds. The pound is worth today $3.50, instead of its regular par value of about $4.86. I am willing to close with you at today's rate. That will bind you to pay me, in three months, $35,000 instead of the $48,600 which you would have to pay at the pound's normal rate."

But the Englishman shook his head.

"Make it $30,000 instead of $35,000," he said, "and I'll sign."

In other words, he believed that, low though the pound already was, it was going to depreciate still further in the near future; that, whereas the American considered a pound worth only $3.50 as having about touched bottom, the Englishman felt that the financial situation in England was bound to get worse; that, therefore, the pound, already off thirty per cent, was likely, within a few months, to be worth only about sixty per cent of its par value.

Argument was useless. The Englishman stuck to his guns. There was nothing for it but to close the deal on his terms.

This story is told here because it was typical of the average Englishman's attitude when I was in England a few weeks ago, not only in financial, but also in economic and political matters.

For the first time, John Bull, most incorrigible of optimists, seemed to have become discouraged—temporarily, anyhow.

A Subtle Difference

For the first time he seemed to suspect that, among the ills which had brought upon his country the most terrible crisis in her history, some might conceivably be incurable. Throughout the land there were signs—slight as yet, but significant—of what used to be called, in the days of the war, defeatism. The Englishman did not believe himself beaten—far from it! But he seemed, for the first time, to be wondering whether he could keep himself from being beaten.

You would go up to an Englishman fifteen, ten, even five years ago, and ask him, "What do you think of the situation in England?" and he would answer: "Oh, quite serious, you know—very serious, to be sure—really a nasty state of affairs."

You go up to him today and ask him, "What do you think of the situation in England?" and he answers, "Oh, quite serious, you know—very serious, to be sure—really a nasty state of affairs."

The same answer, in the same words, spoken with the same nonchalance, in the same calm tones, with the same unruffled expression of countenance—tossed over the shoulder, as it were, while the speaker is reaching for a telephone, or opening his morning newspaper, or filling his pipe in preparation for a pleasant and restful smoke. Yet, despite the unchanged words and the unchanged form of their utterance, there is, behind the Englishman's reply today, a subtle difference, which the foreigner who has known England in the past and revisits it nowadays is quick to perceive.

When the Englishman gave that answer before, *he did not mean what he said;* when he gives it today, he means *every word of it.*

Painting things black used to be part of a game played by the English. It used to amuse them to tell foreigners that conditions in England were going from bad to worse, and tell it with a perfectly straight face and a perfectly cheerful voice, and have the foreigner go away suspecting that all might be up with England, only to realize, a week or a month or a year later, that she was stronger and richer and happier than ever.

"Oh, yes, we always muddle through, you know," the Englishman would say, when reproached for his seeming pessimism. Then, with prosperity all around him, and factories humming and money pouring in, and the great British battle fleet proudly maneuvering, and the sun continuing its well-known feat of never setting on the British Empire, he would revert to what seemed doubt about the wisdom of British governments past, present and to come—all of which was just another sly move in an elaborate game. To run down England and then have her suddenly revealed as top dog in the world was to an Englishman like giving a big handicap to somebody in tennis or golf, and beating him easily.

A New, Different England

Now, though, matters are quite different.

When an Englishman paints the situation of the "tight little isle" in somber colors, he really believes that things are bad. When he sounds pessimistic, he *is* pessimistic. When he says: "Oh, we are muddling through," he sometimes seems to be repeating a formula in which he is losing faith. It sounds now and then as if he were sure enough about the "muddle," but doubtful about the "through."

"A serious situation." Is the Englishman's voice, when he says that nowadays, quite as measured and calm as it used to be? "A very serious situation." Into his eyes, so cool and steady before, has not a shadow crept such as never has clouded them before—those eyes which have so often looked, without flinching, upon danger and terror and death? "Oh, yes, a nasty state of affairs."

It is.

No doubt of that. A foreigner in England just now immediately gets the feeling that catastrophe may be hovering around the corner.

John Bull is still his old gallant self. He still looks Fate in the eye and dares her to break his spirit. But, as he gazes at the England around him, so different from the England he has always known, an England sunk here and there into something like lethargy, robbed often of the power to fight, ridden by nightmare visions of a still darker future, John Bull needs every bit of his strength and confidence.

He looks at the edifice of British finance and sees it sagging, with its foundations weakened and cracks showing in its mighty walls. Watching the downward trend of sterling, that monetary symbol of British honesty and ability and supremacy, he asks himself bitterly whether it was not a fatal mistake to have brought the pound back to par after the war.

"We Pay What We Owe"

Was that, after all, only a fine, futile gesture?—only that and nothing more, though at the time he considered it the only course for business men of honor, jealous of the fair name of British finance.

"We pay what we owe," said the Englishmen of the first post-war period. And pay they did—though British credit reeled under the shock. But—it seemed so obviously the only thing for British gentlemen to do: pay a full twenty shillings for every pound owed. And now John Bull is laughed at for a simpleton, and France, who—as he sees it—is paying not a full franc but a fifth of one for each franc of her indebtedness, is praised as a realist and a master of the financial game.

John Bull looks gloomily on while the

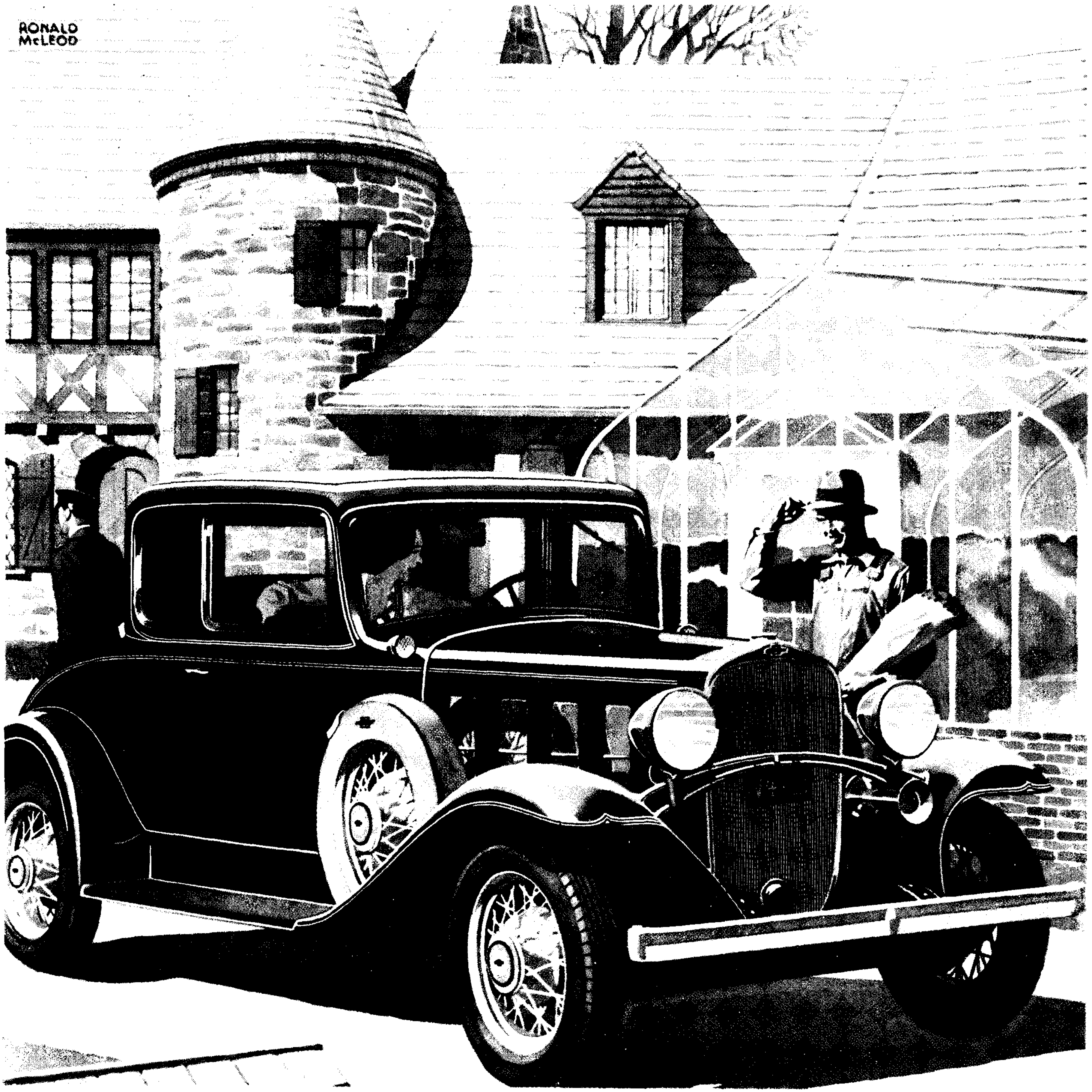
(Continued on page 31)

STRIKES A NEW NOTE IN APPEARANCE

Sets a new pace in performance

Again—Chevrolet has stepped to the front with something *new*—and quite unusual—in low-priced transportation. A wonderfully fine-looking car—with the long, smooth-flowing contours, the rich simplicity of line, and many of the same smart style-effects that are found in custom creations. In fact, a car whose beautiful Fisher bodies strike a new note in motor car styling. And a car that sets a thrilling new pace in performance, too! The new Chevrolet Six can do 65 to 70 miles an hour, smoothly, steadily, without suggestion of strain. It accelerates from a standing start to 35 miles an hour *in less than seven seconds.* It delivers, at all times, the smooth, quiet operation that can come only from a six-cylinder engine insulated from the frame by rubber. It travels rough roads with unusual stability and steadiness. Moreover, with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can shift gears with marvelous ease and quietness. And any time you wish, you can enjoy the coasting and gear-shifting pleasures of Free Wheeling! Plainly, there's nothing quite like the new Chevrolet Six in the field of low-priced cars. Nothing to rival its thrilling new performance. Nothing to compare with its sparkling new appearance. Chevrolet has built another leader—the Great American Value for 1932!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



The De Luxe Five-Window Coupe — $560

CHEVROLET

SILENT
SYNCRO-MESH SHIFT

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FREE WHEELING

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6-CYLINDER ENGINE

60 HORSEPOWER
(20% INCREASE)

65 TO 70 MILES
AN HOUR

FASTER, QUIETER
GETAWAY

SMOOTHER
OPERATION

SMARTER FISHER
BODIES

GREATER COMFORT
AND VISION

UNEQUALLED
ECONOMY

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Special equipment extra.
Low delivered prices and
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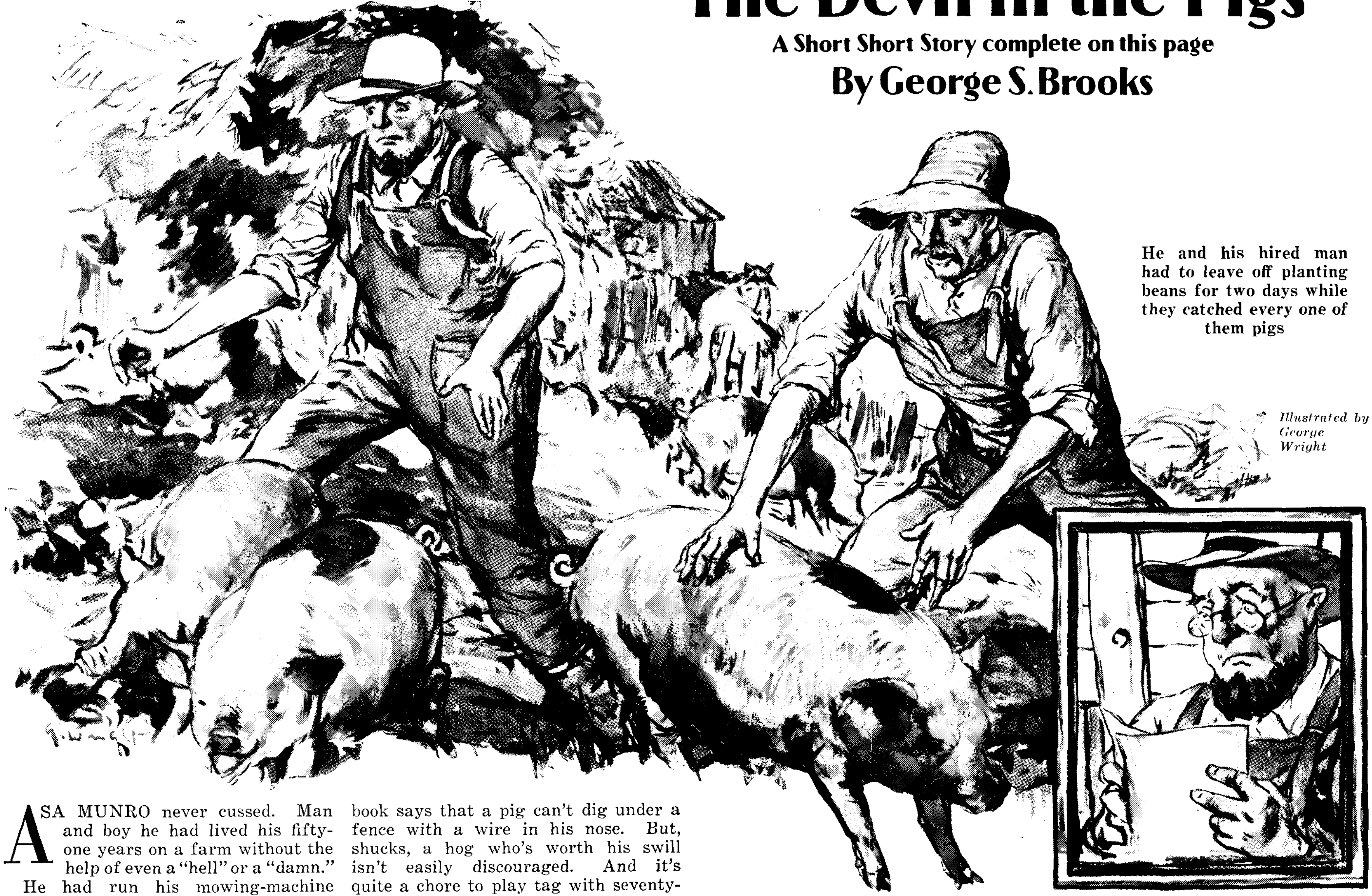
NEW CHEVROLET SIX

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE

The Devil in the Pigs

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George S. Brooks



He and his hired man had to leave off planting beans for two days while they catched every one of them pigs

Illustrated by George Wright

ASA MUNRO never cussed. Man and boy he had lived his fifty-one years on a farm without the help of even a "hell" or a "damn."

He had run his mowing-machine blade into yellow-jacket nests, learned a Jersey calf how to drink out of a pail, been butted by a ram, catched on barbed wire, bit by a stallion, baptized by a skunk, pecked by settin' hens, kicked by mules, treed by a vicious dog, stung by wasps in the barn loft, caught out in a hailstorm, ducked in the ice pond, run away with, switched by cows' tails, mired hub-deep with a grain binder, chased by a bull, pinched in a pulley block, swindled by a banker, married and was the father of a family. But the worst thing he'd ever said was, "Oh, pshaw."

Then he up and bought seventy-five young pigs. It was in the spring of the year. He figured to pasture them in the old orchard south of his house.

"Asa," said I, as I seen them rootin' and squealin' behind the new fence he put up, "Asa, you'd better get rid of them shoats before it's too late. You been a good man up to now, but you never raised hogs. And as a neighbor I want to warn you that them critters will bring you to your speech."

"Why," he laughed, "I'm countin' on them to pay the taxes next fall."

"Mark my words: Religion an' pork don't do well together."

He waved his hand at me, like I didn't know what I was talking about. He went on out to his cow stable, singing Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

A few days after, Mrs. Cider Mill Smith got him on the phone. "Mr. Munro, there are some black-and-white shoats out here in the road. I thought perhaps . . ."

"I'll be right down," said Asa. "Thanks for callin'."

He and his hired man had to leave off plantin' beans for two days while they catched every one of them pigs and clipped rings in their snouts. The farm book says that a pig can't dig under a fence with a wire in his nose. But, shucks, a hog who's worth his swill isn't easily discouraged. And it's quite a chore to play tag with seventy-five healthy young pork critters, around old apple trees and all over an eight-acre lot.

The next neighbor Asa heard from was Leapin' Jim Smith. He drove into the yard just as the Munros was settin' down to the supper table. "Your bacon is over to my place, right on the front lawn," he calls out. "I thought maybe you'd want to know, because they're rootin' out my wife's tulips. And folks say them bulbs is pizen."

Asa left his hash get cold, while he called the hired man and chased over on the west road.

"DID Asa say anything?" I asked his oldest boy, afterward.

"Well, Pa allowed them pigs ought to fetch a good price."

"Nothin' stronger? No he-talk?"

"Not out loud," said the boy, "but we don't know what he thought."

One hot night in July we was out in the car for a little airing and, thinks I, I'll drive past Asa's. Maybe he ain't in bed yet.

Sure enough, he wasn't. He was driving stakes and nailing boards along the bottom of the orchard fence.

"How's it go?" I called over, hoping we'd hear something that would shock my wife.

"They're growin'," he says, kicking at a pig with his foot. "They're growin' every day."

"Kind of bothersome, though?"

"Well," said Asa, shaking his head so the sweat on his forehead wouldn't run down in his eyes, "you might say that anything that'll make you a dollar is a bother these days."

I could see where that Job story in the Bible wasn't exaggerated, hardly at all.

Out in the pig orchard stood an old Bartlett tree. Around Labor Day time, Mrs. Asa asked him was he going to pick her some of the pears for canning, table eating, thrashers, silo fillers, if company come or what not. Now Asa is the most accommodating man around the house that you'd want to see. So he got a twenty-four-foot ladder and some splint baskets and carried them out in the orchard. There wasn't any ham or sausage meat in sight.

Asa clumb up to the top of the ladder and naturally some pears dropped.

Now to look at a pig you might think he was stupid. But he's like a hobo, great ears for something to eat.

The next thing Mrs. Asa knew (she was in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes) someone was shouting, "Go way, pig. Go way."

She run out and then, to save her life, she said, she couldn't do anything but stop dead in her tracks and bust out laughing.

The pigs was crowdin' around the foot of the ladder. Asa kept throwin' pears out away from the tree, to attract their attention somewhere else, but it wasn't no use. A big, fat sow, kind of a friendly beast, one of the tamer ones, walks under the bottom rung of the ladder to scratch her back. Down came Asa, ladder, pears, and all. He landed hard and broke his collar bone. About midnight, darned if he didn't tell his wife to call up the truckman. "Fat or lean, them pigs is going to Buffalo in the morning. Tell McLennan there's two truckloads and that they're consigned to the first slaughterhouse he comes to."

Although it hurt him like the mischief when he coughed, Asa was out again in a few days, his ribs and shoulder all strapped up with adhesive tape. There wasn't much for him to do, except hang around the post office waiting for his check from the packing house. The daily papers said pork was way down. Live hogs was quoted cheaper than they'd been since 1893.

It was on a Saturday morning when he got his money. I seen him open a letter and look at it like he couldn't believe the figures. So I just slipped outside and motioned over to the men in the garage and milk station. They all was interested in what we'd hear.

"Well, Asa," says I, "how'd your pig speculation turn out?"

He swallowed a couple of times as if his mouth was full of choke-cherries, and green ones at that. "Well," said he, "figurin' everything in but my time, what I paid for 'em and th' grain I fed 'em, and the fencin' an' other stuff I bought, not that it's any of your business either," he added pretty snappish, "I stand to make ninety-one cents."

"NINETY-ONE cents apiece?" asked Homer Snell.

"No," growled Asa, "less'n a dollar on the whole lot."

We looked at one another. We knew Asa's ribs was painin' him plenty. Here was the minute we'd all been waitin' for. You see, that feller had been held up to us by our women-folks as a model, all our lives. He certainly had something to cuss about and we wanted to hear him do it.

I thought maybe I could prime him, like he was a dry pump, with a cuss word. "I'd call that a shame. A damn' shame," I said.

For just a minute Asa struggled. I thought the devil had him. But finally, dinged if he didn't put a grin on his face.

"Oh, I dunno," said Asa, "maybe I got paid enough. You know I had the use of them pigs all summer."

It's *fun* to drive the Car that starts a *Vogue*!

What a Thrill to hear everyone say, "There goes the Car I'd like to Own!"

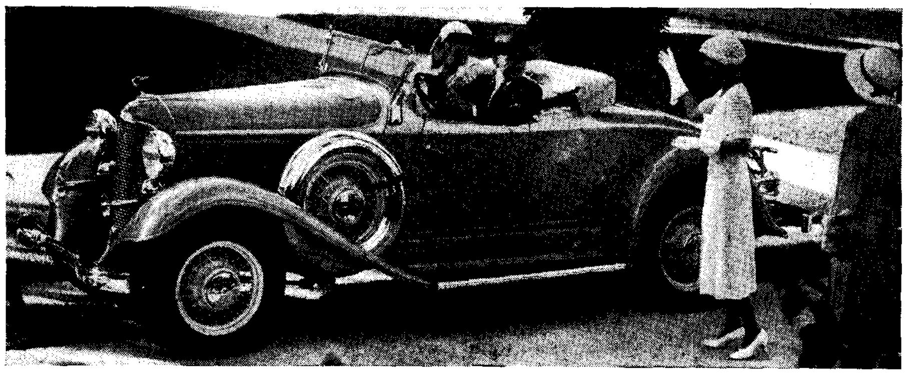
IF YOU HEAR someone say..."Quick ...look at that car"...you can bet it's a DeSoto.

DeSoto has "clicked." It's news. The "smart thing to do." In January it was the sensation of Motor Shows. Now it's "The Hit of the Highways."

It's daringly different. Not because of minor refinements... but because the whole car has been designed with brilliant flair... new rhythm.

It's a joy to look at... from the sweep of its rounded radiator (which is unique!) to the sleek curve of its stream-lined stern.

You'll notice that there's no vibration. Floating Power has banished that completely. Then you'll discover that you needn't use the clutch. It's Automatic. Your left foot is free. Touch the brakes. Another thrill. They're Hydraulic. Here's Free Wheeling... perfected. And a safety all-steel body... forever safe and silent. Every luxurious feature you can possibly think of.



Wait! Don't forget the biggest feature of all. The price tag. It says... $675 and up! Can you beat *that?* At last there's a real thrill in thrift.

• • •

The new low prices of the various DeSoto models are as follows: Standard Roadster, $675; Business Coupe, $695; Standard Brougham, $695; Standard Coupe with Rumble Seat, $735; Custom Roadster, $775; Standard 4-door Sedan, $775; Custom 4-door Sedan, $835; Custom Convertible Coupe, $845; Custom Convertible Sedan, $975. (*All prices F.O.B. Factory*). Duplate Safety Plate Glass at slight extra cost. DeSoto Motor Corporation, Division of Chrysler Motors.

America's Smartest low-priced Car **DE SOTO SIX $675** AND UP F.O.B FACTORY

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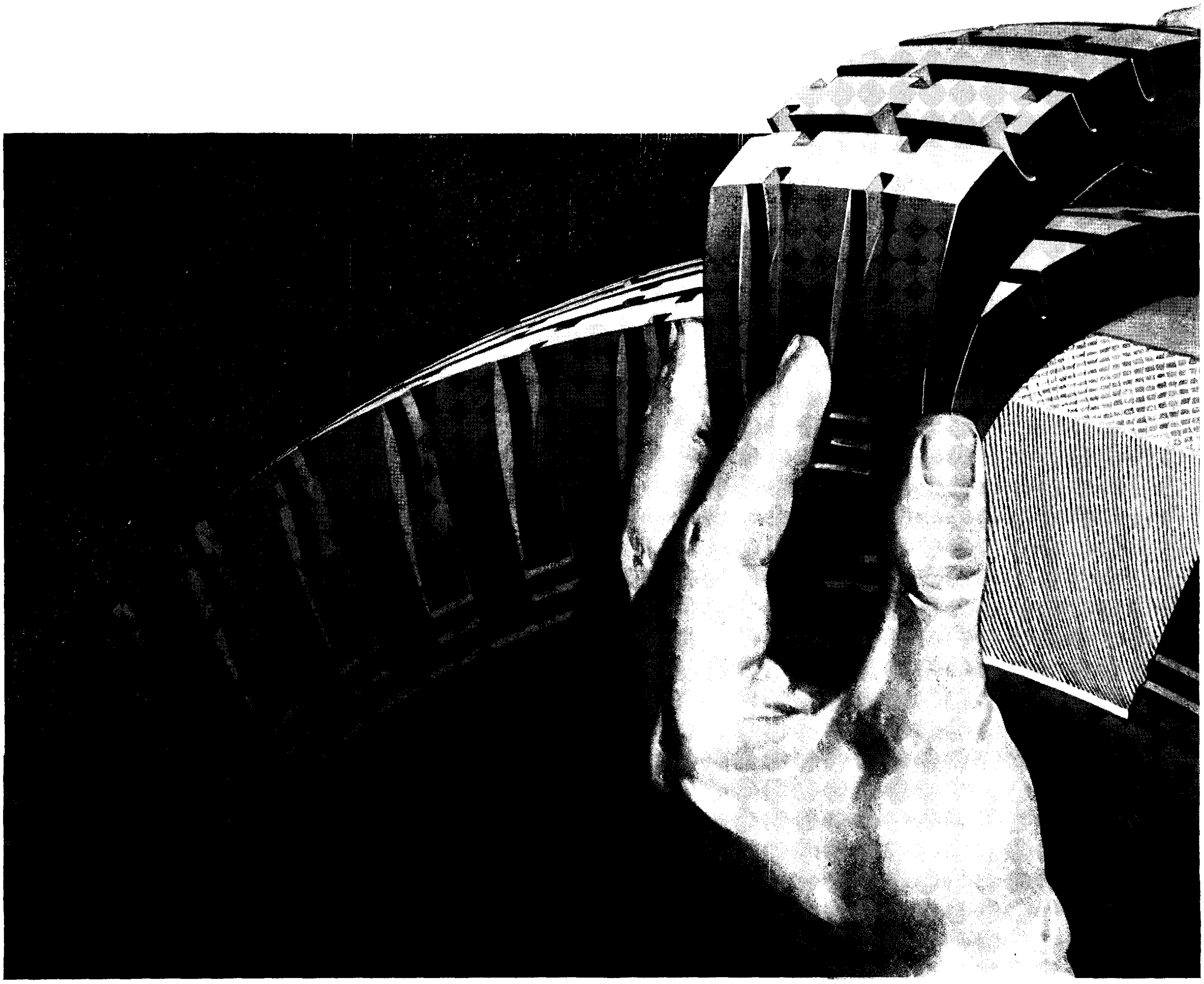
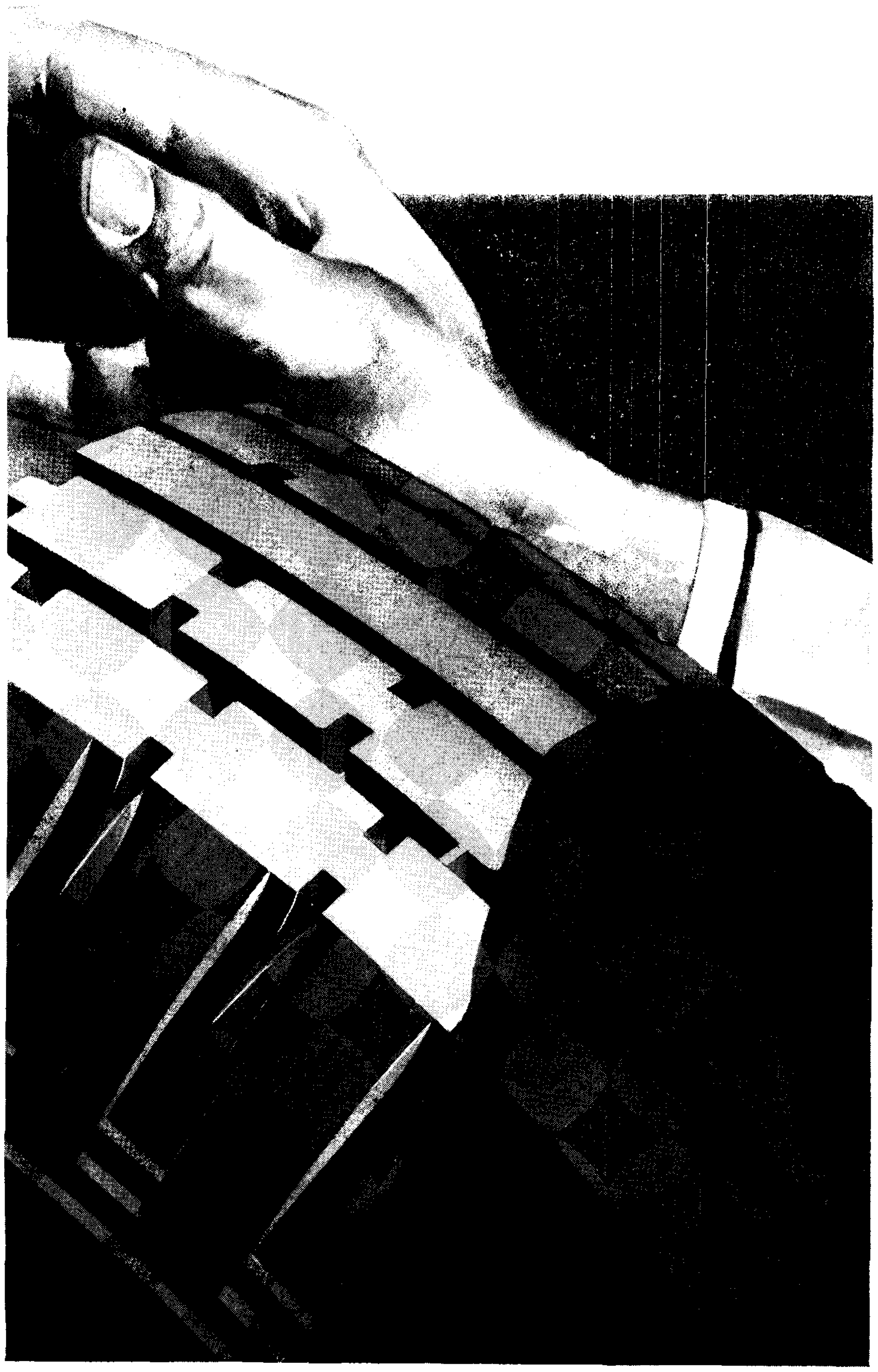


ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAS BEEN ADDED THE FAR GREATER MILEAGE OF RUBBER



New and Exclusive

TEMPERED RUBBER is the toughest, longest-wearing compound ever put into the tread of a tire. It adds thousands of miles of wear at no extra cost. It is a new discovery, the exclusive development of the United States Rubber Company, not found in tires built by any other concern.

Chosen for the Finest Cars

U. S. Royals with TEMPERED RUBBER have been selected as standard equipment by the makers of 75% of American motor cars—the greatest endorsement given any tire.

America's Smartest Tires

Not only has the mileage of all U. S. Tires been definitely increased, in spite of lowest prices, but their beauty has been greatly enhanced in keeping with modern trends of motor car design.

Safe . . . Silent . . . Sure

TEMPERED RUBBER in the sturdy, silent-running U. S. tread assures safe, non-skid traction for a longer time. The tread wears down much slower. Mileage costs much less.

Greatest in Sales Gains

Small wonder that the Big Swing to U. S. Tires has grown bigger and bigger—that U. S. Tires lead all others in sales gains. The motoring public wants the most for its money. You'll be agreeably surprised at the low cost of one tire or a full set when you visit the U. S. Tire dealer near you.

United States Rubber Company

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER

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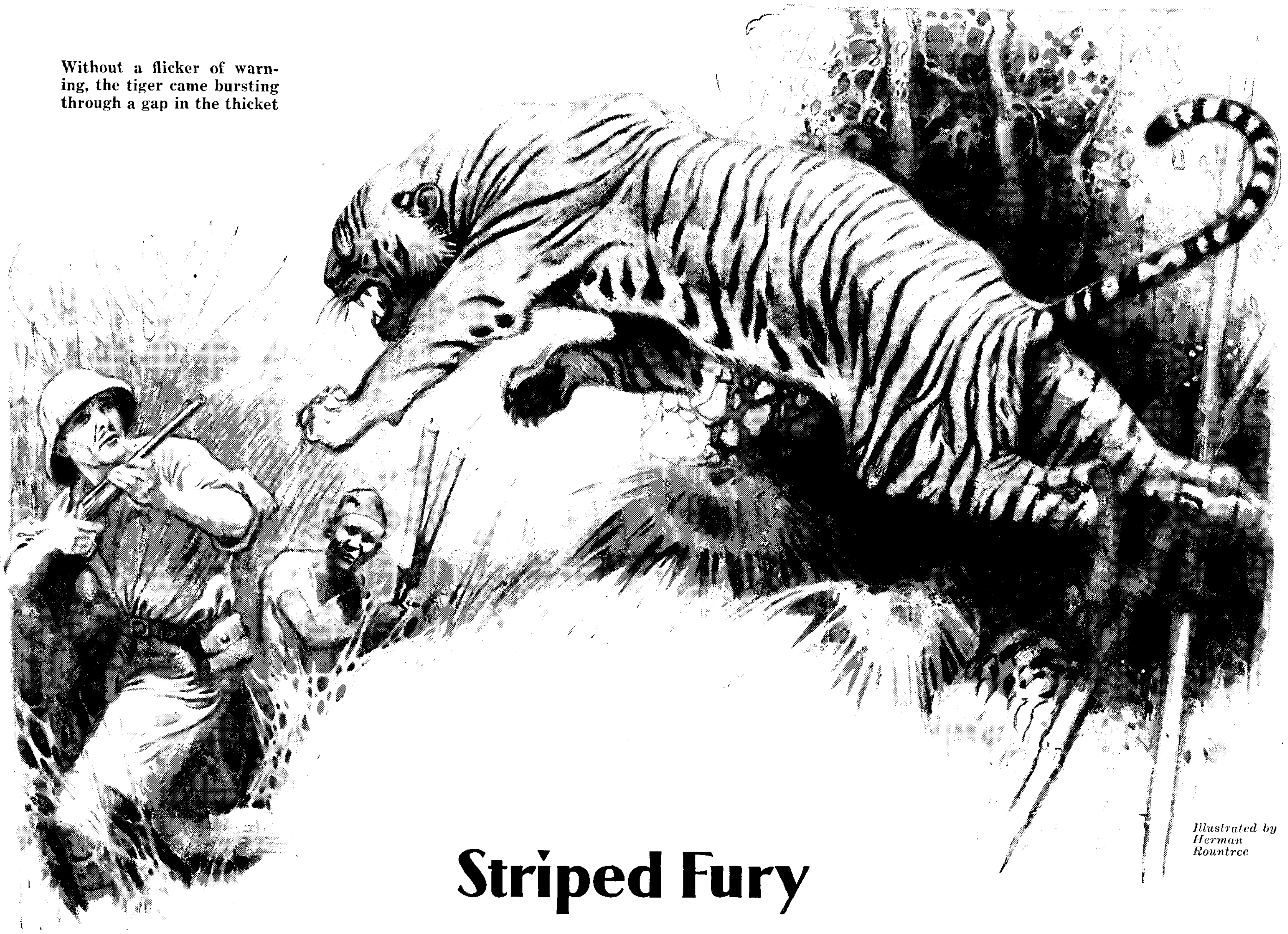


Without a flicker of warning, the tiger came bursting through a gap in the thicket

Illustrated by Herman Rountree

Striped Fury

For twenty years Frank Buck has been famous as a captor of wild animals. But bringing 'em back alive is sometimes easier than making movie actors of them. Here's what happened to Mr. Buck when he urged a tiger to sit for his portrait

By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony

AFTER twenty years devoted to "bringing 'em back alive" for the zoos and circuses—" 'em" meaning animals, reptiles and birds—I found myself making a motion picture showing how it's done.

Interest in the wild creatures of the jungle has increased tremendously in recent years. It has occurred to people to wonder how the animals in the zoos got there and this culminated in my being commissioned to head a camera expedition designed to show what happens from the moment an animal collector gets an order for a specimen to the time it winds up in a cage where the public may view it.

The scene of my operations was the Malay Archipelago, where the jungles are the densest known to man. Not many people have an accurate idea of what these Asiatic bad lands are like. The public is more familiar with Africa and its open veldt which presents fewer problems, either to the animal collector or to the motion-picture director.

The jungle to which I refer is a four-tiered affair. First there is the tangle of creepers and grassy growths of all kinds underfoot, combining to make walking as uncertain a proposition as it can possibly be, with damp and soggy areas contributing to this uncertainty. The next layer consists of heavy jungle grass that ranges from waist-high to neck-high, and giant ferns that often reach over one's head. The tier above this is a ceiling made up of trees medium in height, interwoven with countless vines, the whole matted together in one great green mass. Then, finally, there is the jungle roof, consisting of enormous tropical trees whose tops interlace so completely that very little light can seep through to the ground below.

All of which is by way of explaining my principal problem in setting out to make a motion picture showing animals in their jungle haunts. After I had picked out what I considered an ideal setting for our first shots, my associates on the expedition cried me down in unison. "We can't take pictures in the dark," they chorused.

The Disobliging Tiger

Animals are my business, not movies, and it was natural for me to think in terms of a spot where wild life was plentiful rather than in terms of sunlight. A complete change in the plans I had in mind was therefore necessary. The first assignment was to get some good "ground shots" of a tiger moving through the jungle, these to be used in our picture as a sort of prelude to a series of scenes showing how one of these great cats is trapped and brought back to civilization.

Now that the light problem had eliminated the photographing of the tiger in his jungle fastness, I was forced to the task of locating one of the great striped cats at some point where camera shots could be taken in open country, in broad daylight. When you realize that it is unusual for a tiger to leave the jungle except to do some night prowling, you have a pretty fair idea of what a tough assignment this was.

I got word one day that a tiger was making regular raids on the livestock of the natives of the Forty-one Mile Post, a village that lies many miles north of Johore Bahru. It was obvious from the details of the story as told me that the animal had taken up headquarters somewhere near the edge of the jungle bordering that primitive settlement.

We moved our paraphernalia to this district and set out to find the tiger. I succeeded in locating his tracks at several different points along the jungle's edge and as a result felt we had a pretty fair chance to get the pictures we wanted. I collected a small army of beaters and started them into the woods where the tracks led us.

These boys—whose job it is to spread out through the brush and work toward a given point, pounding with sticks against trees or making whatever noise they can to drive the animal that is being sought out into the open—wormed their way through the dense jungle as far as they could. Their progress proved much slower than I had expected, and at the end of the first day they had got only about one third of the way through.

The Hunt That Failed

I might have called them off altogether except that toward evening we caught sight of the tiger—just a fleeting glimpse of him, slinking deeper into the thicket. So we kept our boys on the spot, and renewed our beating the next morning. The jungle got thicker and thicker as we proceeded, and eventually on the fourth day, without having seen the animal again, we reached a point where further progress was impossible without the aid of *parangs*—and while I have hacked my way through many a mile of jungle with the aid of one of these big swordlike knives, I knew that this was too slow a process when the quarry was a tiger. So I called off the beaters. All we had to show for

(Continued on page 62)

ALL MEN
ARE NOT
CREATED FREE
AND EQUAL

Two social faults handicap many—needlessly!

Can you imagine a man afflicted with either halitosis or body odors, succeeding equally as well as one not saddled with these unforgivable faults? Of course you can't. One goes ahead, the other lags behind. One is popular, the other is not. Nine times out of ten.

The insidious thing about these ailments is that while others are painfully aware of them, you yourself never realize their presence. And both matters are so delicate, that even your best friend won't bring them to your attention.

For Halitosis

The one way to make sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and beyond power to offend others, is to gargle with Listerine every morning and every night. And if you wish to make doubly sure, immediately before any social engagement.

Listerine instantly halts fermentation of tiny bits of food—the cause of 90% of breath odors. Automatically it gets rid of the odors themselves. *Tests show that Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes* cannot hide in four days.

After Your Bath

Body odors are no less objectionable than halitosis, though by no means as common. Mere washing with soap will not remove them. After your tub bath or shower, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. Its deodorant effect is immediate.

If you are not using Listerine, begin to do so now. Every day. It puts you on the polite, agreeable, and acceptable side. You can be *sure* of its results. Ask for Listerine at your druggist's and accept no doubtful imitation. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SUREST DEODORANT

LISTERINE

FOR HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS

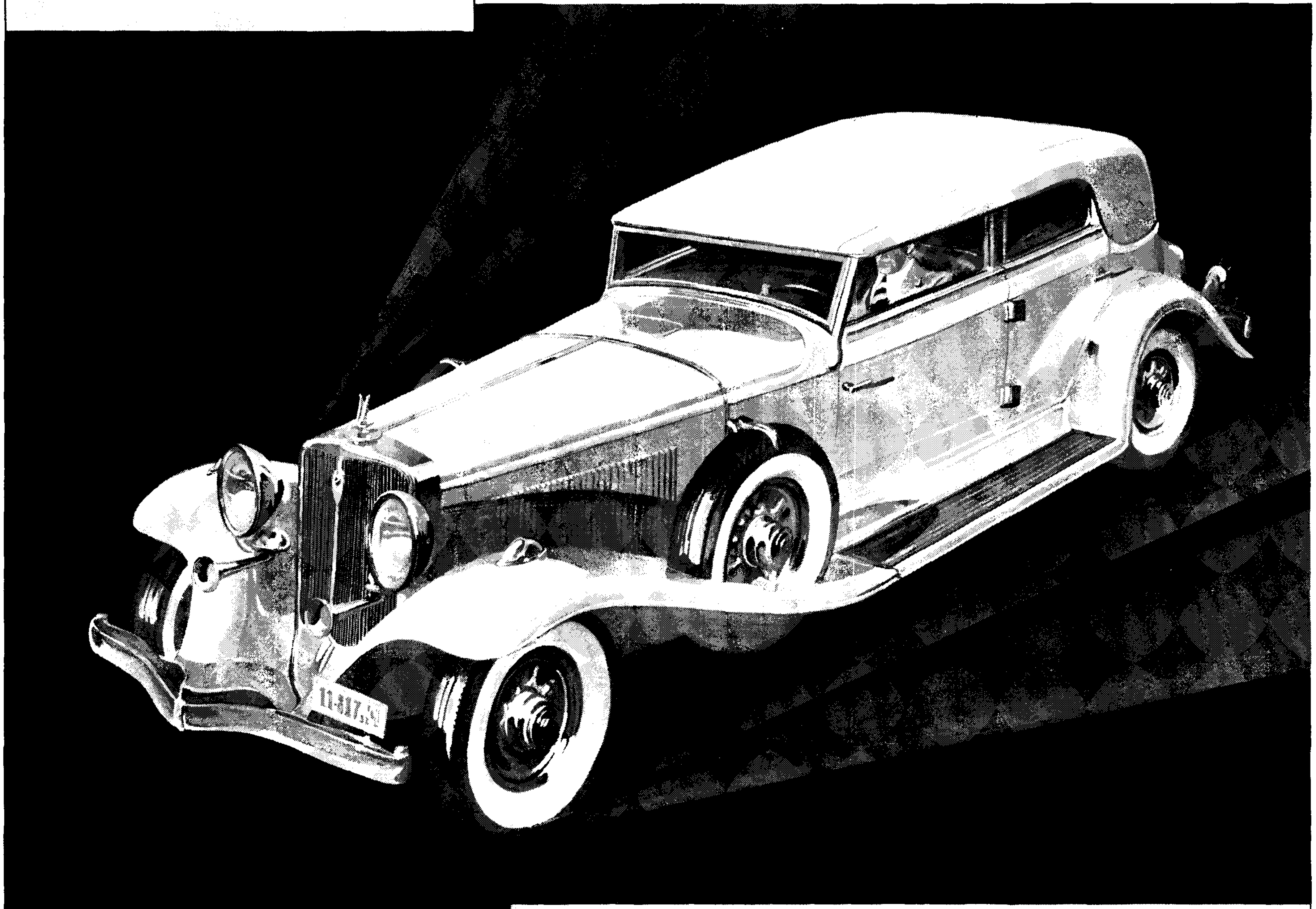
The 4 great "*buys*" OF 1932

BE hard to please when you buy your new car! Insist on getting a 1932 value as well as a 1932 model. Don't take less than *all* the worth-while engineering advancements—not just one or two or three of them. And make sure you pay no premium compared with Studebaker's drastically lowered prices.

No line of cars in America can measure up to the Triumphant New Studebakers in a searching comparison. Their 32 important betterments embrace every advanced engineering achievement of the year—many of them new features that are exclusive with Studebaker.

1932 Free Wheeling, combined with Synchronized Shifting, Full-Cushioned Power and Automatic Starting are Studebaker advancements matched by the adoption of finest quality Safety Plate Glass in all windshields and windows of all models at no added charge.

There is only one way to find out what Studebaker's 32 great advancements mean, in riding, driving ease and enjoyment, and that is by driving any one of the Triumphant New Studebakers—the four great "buys" of 1932.



PRESIDENT EIGHT	$1690 to $1990
122 horsepower, 135" wheelbase—*Reductions up to $560*	
COMMANDER EIGHT	$1350 to $1560
101 horsepower, 125" wheelbase—*Reductions up to $235*	
DICTATOR EIGHT	$980 to $1125
85 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—*Reductions up to $115*	
STUDEBAKER SIX	$840 to $985
80 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—*Prices at the factory*	

Bumpers and spare tires extra. State or Regal equipment $105.

The Triumphant New STUDEBAKERS

England, Under Dog

Continued from page 22

financiers of the "city" of London, that supposedly impregnable citadel of banking, borrow from upstart America and canny France lest disaster overwhelm them. He sees England toppled from the gold standard, created by herself many years ago for her own benefit, because oncoming disaster has stolen still another step nearer, and something drastic must be done, no matter how deeply it may hurt British sensibilities and wound British pride and shake British confidence.

From all sides resound the croakings of the "I told you so" brigade. They berate every financial move made by post-war England.

"Banks and bankers are by nature blind," says one of the gloomiest of the lot. "They have not seen what was coming. . . . A 'sound' banker, alas, is not one who foresees danger and avoids it, but one who, when he is ruined, is ruined in a conventional and orthodox way along with his fellows, so that no one can really blame him!"

The Golden Age

To look upon the picture of Britain as she was during the last century and then turn to the picture of Britain as she is today is a bitter ordeal for any Englishman.

Just short of one hundred years ago Queen Victoria came to the throne. For more than threescore years she reigned, and during that period the British Empire rose to dazzling heights of financial, industrial and political supremacy.

The pound became synonymous everywhere with all that was firmest in money. "A pound's a pound the whole world round," uttered boastfully by every Briton, was no empty piece of super-patriotism. It was the simple statement of an unquestionable fact. Buttressed by her rich stores of coal and iron, England's industry marched irresistibly forward to the conquest of the world's markets. The Age of Steam, born soon after the crushing of Napoleon, seemed to have come into the world for the express benefit of the English.

Englishmen invented and perfected the steam engine. English inventiveness revolutionized the cotton industry. English steamships, fueled by English coal, financed by enterprising English shipping magnates, manned by fearless English crews, laden heavily with cargoes of English manufactured products, plied every sea and entered every port.

Daring Englishmen foresaw an era of British supremacy which appeared to them, in the moments of their greatest optimism, practically limitless. So they applied to the British Isles the principles of free trade. Under its protection, British industry throve still further. Huge though the total of imports into the British Isles became, they were more than offset by the extraordinary volume of exports. And the favored classes among the people of the fortunate islands, as the world tended more and more to consider the heart of Queen Victoria's mighty realm, derived still further gain from enormous investments of capital abroad.

Agriculture was neglected. Food was imported in steadily growing quantities. The population dependent on the continued prosperity of British industry multiplied year by year.

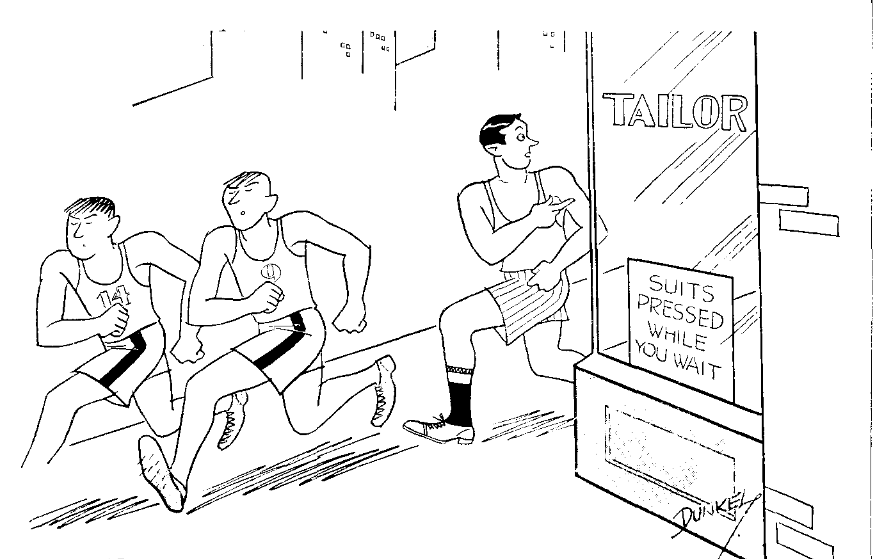
Bound to the motherland not alone by patriotism and self-interest but also by a very real centripetal force compounded of other motives, the British dominions remained content to play second fiddle to England. Their inhabitants acquiesced in being patronizingly considered "colonials." To the "tight little isle" they looked for guidance in all important matters. The idea of Canada or South Africa or Australia evolving into something well-nigh the equivalent of independent nations seemed outside the domain of practical politics. The overseas territories of the British Empire were deemed to exist primarily for exploitation by the English for the benefit of English industry and English preponderance among the nations of the world.

Under Edward VII, who came to the throne at the turn of the nineteenth into the twentieth century, the first disquieting signs began to appear.

England's monopoly of the world's markets was challenged by other nations suddenly emerging into leadership. Her margin of profit, derived from the preponderance of exports and dividends on invested capital over the volume of her imports, began to dwindle—slightly as yet, but enough to worry clear-sighted Englishmen and cause them to indulge in prophecies of dire changes to come unless England woke up.

But England did not wake up. The subjects of Edward VII had been lulled

(Continued on page 32)


TAILOR
SUITS PRESSED WHILE YOU WAIT
DUNKEL

"I need some exercise. I'll come back for it"

Courtney Dunkel

COOL SHAVES
for more than
1,000,000 Fans

THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM'S
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
BRISTOL

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

LATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram's leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face!

With Ingram's Shaving Cream, it's back to the bench for stinging shaves, for Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

It's as refreshing as a stolen base in the days of the lively ball!

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving soap. Hundreds of thousands of satisfied shavers hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that tone your face when and while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one container! It's a three-in-one blessing to the faces of men.

No scrapes, no smarts, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

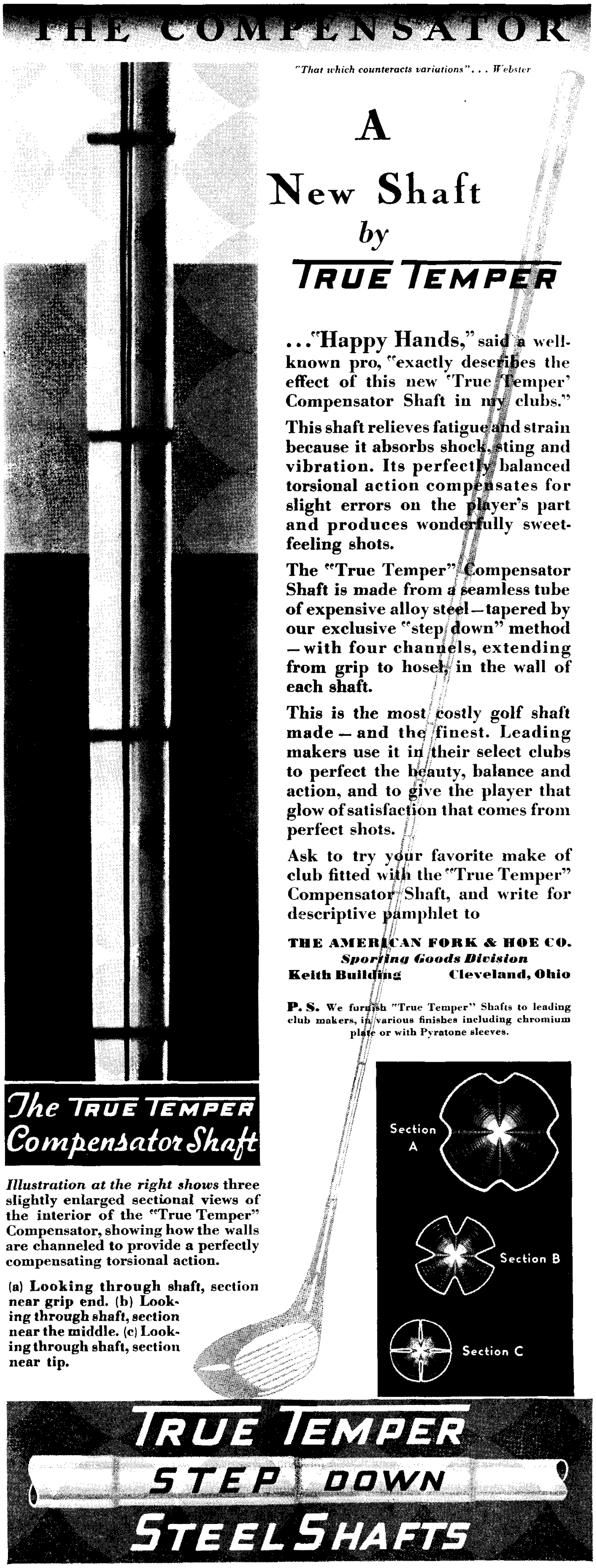
Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—whichever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's cool, cool Shaving Cream.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves FREE! We can afford to. We know you'll want more. We've won regiments of new, steady supporters in just that way.

Clip the coupon below!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES
OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-42
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
Name
Street
City State



THE COMPENSATOR

"That which counteracts variations"... Webster

A New Shaft by TRUE TEMPER

..."Happy Hands," said a well-known pro, "exactly describes the effect of this new 'True Temper' Compensator Shaft in my clubs."

This shaft relieves fatigue and strain because it absorbs shock, sting and vibration. Its perfectly balanced torsional action compensates for slight errors on the player's part and produces wonderfully sweet-feeling shots.

The "True Temper" Compensator Shaft is made from a seamless tube of expensive alloy steel—tapered by our exclusive "step down" method—with four channels, extending from grip to hosel, in the wall of each shaft.

This is the most costly golf shaft made—and the finest. Leading makers use it in their select clubs to perfect the beauty, balance and action, and to give the player that glow of satisfaction that comes from perfect shots.

Ask to try your favorite make of club fitted with the "True Temper" Compensator Shaft, and write for descriptive pamphlet to

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
Keith Building Cleveland, Ohio

P. S. We furnish "True Temper" Shafts to leading club makers, in various finishes including chromium plate or with Pyratone sleeves.

The TRUE TEMPER Compensator Shaft

Illustration at the right shows three slightly enlarged sectional views of the interior of the "True Temper" Compensator, showing how the walls are channeled to provide a perfectly compensating torsional action.

(a) Looking through shaft, section near grip end. (b) Looking through shaft, section near the middle. (c) Looking through shaft, section near tip.

TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN STEEL SHAFTS

(*Continued from page 31*) to sleep by the fabulous wealth and supremacy which had come to the England of his royal mother. They enjoyed life to the full, convinced that England, being a prime favorite of Providence, was destined to continue indefinitely to accumulate money and prestige.

When George V, Edward's son and Victoria's grandson, ascended the British throne in 1910, the prophets of gloom were croaking much more vigorously. The average Englishman, however, remained deaf to their croakings.

Then came the World War. When it was over England found herself on the winning side, to be sure, but woefully shaken, confronted by a world beyond recognition, faced by rivals seemingly much better equipped to cope with new conditions and shape them to their liking.

Murmurs From the Colonies

Deprived year by year of markets, British industry has been going from bad to worse. British imports have been increasing by leaps and bounds, whereas British exports have been sagging downward. Wages, maintained at a high level, have complicated the problems of employers almost to unsolvability. Unemployment has risen to alarming proportions—recent statistics placed it at 2,600,000. The "dole," jealously protected by the Labor party's leaders, has entrenched itself until it occupies a seemingly impregnable position. Even if the industrial situation in Britain should improve greatly, it is estimated that she will always have an irreducible minimum of unemployed workers—fixed by some at a round million.

As for the British Empire, so remarkable has been the change wrought in the outlook of the "colonials" upon their importance in relation to the motherland, that the very word "empire," as applied to the British overseas realm, has become meaningless. The English themselves have scarcely realized that their dominions—so docile only yesterday—now stand forth, clothed in a freedom which only habitual hair-splitters can distinguish from actual independence.

Step by step the British dominions have worked themselves into the company of the world's nations. They are competing in the world's markets against the motherland. They are exacting from her, as their right, preferential treatment tending constantly to redound to their own advantage. Nor can England, weakened and impoverished as she is today, deny any of the demands of these pushing children born to her in the days of her unbounded power.

"The transformation which has taken place in the Empire's constitutional development is not understood," an Englishman who is alive to what is going on in the world said recently. "All that the Imperial Conference of 1926 did was to express in words what was already a *fait accompli;* namely, that the British dominions had become sister states, equal in status to the mother country and bound together by a common allegiance to the Crown. . . . In the future the British Parliament becomes the Parliament of Great Britain. . . .

"The old British Empire passed away with the war, and its place was taken by the British Commonwealth. . . . If Canada or South Africa decided to withdraw from the commonwealth not a British bayonet would be used to prevent it."

As for certain portions of the British realm not bound to the mother country even by those ties of mere sentiment which Canadians and South Africans, Australians and New Zealanders still respect and acknowledge, England has had, within the past few years, many a bitter taste of the lengths to which they will go to assert their right to absolute freedom.

It was only recently that Ireland was turned from a land of murder and lawlessness into an orderly state—at the cost of almost the last bond between her and England and there is little ground for optimism in the results of the latest Irish elections. As for India, not even the most comforting speech by an English statesman, not even the most reassuring of reports emanating from committee meetings, can hide the gulf between the most liberal conception of British India and the least nationalistic conception of Indian India.

John Bull sits gazing at the spectacle of this baffled, thwarted, bewildered England. He sees the pound sterling drop, and recover, and drop again, until he wonders whether the downward slide can be checked before eclipse comes to the glory of the Bank of England and the "city" of London, with all the splendid traditions of finance and trade, daring and brains, solidity and integrity which they incarnate.

He sees British coal mines idle; he sees British ships, which used yesterday to carry the flag of Britain into every corner of the globe, rotting lazily beside silent British waterfronts from which hope and life itself seem to have fled.

From the far-flung lands of his overseas domain strange murmurs of discontent and even revolt are heard; and impudent questionings; and a sound as of straining at leashes, of dragging of anchors. Out of foreign countries—some filled but yesterday with affection for England, others with fear, all with respect—come patronizing admonitions, hostile growls, gibes, pity, derision. And foes there are who draw close with bared teeth, scenting a ghastly banquet.

Nevertheless—let England's foes beware!

Already, some months ago, the outcome of the British elections flashed a roseate glow of hope across the black night of crisis. Ever since that election brought to power a government truly national in make-up, pledged to work without party bias toward national regeneration, optimistic well-wishers of England have been sighing with relief. Ever since, in eager expectancy, they have been looking toward Britain, confident that the old bulldog spirit which made England top dog through an entire century will yet vanquish the spirit of inertia and "laissez faire" and "muddling through."

John Bull Clenches His Fist

But among England's well-wishers there are also pessimists. Probing into English difficulties, these pessimists give way constantly to misgivings and forebodings. What has happened, what is happening and seems destined to happen in the English financial, industrial, commercial and political domain is so serious as well-nigh to stifle the voice of hope.

But—John Bull clenches his fist. He rises to his feet. A tremor of resolution runs through his sturdy frame. From his eyes flashes a glint of determination—something of that which shot from under Nelson's brows as he surveyed his fleet at Trafalgar; something of that which glimmered, like cold fire, in the glance of Wellington as he rode along the "thin red line" at Waterloo.

"England under dog? Never!"

John Bull strides forward. Is it to be muddle and drift no more? Is it to be action and victory at last?

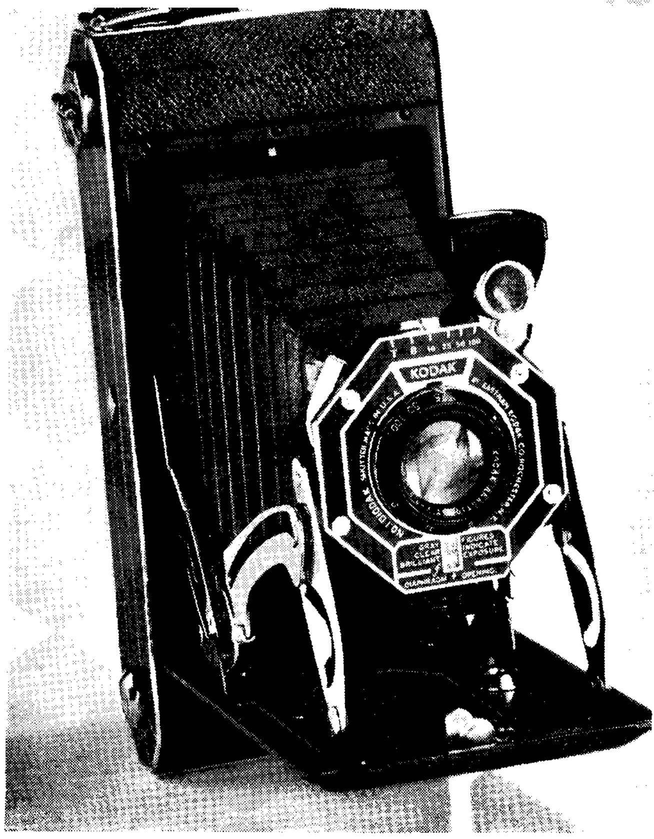
The world wonders, and watches and waits.

SO WE MADE A SMALLER SPOOL

MORE COMPACT KODAKS, using the prevailing spools, could not be built without a loss in efficiency . . .

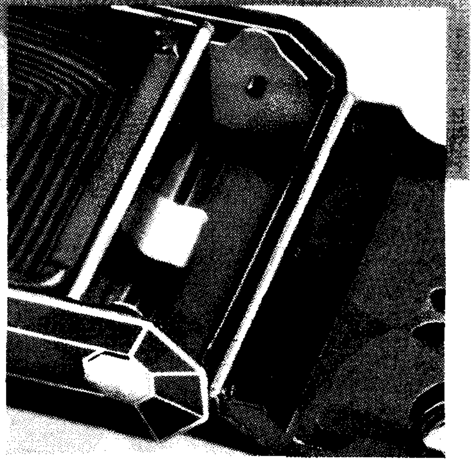
So we designed a smaller spool, all metal, carrying eight exposures as against the former six . . . and a new, smaller, and more efficient Kodak to go with it.

THIS, KODAK SIX-16, is for pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches and is hardly larger than former cameras for 2¼ x 3¼. Its ease of loading, smoothness of operation, and modern design are positively intriguing. The price, with a true Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.6.3, and a shutter that splits seconds to one one-hundredth, is $17. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



Easy to open . . . With one motion, open and ready for picture taking.

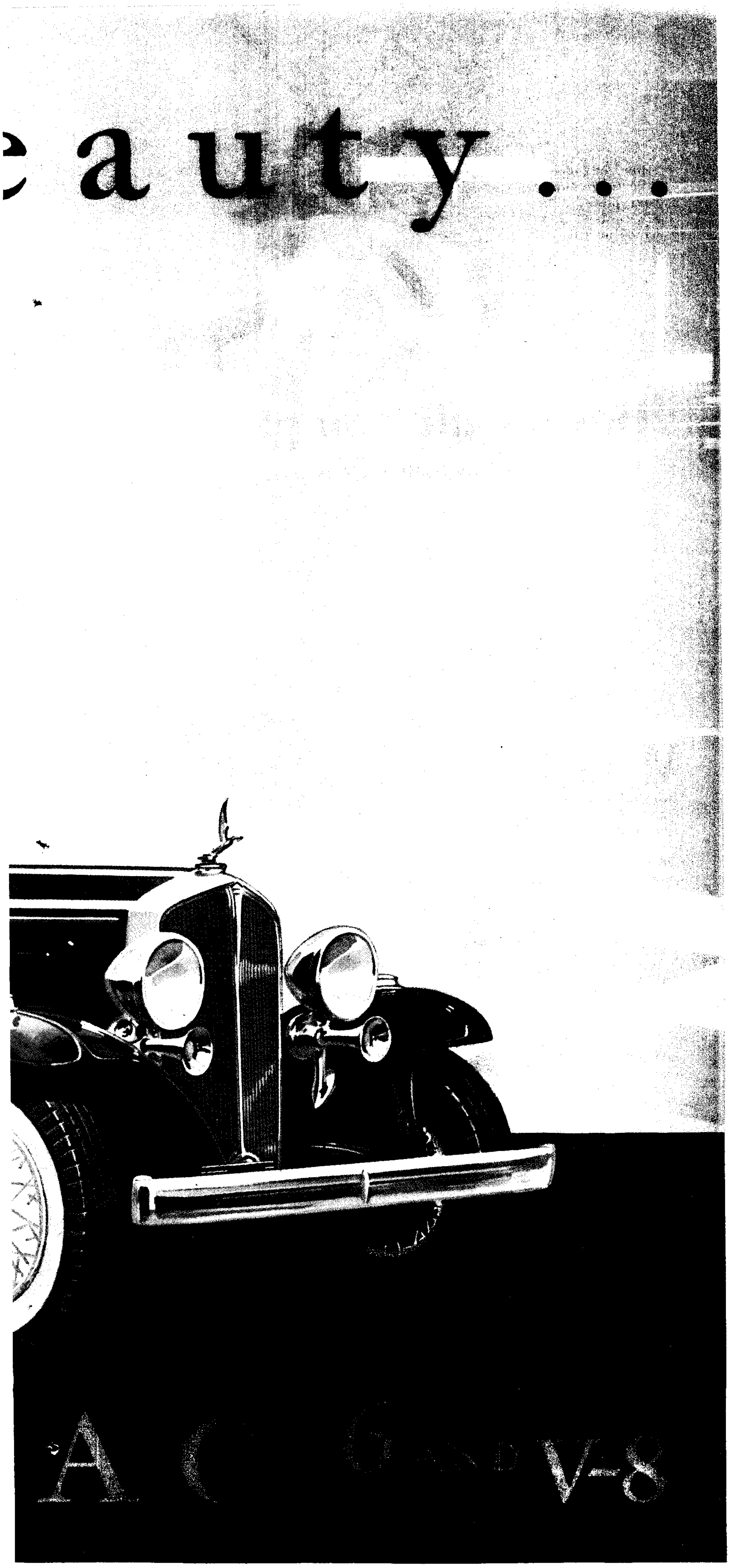
The Kodak Six-16 is also furnished at even lower prices with a single or a doublet lens, and there is a Kodak Six-20 of the same design for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. The Six-20, with Kodak Anastigmat equipment, is $15, and with single lens as low as $10.



Easy to load . . . New hinged back and hinged spool sockets make loading simpler, quicker.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

modern b
NEW PONT



this is General Motors Week . . Pontiac welcomes you

The week of April 2-9 is General Motors Week.

From coast to coast—in 55 principal cities—and in dealers' showrooms outside of these cities—there is a complete exposition of General Motors products.

Pontiac—Chief of Values—bids you welcome. And we at Pontiac hope that you will see and thoroughly inspect all General Motors cars. If one of these great Shows is not convenient to you, see the special display of cars at any Pontiac dealers'.

* * *

Modern beauty lives in every Pontiac. Your first glance will reveal to you its graceful styling . . . its color harmony . . . its distinguished body lines.

The attractive V-type radiator, the sweeping lines of the hood and slanting windshield, are of today's latest style. Body colors are strikingly beautiful.

Yet nothing is extreme; *your investment is safe.*

Pontiac's ample wheelbase enables Fisher designers to provide unusual comfort as well as beauty. Seats are extra large—and deeply, luxuriously cushioned. The upholstery is of genuine, long-wearing mohair or whipcord, tastefully selected for color harmony. Front seats are easily adjustable. Every door has an inside safety lock. Instruments are beautifully grouped on a modern panel, lighted both directly and indirectly. Your taste and pride will approve every detail of your Pontiac car.

You will be surprised and delighted when you see how the year's important engineering advancements are embodied in Pontiac—in both the Six and the brilliant V-Eight at their low prices. You will find such features as improved Syncro-Mesh transmission with silent second, Free Wheeling, Ride Control, rubber cushioning at 47 points, enclosed springs.

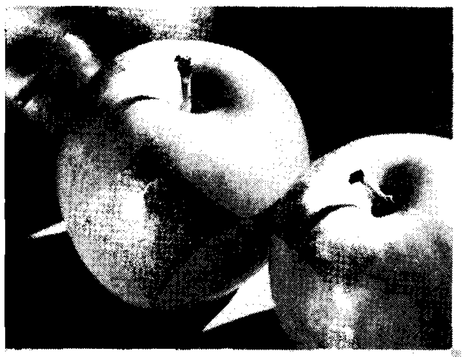
Both the Six and the V-Eight have large powerful motors, thrilling getaway and all the speed you'll ever need. Both have improved carburetion with automatic heat control and fuel economizer.

When you have seen and driven the Pontiac, we do not believe you will want any car offering less than Pontiac performance, roominess, beauty and style.

CHIEF OF
VALUES

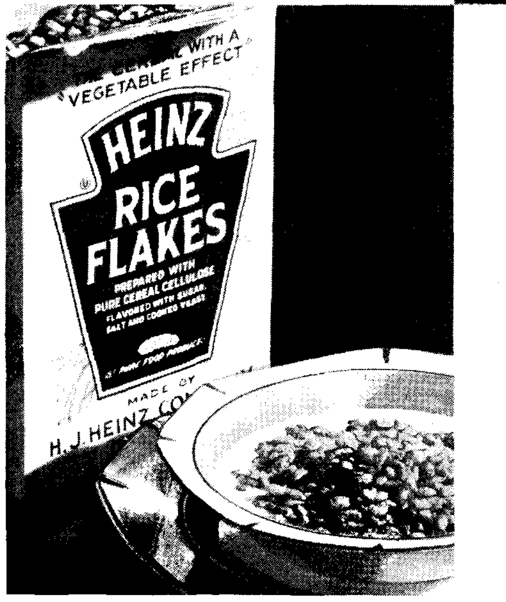
Tune in on Paul Whiteman and his "Pontiac Chieftains" every Friday evening—NBC coast-to-coast Blue Network at 10 o'clock E. S. T.

You need this "it"!



APPLES HAVE IT!

PRUNES HAVE IT!



HEINZ RICE FLAKES HAVE IT TOO

a gentle, natural laxative effect!

THESE golden-brown little flakes taste so good—so deliciously crisp and crunchy—it's hard to believe they could do any *serious* work for you! But listen to this . . .

Pure cereal-cellulose is added to these flakes. Cereal-cellulose is a very mild and very effective corrective made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process and added to Heinz Rice Flakes. It has the same *natural* laxative action as the cellulose in apples, prunes, spinach, and certain other fruits and vegetables!

It's this added cereal-cellulose that gives these good little flakes their healthful laxative effect—the quality sometimes referred to as a "corrective vegetable effect".

No other rice flakes have this cereal-cellulose added. That's why we say—*be sure to ask your grocer for Heinz.*

● *Try Heinz Breakfast Wheat, too—the hot cereal that contains the essential cereal-cellulose.* ●

FREE!—GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE—We'll send you a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three delicious servings—*free of charge!* We want you to see how good these flakes are, at our expense. Just mail the coupon.

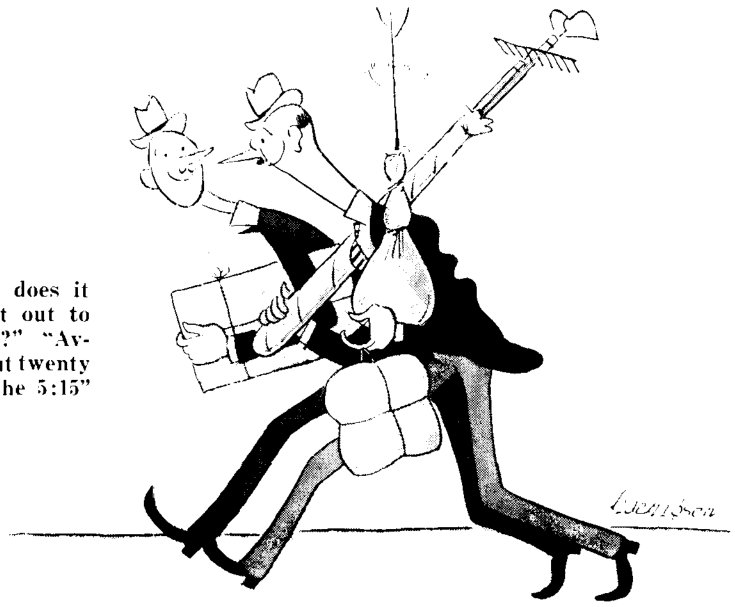
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
Dept. C-49, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me a trial package of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for three servings—free of charge.
(This offer is good only in the United States.)

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________ State__________

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS



"How long does it take to get out to your place?" "Averages about twenty hands on the 5:15"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North
S. 6-3-2
H. 9-7-6-5-4-2
D. K-Q-3
C. 6

West
S. None
H. K-Q-J-10
D. 7-6-2
C. K-Q-J-9-8-5

East
S. A-K-5
H. A-8-3
D. A-4
C. 10-7-4-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J-10-9-8-7-4
H. None
D. J-10-9-8-5
C. A

MOST Contract players who employ an original forcing bid, whether it be the Game-Demand Two-Club bid, the Game-Demand Three-bid or the forcing two-bid, use it not only with strong two-suit hands and strong hands in which the choice is between No Trump and a suit, but also when they hold the type of hand that can be expected to take ten major suit tricks without aid.

The use of an original forcing bid with a hand of this type has two distinct advantages: it may enable the original bidder who holds the ten-trick hand to find out whether his partner has the high-card strength necessary to produce a slam, and it allows original bids of four to be set aside for hands that warrant an original preëmptive defensive overbid.

The preëmptive four-bid is most often made with a hand containing one unusually long suit, or one long suit, one secondary suit, and two suits hopelessly weak.

With the above duplicate hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, South lacked the strength for an original one-bid. At a liberal estimate South's hand was worth only eight tricks of all kinds (at Spades), therefore he was a shade short of the strength a conservative player would require for a preëmptive four-bid when vulnerable. So at some tables South passed, intending to enter the bidding on the second round; at these tables West, who was not vulnerable, found himself with ample high-card strength to warrant an original bid; his problem was whether to bid his hand as a Heart-Club two-suiter, or to preëmpt in Clubs. Most of the Wests decided to try preëmption against the threatened Spade bid from North, rather than give East a "choice" between a six-card and a four-card suit. East might select Hearts in a case in which the combined hands would do much better at Clubs, as West's hand was almost certain to take eight tricks unassisted at that declaration. By calling four Clubs, West overbid his hand two tricks, which is well within the prescribed limit when not vulnerable. North had to pass; and East bid six Clubs on the strength of his own four winners added to the approximately eight tricks indicated by West's four-bid. East was disappointed when no one doubled, and was not surprised as he watched West make a small slam that was almost a show-down as soon as North led the King of Diamonds.

Dummy's Diamond Ace won. West discarded his two remaining Diamonds on dummy's Ace-King of Spades, one round of trumps brought out South's Ace, and then Declarer laid undisputed claim to the remaining nine tricks. He scored 920 points.

But at most tables the players who sat South refused to follow the conventions rigidly and did not allow the slight shortage of probable tricks to shut out an original bid with a distributionally powerful hand. They estimated that with Spades the trump the South hand could win five Spades, two Diamonds, and one Club—and risked a call of four Spades. They hoped to shut out further bidding, and were successful as far as West and North were concerned, but all drew a business double from East.

At most tables this double was permitted to stand and Declarer had no difficulty fulfilling his contract, scoring 840 points, as he lost only one Diamond and two Spades; but at two tables East's double encouraged West to call five Clubs, and that induced East to bid six. Confronted by an adverse small slam bonus, North made a bid of six Spades which East gleefully doubled.

North hoped that he would lose less by taking the vulnerable penalty than by letting East-West play the hand at Clubs; his reasoning was correct as the loss was 600 points, which was 320 points better than giving East-West an undisputed small slam Club Contract.

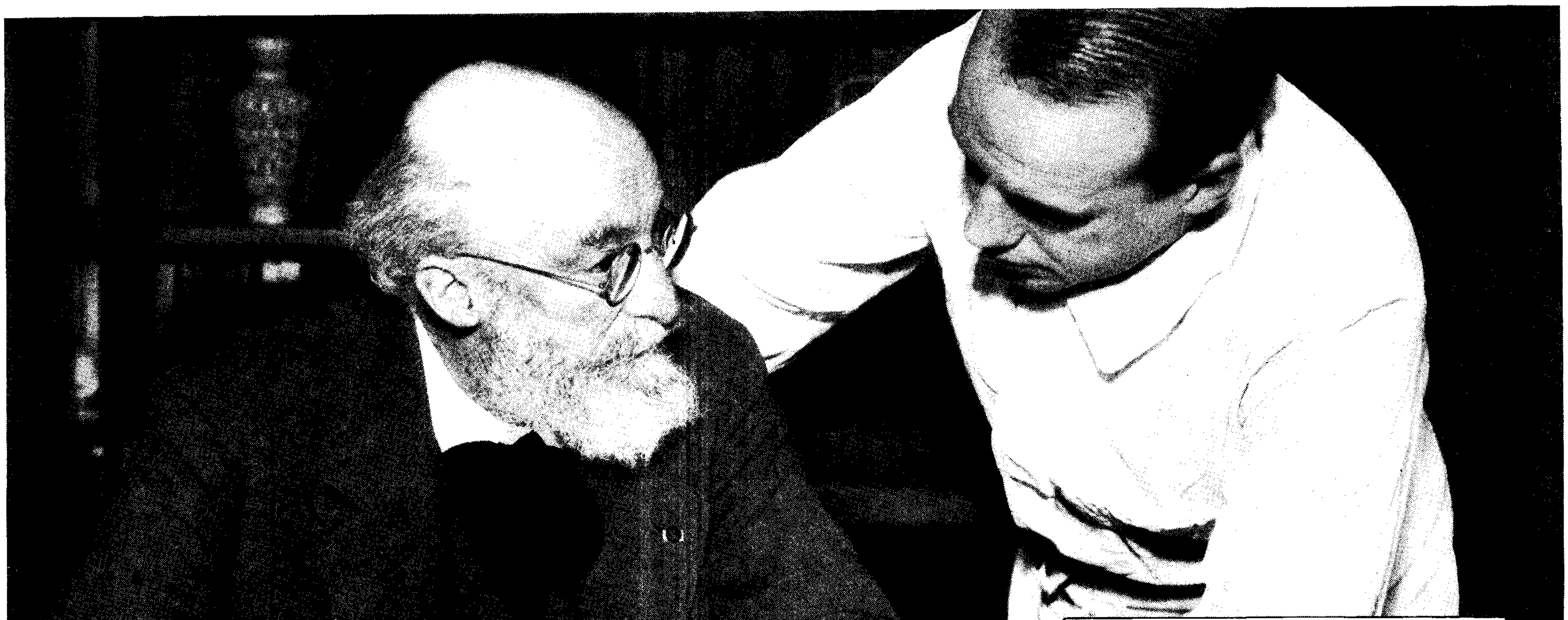
Next Week's Hand

North
S. J-10
H. J-10-7-5-2
D. K-2
C. J-10-7-4

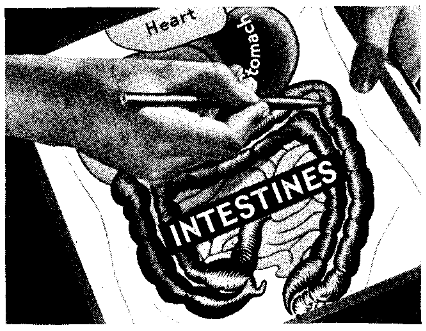
East
S. 9-8-7-6-4-3-2
H. None
D. 6-4-3
C. 9-8-3

West
S. K-Q
H. Q-6-4
D. Q-10-8-5
C. Q-6-5-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-5
H. A-K-9-8-3
D. A-J-9-7
C. A-K



■ "Headaches . . . bad breath, loss of energy, poor appetite . . . are due to auto-intoxication"—to "food wastes remaining too long in the intestines," declares Dr. Pouchet. To correct constipation and restore vitality he recommends fresh yeast.



"Poisons from here seep into the Blood—*pull down vitality*"

explains DR. POUCHET, *the world-famous medical authority*

DOES the least exertion tire you out? Do you lack a normal reserve of strength?

If so—and if you'd like to boast really vibrant health and energy, listen . . .

"Today, because of indoor occupations and too little physical exercise, people easily become prey to constipation and its inevitable consequences. Poisons seep into the blood when you neglect this trouble . . . These poisons *pull down vitality*."

That is Dr. Gabriel Pouchet speaking . . . a member of the world-famous Académie de Médicine of Paris . . . one of the greatest medical authorities now living!

Dr. Pouchet adds:—"To . . . overcome constipation . . . a natural intestinal regulator is needed, such as *fresh yeast*.

"Fresh yeast acts gently. It does not form a habit as do cathartics and laxative drugs. It is the surest and safest treatment for constipation."

Sensible advice, surely. For people who are "run-down." And—best of all—it's so easy to follow!

For Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine. It's a *food*, with amazing power to stimulate sluggish intestines . . . to purify . . . to bring back health in a natural way!

Get back appetite, "pep," enjoyment. Get a real "kick" out of living again. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day.

Just eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (about a third of a glass).

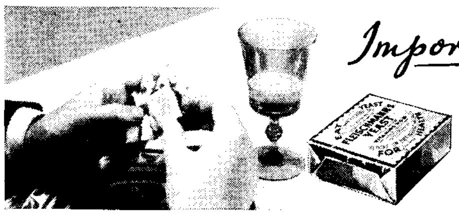
You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Get a supply today!

DR. KALISCHER, famous Berlin expert on physiology, says: "Constipation is the greatest enemy of . . . vitality. Happily we have . . . a food . . . that will correct it . . . fresh yeast." DR. HYNEK, noted author of "Roentgenology of Stomach and Intestines," states: "For . . . unnatural fatigue, I advise eating fresh yeast."

"The Doctors are Right!"

"You know that dragged-out feeling?" *writes* Jerome O'Grady, *Bay Shore, Long Island,* life guard. "I had a bad attack of it last spring.

"My system was sluggish—any rich food at all would bring on indigestion and a crop of eruptions on my face . . . Friends at the beach got me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my system seemed to wake right up. The sluggishness was gone."



Important **Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—*the kind famous doctors recommend!* Every cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B and G and the "sunshine" vitamin D. Write for booklet. Dept. Y-EE-7, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.**

Copyright, 1932, Standard Brands Incorporated

this L O F *glass*

WILL KEEP THEM SAFE

Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company
SAFETY
PLATE GLASS

IF YOU WILL DO YOUR PART: Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is clear and safe and the edges are *sealed* to make it lasting. But the mere fact that it is a perfected product and that it is constantly proving its priceless value means nothing to you unless *you* have it in your *own* windshield, doors and windows. ¶ A great many manufacturers offer Safety Glass as standard equipment; all others make it available at slight extra cost. Do *your* part by insisting on it. ¶ Safety Glass in some one else's car will not save you nor your family from the ugly cuts that come when ordinary glass is broken. Safety Glass in your *own* car *will* protect them. Common sense demands that you provide it.

● Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is used by Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight, Ford, Cadillac, La Salle and Lincoln.

● LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO, manufacturers of Highest Quality Flat Drawn Window Glass, Polished Plate Glass and Safety Glass; also distributors of Figured and Wire Glass manufactured by the Blue Ridge Glass Corporation of Kingsport, Tennessee. . . . In addition to the motor cars listed above Libbey·Owens·Ford Safety Glass is used in Dietrich and Le Baron Custom Bodies, Reo Speed Wagons, Twin Coaches, Brill Trolley Buses, Cincinnati Trackless Trolley Coaches, Bender Bus Bodies, Hackney and Springfield School and Passenger Bus Bodies, White School Buses, York-Hoover School Bus Bodies, Stinson and Stearman Aircraft, Gar Wood Boats and Matthews Cruisers.

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LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

Instrument of Providence

Continued from page 9

when we get into Lemport is to just walk up to Filagree's with Gus and join him in two or three like you would anyhow, and just act natural with him as if nothing much was going to go on, while I'm getting the holes into that breastplate, and then I'll bring it and the helmet and the wire to Filagree's place and you'll say, 'What you got there?' maybe, and I'll say, 'Oh, nothing,' and then we'll talk along in a way I've worked out until we get Gus coaxed to let us put it on him to see how he'd look in it. Except to leave Filagree's, he'll do practi'lly anything you ask him to on two or three or maybe four."

"So'll you," this Preston F. Small, the steward, put in, because he was a man always felt called on to bring up everything against you right to your face. He thought it made him look honester. "So'll you," he says. "After four," he says, "a child could lead you."

"It couldn't either," I told him. "Besides," I says, "I didn't seek you out to commence discussions. I ask your aid to a project for two good women," I says, "and I'd like to know if you freely give it or won't," I says.

WELL, he hemmed and hawed, because this way of stating the matter shows the sounds a person makes when putting something off awhile; so he hemmed and hawed and dwelled a good deal on the incredibility of us getting Gus inside it; but afterwhile he stated his consent and said he'd do it for Mrs. Hetcher and Miss Mabel Illig's sake and because he liked me, and Gus himself would thank us afterward. Then we talked over how we'd work Gus up and all what we'd say to convince him into letting us put it on him, and this Preston F. Small shook hands, looking me right in the eyes and promising he'd do everything like I said, so I felt gratified toward the good work taking place.

We come out of Boston harbor late that night and run east, so we was close to the outside spindle off Lemport just about daylight next morning. I went into the galley, and Gus was there, and this steward he give us two big Coffee Royals apiece. There might be somebody wouldn't know what a Coffee Royal is; but it's one o' them great big yellow mugs like you'd see on a fisherman, only it's filled up over halfway with hot coffee and the remains of the space with nice rum. "On account o' friendship's sake," this steward says when he give Gus and me each our second, that morning; but I see him wink and presumed he was liberal so that Gus would be sure to feel the right way when we come to ask him to see how he looked in the helmet.

I didn't have a single dark cloud in my mind; I never felt pleasanter in my life than when I was drilling them four holes in my shack after the Herman M. Wurtz had tied up at Herman M. Wurtz and Company's dock in Lemport. I found exactly the wire I wanted, too, good thick pieces, and walked up to Filagree's with the outfit in a basket, thinking how glad Miss Mabel Illig would be with what I was doing, and singing Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True, because I thought she would probably feel something like that about myself, no doubt. So I went to Filagree's, keeping on singing to help the occasion, and there was Gus and this Preston F. Small and two or three other men standing at the bar, seeming pleased to see me, and before long, after we three from the Herman M. Wurtz had a few together, this steward commenced his part and asked me why I was carrying those things around in a basket.

"Oh, nothing," I told him, the way we'd planned to talk. "I kind o' like to have 'em around with me," s' I, going on, "because they're nice," s' I. "Oh, listen!" I says. "I wonder how Gus would look in 'em!"

"So do I," this Preston F. Small says, taking it up. "I wonder how Gus would look in' em, too. Here, Gus," he says, "put 'em on and you can see how you look in 'em yourself."

So I took 'em out of the basket; but Gus kind of pushed me off, not mad but more like he didn't have the inclination. "I don't see what's to be gained by it," he says, and he pointed to the mirror behind the bar. "What with the way Filagree lets that mirror get, it's hard enough already to see how I look, and with a diver's helmet on me I couldn't see near as much of how I look as I can now with it off," he says.

So we commenced to argue with him, how he could anyhow just try and see how much he *could* see of how he looked with it on; but he kept on saying there wouldn't be anything gained by it until I got so tired of hearing him say it I almost give up the project. Then this Preston F. Small says "Oh!" like he just thought of something. "Oh! Tell you what," he says, "us two'll each put it on first and when you see how we look in it, I'll bet anything, Gus, you'll want to see how *you* look in it, too."

"All right," Gus says. "I'll do it. You two put it on you first and see how you look, and then when you take it off, I'll put it on and see how I look. I'll do it."

So this Preston F. Small was already standing by with the breastplate. "Here, get it on," he says to me, and whispers in my ear, "let's us two hurry and get it on us and then off so we can put Gus in it because he's already feeling a little too much. Hurry!"

"That's the ticket!" I says. "Hurry it is!"

So the two of 'em histed up the helmet and brought it down over my head on the breastplate and slewed it round solid into the sockets as fast and hard as they could. Then all of a sudden I noticed they had the two wires through the forward holes in the breastplate and was making 'em fast up behind my shoulder blades. "You don't need to do that," I told 'em. "There ain't any necessity to make them wires fast on each one of us in our turn. It takes too much time."

THIS Preston F. Small put his ear up close to the helmet like he was listening. "What?" he asked me. "We can't hear you from in there."

So I hollered at him. "Cast off them wires aft!" I says. "They ain't needed with me and they ain't comfortable and besides we want to hurry!"

"What?" he says, and then Gus put his ear close and asked me "What?" too.

"Nothing," I told him. "I want to speak to the steward," I says, and then both of 'em put their ears up close and shouted for me to speak louder.

"Can't *hear* you," they kept saying.

Well, I knew my voice must sound pretty muffled on the outside, though it was awful unpleasant to my eardrums in there; but I could hear *them*, not real good but plain enough, and they wasn't hollering near as loud as I was. "Slack up on them wires!" I says. "They ain't good for my armpits, and now it's the steward's turn

(Continued on page 40)

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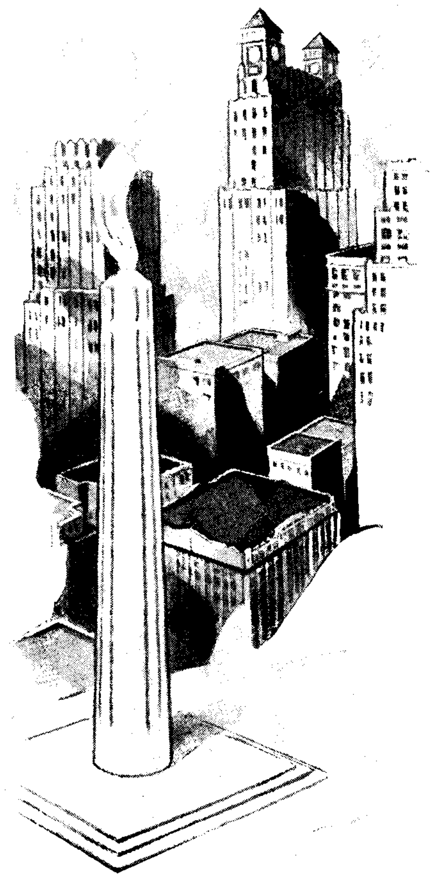

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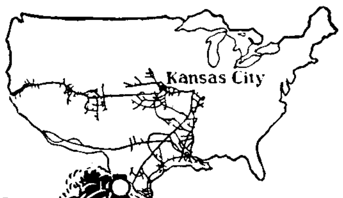

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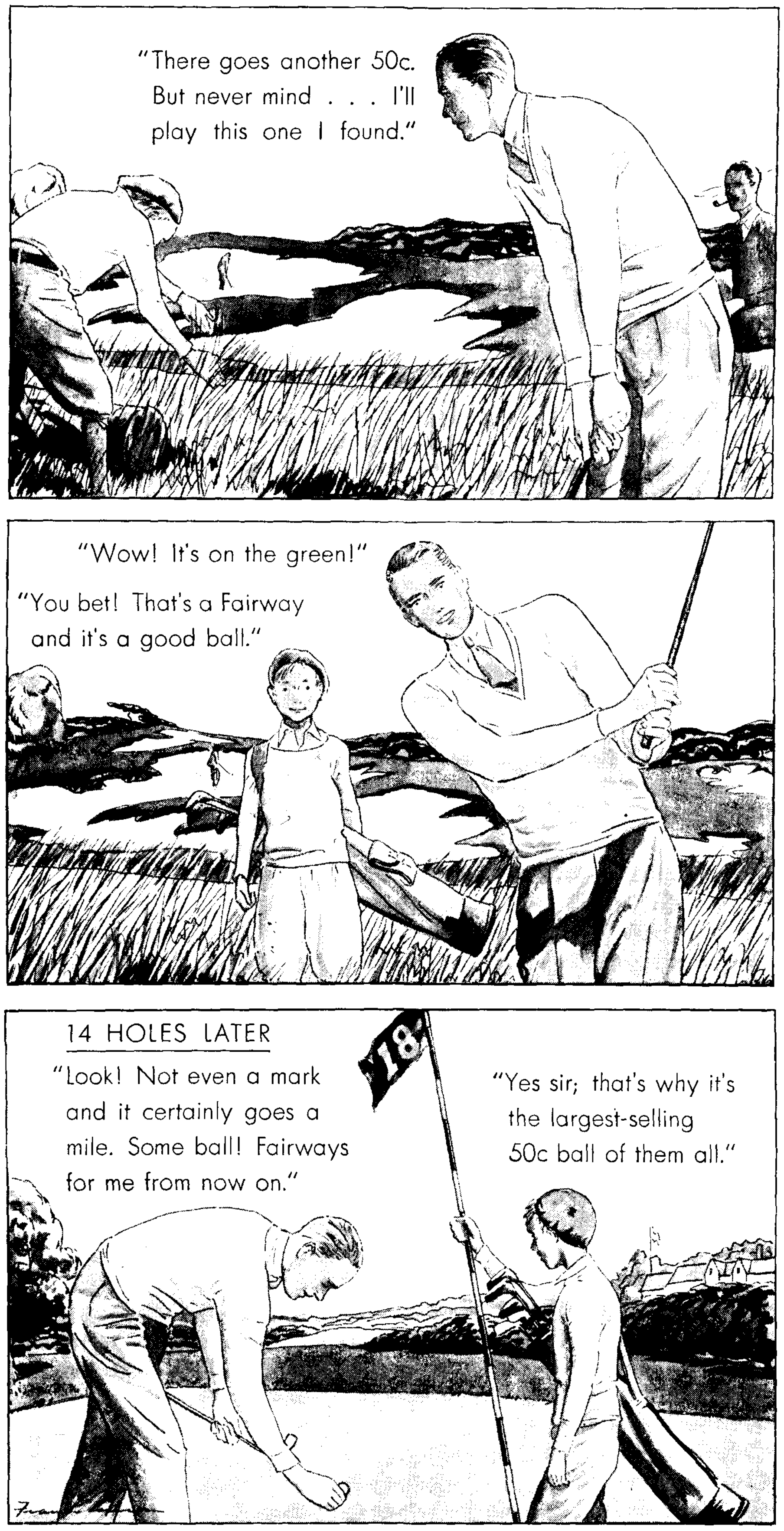
"There goes another 50c. But never mind . . . I'll play this one I found."
"Wow! It's on the green!"
"You bet! That's a Fairway and it's a good ball."
14 HOLES LATER
"Look! Not even a mark and it certainly goes a mile. Some ball! Fairways for me from now on."
18
"Yes sir; that's why it's the largest-selling 50c ball of them all."

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(Continued from page 39)

anyhow. Let me out o' here!" I says.

They didn't show any sign of doing my instructions. Instead they called over the other men that was there and commencing to take interest. "See if you can make out what he wants," Gus and this steward says, and they even got this little Greekish man out from behind the bar and brought him up to me. "Here's Filagree," Gus says, shouting close to the front face-plate. "Try him. He's got the sharpest hearing of any man here. Try and see if you can't make him understand what you want."

So this Filagree, he put his ear right on the front face-plate, and it left a place there afterward. "Send us out a message," he told me. "Send us out a message what you want."

I TRIED to reach my hands around to where them wires was fast aft on my shoulder blades, but couldn't get near 'em, and then, as everybody in the place was shouting at me, "What you want?" I made signs of writing for 'em to bring me paper and pencil to express my wishes with; but they all looked as if they didn't understand, until Filagree says he'd caught the idea. "He wants to be scratched," Filagree says. "The trouble is we don't know where." And Gus put his face up to the helmet and commenced shouting, "Where? Tell us where!"

I hadn't thought of itching till they says this; but it commenced all over my face and head and neck; there's ways you wouldn't think of that a diver's outfit is one of the uncomfortablest things to be in human beings ever got on 'em. The facts and truth of the matter is I commenced feeling kind of desperate and got so confused I reached for a glass I'd left half full on the bar and didn't hardly realize what I was doing until it knocked against the face-plate. Right then Gus Hetcher and this Preston F. Small commenced to come out in their true colors. "Oh, the poor feller!" they says, practi'lly shouting so's to be sure I heard. "Oh, the poor feller! What a shame!" Then they both tried to push their own glasses against this face-plate for me to drink out of and acted like they was disappointed I couldn't, and this Preston F. Small says to Gus Hetcher, "Didn't I tell him all the time he better do it with a cat?"

That wasn't all they says, and it wasn't long till my brains reached the comprehension of what had been going on behind my back. First I gathered this through Filagree saying real loud to one of the other men, "Look what he was going to do to one of my best customers! How much would I lose?"

Then this Preston F. Small shouted close to a side-plate near my ear, "Who's a cook now?" and I remembered there was a few times when I hadn't kept in mind he better always be spoke to as "steward" instead of "cook," and this explained everything because I saw he must have let my intentions all out to Gus before I got to Filagree's. What confirmed my suspicions was the fact that Gus kind of pushed me around in the helmet as if he was being comical and says to everybody, "Look where I'd be myself if I hadn't had too much sense and also a true friend!"

Then him and that Preston F. Small would take all their money out of their pocket and put it on the bar and pretend to offer to pay for anything in the world I felt like taking. Those other men there did the same and thought it was so good they kept doing it over and over and over and hollering at Filagree that they would pay for all the champagne I would take, though I scarcely had any acquaintance with 'em, and went to the liberty of calling out of the door to acquaintances of theirs that was passing and asking them in to see the sight. So of course before long the place was almost full of men gossiping about me and inviting me to join them and holding their glasses up against my front face-plate till I knocked some away and got liquor all over my suit and caused them to dispute with me about spilling it as if they was the ones had a right to complain.

In every one of that throng there was not one would lend a helping hand, in spite of my hollering and all the signs I made to be released, so after considerable time spent in complete funility and being pushed around and all, in an uproar, I made up my mind to cease being made a boor of any longer and went out of there. About half of 'em come to the doorway and kept calling after me to put on my hat, meaning it in nothing but mockery, because it was a derby on account of me expecting to see Miss Mabel Illig later and couldn't have been made to stay on the helmet and would have looked foolish if it had. Yet it's a peculiar thing, though, as soon as I got outdoors in the alley I felt instincts to put this derby on and made motions to do so without thinking, and when this happened they hollered from Filagree's doorway like they was cheering me.

I didn't care to pay any more attention to 'em but turned my back and walked off down the alley. It was warm weather and, not thinking what I was doing, I tried to rub my face with a handkerchief and could hear more gibing from behind me, and then, when I come out on Front Street at the end of the alley, I forgot and tried to put my hat on again, and there was a woman on the sidewalk looked at me and turned around and run into a store. I walked across Front Street to MacLean's hardware store which was a short way, so there was only a few people stopped to stare and not more than one or two followed me in the door. There was two clerks in MacLean's and they both commenced frowning at me soon as I made signs for a pair of pliers to use on them wires. Then both of 'em come toward me, and I hollered and says, "I want to get out o' here!"

"We'll get you out!" one of 'em says, and the other says, "You bet!" and I hardly had time to think now my troubles was over and to be going to thank them clerks when one of 'em took hold of me on one side and the other on the other, and before my brains really reached their meaning they had me out on the sidewalk and the door shut in my face, or the face of the helmet, and a number of passer-bys was standing around me and saying, "Oh, smell the liquor on him!"

WELL, I reasoned it this way: People would conclude I was intoxicated on account of my wearing this helmet and maybe carrying a hat, too, and my suit being pretty well soaked, and the best thing I could do was to find some means to get this helmet off of me. These people paid no attention to what I hollered or to all the signs I made that I wanted out, and I was commencing to be mortified over this whole business and afraid Miss Mabel Illig and Mrs. Gus Hetcher might happen to be down on Front Street and come to see what was the trouble. If such should be the case the looks of the matter would be against me; they would smell my suit and make up their minds in a way nobody could argue against from inside this helmet or maybe even out. So I made motions for this crowd around me to disperse and walked down the alley the other side of MacLean's, and after a little they quit following me.

You might think it would be cool inside of a helmet; but I never was so hot, and in spite of common sense my instincts would prevail, and every now

(Continued on page 43)

THE COLLAR

of this Van Heusen Shirt cannot *Wrinkle, Sag or Shrink*

● Collarite is the ONLY shirt the COLLAR of which has an *interlining* of a single piece of the famous VAN HEUSEN MULTI-PLY FABRIC, which is *woven on a curve* with the *fold line woven in*, to insure collar smartness.

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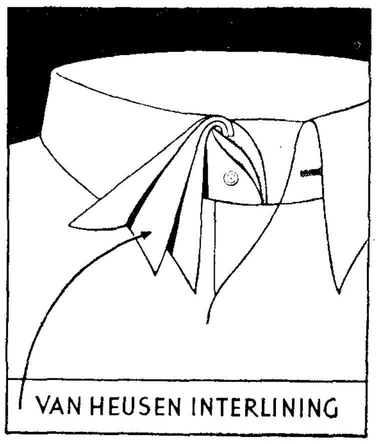

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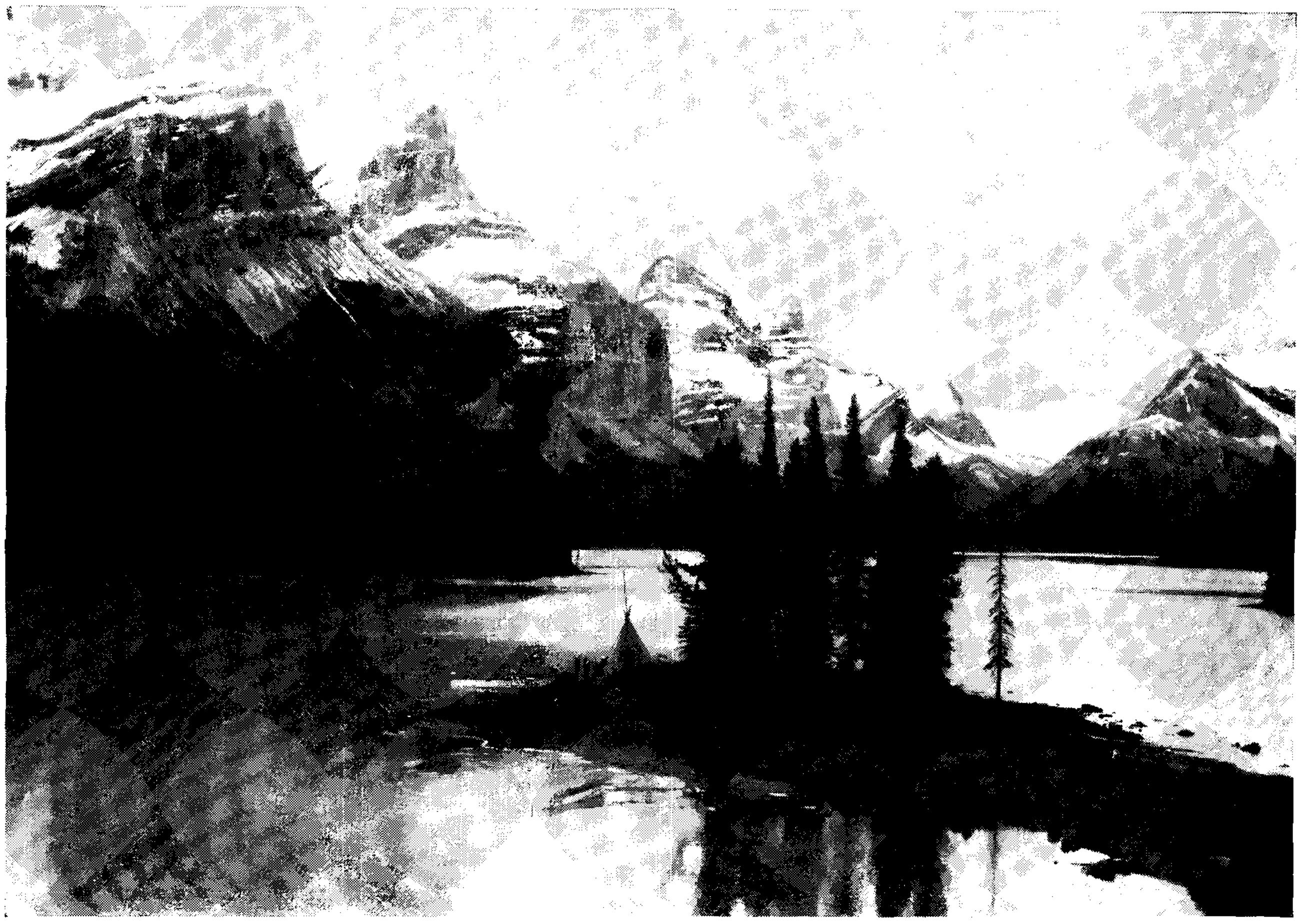

Maligne Lake in Jasper National Park is one of the two or three most beautiful lakes in the world. Here breath-taking mountain splendor plunges headlong into jade green waters. Incidentally—the water of this lake has been found to be one of the finest breeding grounds for brook trout on the American continent. Maligne will be open for fishing this year for the first time.

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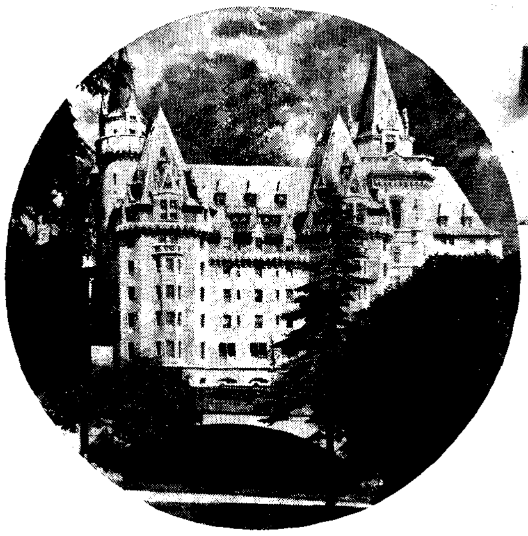

Left—Outdoor sports at Minaki in the Lake of the Woods region. Here bracing North Woods air, congenial companions, good food and the comforts of a Canadian National Lodge make Minaki a favorite vacation spot.

Right—Outdoor ovens, wayside shrines, ox carts, spinning wheels and quaintly foreign villages give the Province of Quebec an old-world atmosphere—yet it is only a few hours from the principal cities of the East.

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Instrument of Providence

Continued from page 40

and then I would have to stop myself from trying to fan myself with my hat. Well, about halfway down this alley there was a gate in a board fence and I opened it and went in, thinking there would be privacy enough in a back yard or maybe a kitchen for me to tell somebody about my plight and ask their aid in a quiet, sensible manner.

As it turned out, though, I had a misfortune. I didn't even know there was a colored family living in Lemport at this time, and they must have settled there lately because they was unfamiliar with the manners and customs of the sea. They couldn't ever have seen a diver before, the way they conducted themselves. This little, small old colored woman that was washing in the yard and four or five colored children I presume was hers commenced to screech and take on, and she laid hold of a clo'es-prop, and some of the children did the same and the others made use o' rocks, and her and them followed me out the gate and down the alley almost as far as Water Street, all the time threatening of what they would do if I didn't go faster.

SO I see the only way to accomplish my purpose was to get back to my little building or shack on Ewald's wharf where I could find implements for it, and after this colored family went inside their gate again, and people had took their head in from back windows, I worked back to the cross alley between Front and Water and then commenced working along eastud to Old Ship Alley that comes out on Water Street right across from Ewald's. Well, sir, when I got there I hove a sigh of relieft because there was my shack or little building right in plain sight, and then I took another look and commenced to be daunted because two female figures was setting on a bench in front and they was Miss Mabel Illig and Mrs. Gus Hetcher.

Almost right away my brains took in what their presence was about. They'd heard the Herman M. Wurtz was docked and had come down to get Gus; but finding him gone had walked over to my little building to see what I knew about him and, me not being there, thought they would wait till I come. So there was this avenue all closed up because like them people on Front Street they would take me for an ill-doer and intoxicated, and what was worse they seemed to be looking up Old Ship Alley right straight at me. All I could do was hope Miss Mabel Illig didn't recognize my suit, which I always called on her in, and so, stooping over, I worked my way back quick as I could into the cross alley out of their sight. So there was nothing for it except to work back to the Herman M. Wurtz and try to get help from implements that would be on her.

There didn't seem to be any end to the troubles I had for accomplishing this purpose, or the hotness I felt inside the helmet or the new places that would break out itching, besides a whole lot of boys that thought it was nice to throw rocks at me when I took across Centre Street, between alleys, at a run. There was times when I thought I would never get there, anyway not without a crowd around me; but at last I got to the mouth of the alley that looks across Water Street to Herman M. Wurtz and Company's wharf, and there was the Herman M. Wurtz herself laying all peaceful in the hot sun, and the dock empty and not a person in sight, so, after all I'd been through, my task commenced to look easier.

I went across Water Street quick and stooping over and was hurrying along the dock, when there, all of a sudden again, I see the two female figures of Miss Mabel Illig and Mrs. Gus Hetcher. They was right on the deck of the Herman M. Wurtz herself, having come there, I could tell, while I was working around through the alleys and just at the minute I saw 'em they was standing looking at the harbor with their backs to me.

Well, what on earth was I to do, s' I to myself, because I see my brains had to work fast, especially as I commenced to hear singing going on behind some buildings on Water Street but coming toward Herman M. Wurtz and Company's dock, and it looked as if I could recognize Gus Hetcher's voice, as if him and this Preston F. Small and others was returning from Filagree's to the Herman M. Wurtz, hoping to find me on her and make some more of a boor of me. In The Seaman's Zion once I read an expression relating an ill-doer being drawn toward the door of a saloon on one hand and a gambling house on the other, and it said he "stood between two fires," which always struck me as a pretty fine expression and exactly where I see I was on Herman M. Wurtz and Company's dock with Miss Mabel Illig and Mrs. Gus Hetcher on board and them men coming from Filagree's toward the other end.

So it seems four or five years before I went to work for Herman M. Wurtz and Company they had lost a steam barge off Lemport but had salvaged her smokestack, all they was able to take off her, and it had been rusting on the dock ever since, right by where I was pausing. It come into my brains like a flash that this smokestack was the only way in the world I could escape notice, and with this instinct in my brains I got right down on my stummick and crawled in there. I couldn't get as far as I wished, because somebody at some time had dropped heavy timbers on the smokestack, bending it toward the inside, and not far after entering I see I was wedged by the helmet and breastplate in this bent spot and couldn't tell whether or not my feet was far enough inside the entrance for them not to be noticeable but hoped they was. Well, inside there, what with being inside the helmet too, and all, I couldn't hardly hear anything at all except a humming in my ears and the heat and itching which was beyond telling inside all that metal.

RIGHT today I couldn't state how long I was in there or all what went on outside; but afterwhile I made out somebody commenced hammering on this smokestack I was inside of, and then it commenced rolling over, and went on rolling, with me of course turning with it on account of being wedged that way, and I just felt terrible. Then I heard voices yelling as if they was yelling into the smokestack from the end I was pointed at. "I tell you it's Mr. Sellers' orders!" I heard one of 'em hollering. Mr. Sellers was the Company of Herman M. Wurtz and Company. "I tell you it's Mr. Sellers' orders. He says he don't want to see this old smokestack around in the way no longer and we was to roll it right over the edge of the dock where it'll lay in deep water and never bother nobody." Then there was other voices yelling, "Aye, aye, sir!" all hearty-like. "Heave-ho! Heave-ho, and over she goes!"

(Continued on page 44)

A Hair Raising Story

Here's a true hair raiser. Words of encouragement for the new little hairs forming deep down in your scalp. For the future of those little hairs—tomorrow's crop—depends upon the care you give your scalp today. Set aside a few minutes every week for a "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment. Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp. Grasp the head firmly with the fingers and work the scalp round and round. Begin from the back of the neck and the temples and work up to the crown of the head. You'll feel the blood circulating faster, bringing nourishment to the hair roots. The Tonic and the massage together are just what you need to loosen the scalp and encourage new hair to grow in as the old falls out. Followed by a mild shampoo, this treatment does wonders to insure healthy hair, prevent baldness.

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Copr. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons d., 1932

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(*Continued from page 43*)

"Hi!" I says, "my Godfrey!" And I commenced to hammer and kick all I could on the inside of the stack.

"Why, why, why!" one of them voices hollers up at the other end. "There's something trying to make kind of a noise in here. Before we heave the stack over we better see what it is maybe."

"'Maybe?'" I says. "'Maybe?'" Then I felt my feet grabbed by a whole lot of hands, and, by their not seeming to reach in very far, I judged I must been saw when I went in there.

THEY got me out and stood me up, and there was Gus and this Preston F. Small, that steward, and this Mr. Sellers' back just going in the office door, and all the men that'd made such a boor of me in Filagree's, and Mrs. Gus Hetcher and Miss Mabel Illig. I went up to Mabel, making signs for her to believe me and hollering there wasn't anything the matter with me like she would think; but I never see expressions on a face showing more horror and dislike of a person than what she and Mrs. Gus Hetcher put on.

"Keep away from me!" she says. "Don't never come near me again as long as you live!" she says, and both of 'em hollered close to my helmet they'd learned my true character at last, and called me deceitful and a hypocrite and everything else they could think of, till at last I give up trying to make them understand, because every sound or motion I made was misunderstood, even to my hat having got smashed inside the stack, and not a soul offering the slightest assistance, till at last what they said got so outrageous I felt offended and, turning my back, simply walked out to Water Street and didn't even stoop my shoulders or shelter myself in any alleys but went right on straight down to Ewald's and into my building and slammed and locked the door right in everybody's faces.

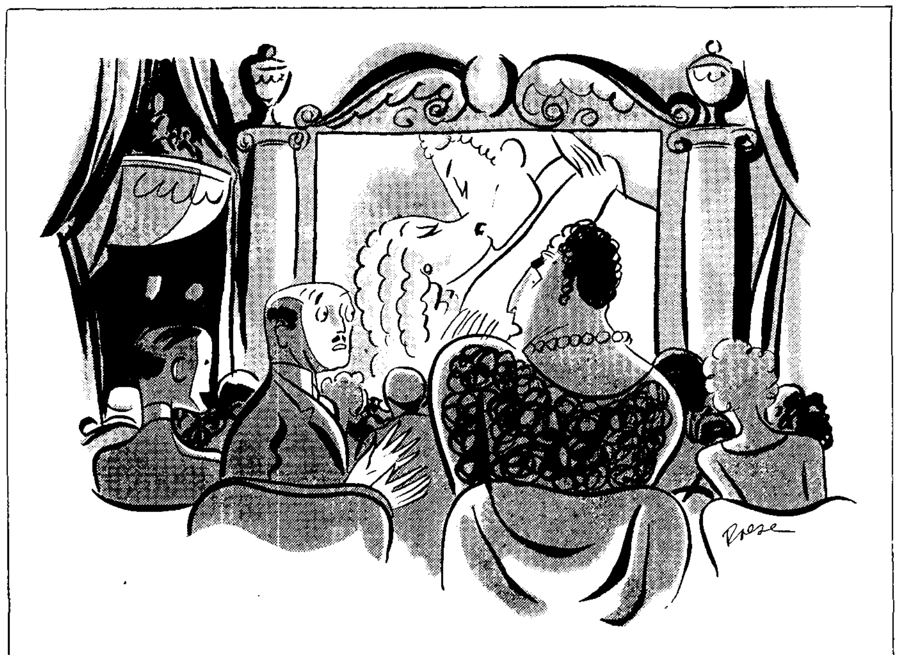
After I got the helmet and breastplate off, I thought I wouldn't go out the rest of that day, because I was tired of what I see I would hear if I did. I stayed in this little building among my own objects, and slept there and didn't come out until time to go aboard the Herman M. Wurtz just before daylight next morning, when she was to leave for Eastport where she was to pick up a dredger and stay with her for the next six months.

When I come aboard, this here Preston F. Small called to me to come in the galley for a Coffee Royal, and I was feeling a strong predujice against him; but it smelled nice, so I did, and Gus was in there with one. You would have been surprised because he acted like he had a grievance at me, and so did that there Preston F. Small, after I'd got in there, and when I says I thought *I* was the one had a right to complain they commenced. Gus says look how I tried to turn his most intimate friend against him, this here steward, and *he* says yes, look how I did and would have got him in a position Gus would never forgave him for, and they both says yes and suppose I had got the helmet on Gus, wouldn't he looked intoxicated to Miss Mabel Illig and his wife, because wasn't that proved by what them ladies thought of myself?

But afterwhile, when we'd had another Coffee Royal, they says they didn't like to cherish a grudge on board such a nice vessel as the Herman M. Wurtz and felt willing to give me every chance to win their friendship back again.

. . . So here was this example of the experience I mentioned when you first set down on that freezer, how there couldn't be a clearer case of the case of being an Instrument of Providence than what this was. Of course right at the time it looked like Providence had failed in the matter; but that was my mistake in thinking Gus Hetcher was the one Providence designed and selected to be benefited. I mean just look around you, because all this property of objects I'm owner of here at Cobble Reef wouldn't be where we're setting, or wouldn't be anywhere most likely, if all this of the helmet hadn't happened exactly the way it did, because if it hadn't I wouldn't been a bachelor and able to retain these objects.

BUT what pointed out to me how clear the case was of being an Instrument, it was the next time I see Miss Mabel Illig after she took the position of a jilt with me like that on Herman M. Wurtz and Company's wharf. She was married by that time and had four married children and seven grandchildren, because it was only last year. I didn't see her only a minute; but all the time in the world couldn't proved clearer to me that Providence made use of me and that helmet and breastplate as a great Instrument for my good. They ain't out here with these other objects; when I come back to Cobble Reef from my little visit to Lemport last year, I took 'em in the house and keep 'em there safe from all harm.



"But I tell you it does breed germs" *Herbert Roese*

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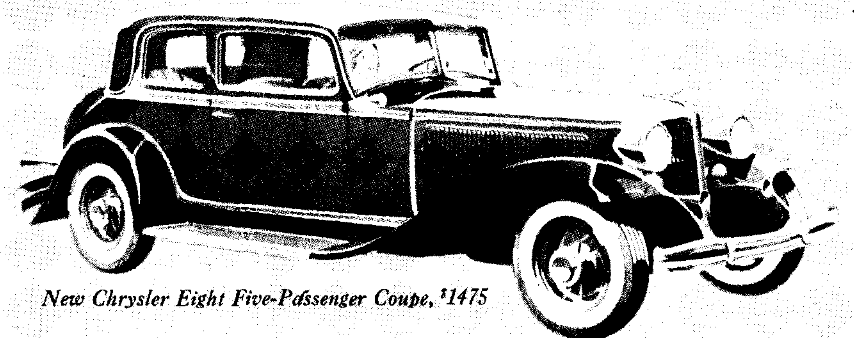
with patented *OATING POWER*

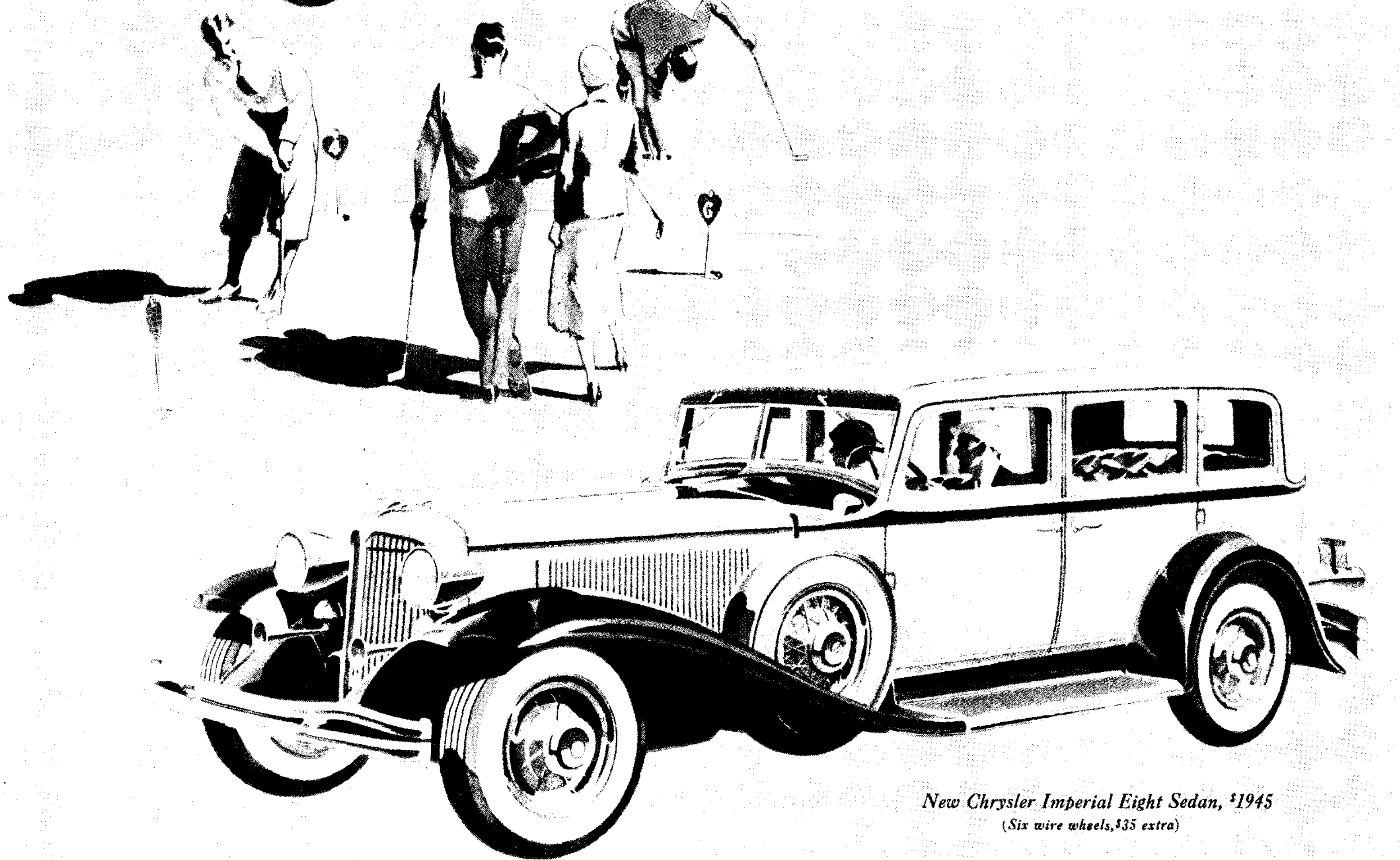
AUTOMATIC CLUTCH • SILENT GEAR SELECTOR • FREE WHEELING • INTERNAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES

ALL-STEEL BODY • OILITE SQUEAK-PROOF SPRINGS

DOUBLE-DROP GIRDER-TRUSS FRAME



New Chrysler Eight Five-Passenger Coupe, $1475



New Chrysler Imperial Eight Sedan, $1945

(Six wire wheels, $35 extra)

Great Cars Because of Great Engineering

The new Chrysler cars are striking evidence of the Chrysler genius to keep a step ahead in basic progress—to pioneer the unusually great feats of automobile engineering—to make Chrysler performance always the most startling performance—and to satisfy the keenest desires for up-to-date smartness and luxury.

Drive a new Chrysler—*any* new Chrysler—and you will experience an entirely new feeling in motoring. An entirely new sense of effortless power. New riding ease, new steering ease, new braking ease—entirely new results due to great fundamental developments.

All the new Chryslers have patented Floating Power . . . A revolutionary new engine suspension. Completely wipes out power tremor at all car speeds. All have an Automatic Clutch. Completely automatic. Leaves your left foot perfectly idle.

All have a Silent Gear Selector . . . You move the lever freely and *noiselessly* into place in any direction without touching the clutch pedal—starting from a standstill or traveling at any speed, or even when reversing.

All have the latest in Free Wheeling. An entirely separate unit at rear of the transmission.

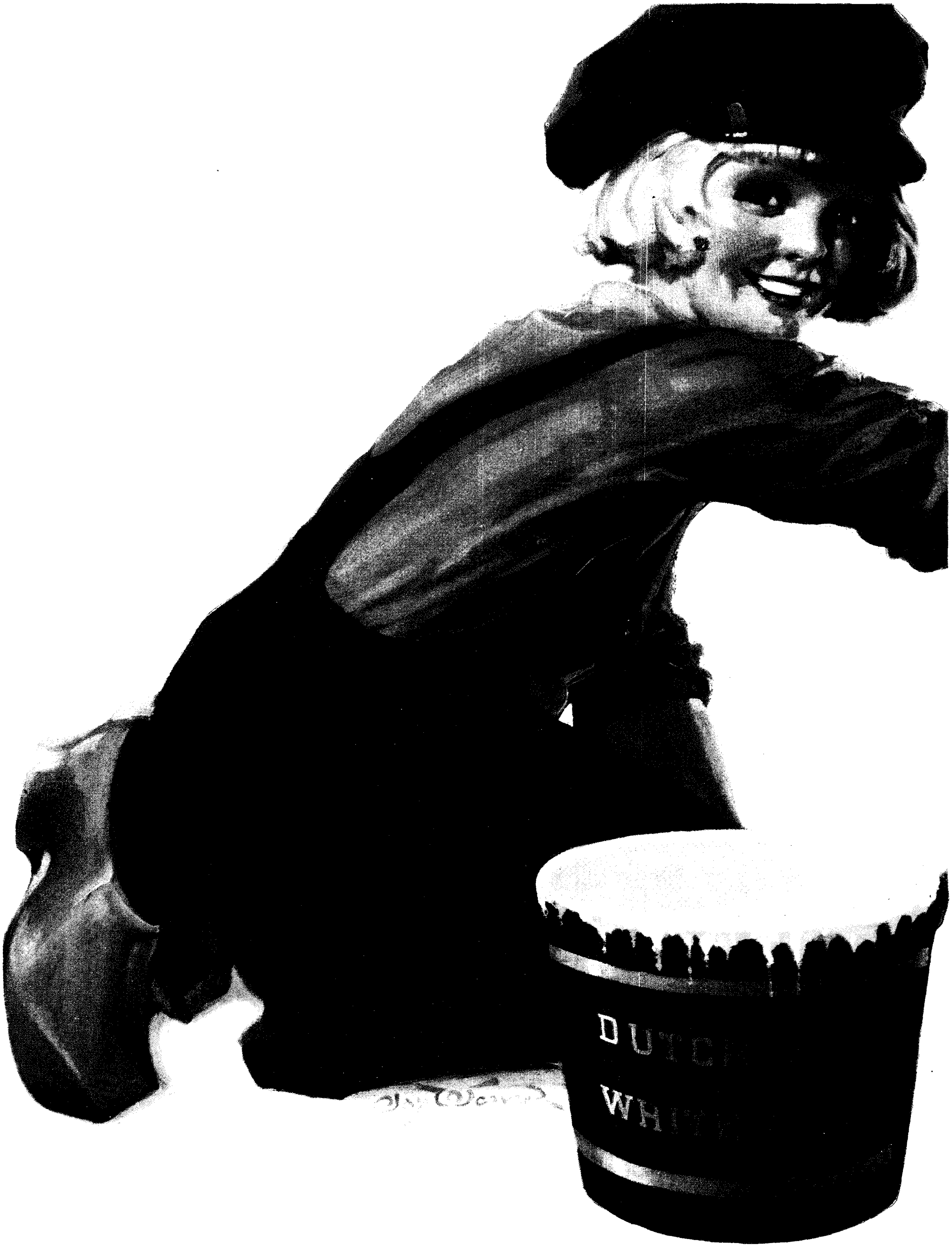
All have Hydraulic Brakes that never need lubrication and are always *equalized*. With new Centrifuse Brake Drums of steel with a cast-iron lining—the steel and iron *permanently* fused together. Brakes that wear longer, remain cooler, retain uniform efficiency.

You'll be happier with a Chrysler

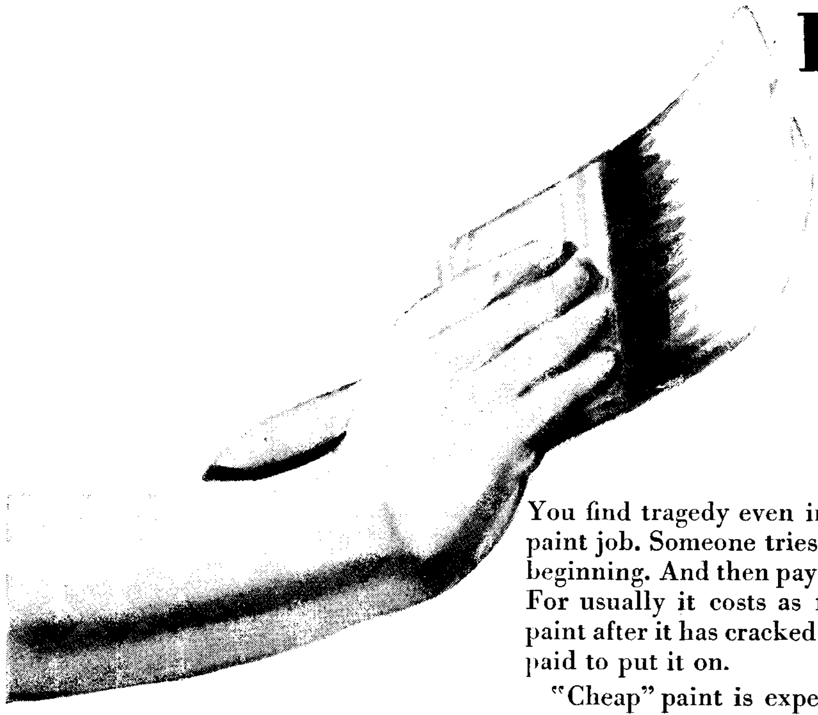
All standard Six and Eight models have All-Steel Bodies, rigidly reinforced and welded into one piece. Sound-insulated. All of the Eights have Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs . . . Regardless of mud, snow, ice or dirt, these springs *will not squeak*—and *never* need lubrication.

For a new sensation—just drive a Chrysler.

A new Chrysler Six, 5 body models, $885 to $935 (Automatic Clutch and Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs on all Sixes at slight extra cost); a new Chrysler Eight, 5 body models, $1435 to $1695; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight, 5 body models, $1925 to $2195; a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight, 6 body models, $2895 to $3595. F. O. B. Factory. Duplate Safety Plate Glass standard on Custom Eights. Obtainable on Six and Eight Sedans, $17.50; on Imperial Sedans, $20; all 2-passenger Coupes, $9.50.


DUTC
WHIT

YOU PAY FOR PAINT TWICE...



when you put it ON
when you take it OFF

You find tragedy even in a paint job . . . a "cheap" paint job. Someone tries to save a few dollars in the beginning. And then pays perhaps double in the end! For usually it costs as much to burn off "cheap" paint after it has cracked and scaled as you originally paid to put it on.

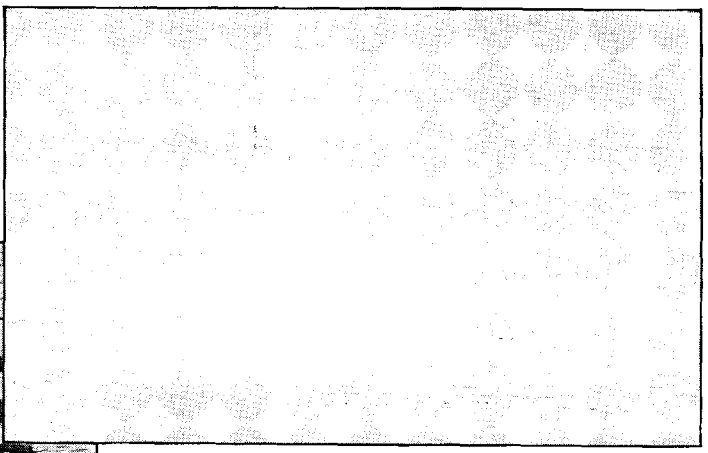
"Cheap" paint is expensive on another basis, too. It can't last long enough to make it cheap. Suppose, for example, a "cheap" paint job costs $250. Suppose it *does* last as long as two years. That's $125 a year. If a Dutch Boy job, on the other hand, costs $270 and lasts only four years (most painters say you can count upon five and even six), that's $67.50 a year . . . a saving of $230 for four years . . . of $125 for every year *beyond* four.

But, remember, that's only part of the saving. Dutch Boy does not crack and scale. It wears down gracefully . . . by gradual chalking. It leaves a perfect surface for repainting without burning and scraping. You pay just once for Dutch Boy . . . when you put it on.

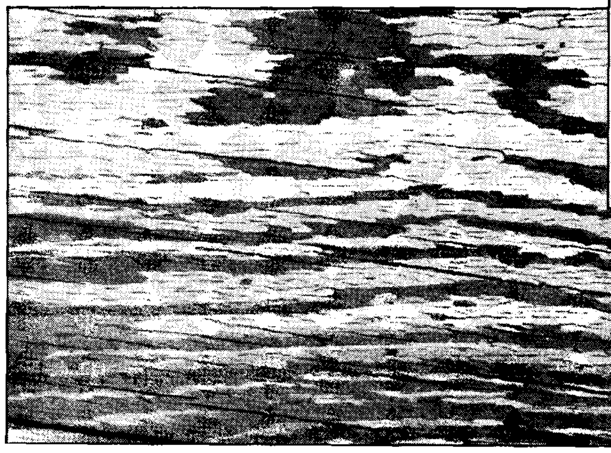
Avoid a "cheap" paint job. Select an experienced painter who is established in your community and specify Dutch Boy White-Lead. He will mix Dutch Boy for the specific requirements of your job . . . even for the varying exposure conditions encountered on the different sides of your house. Dutch Boy, applied by a good painter, costs less . . . much less . . . in the end.

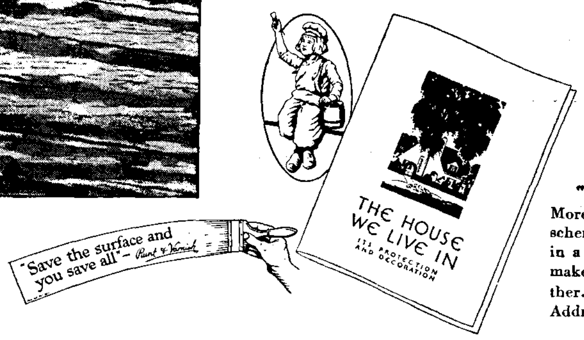
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY— 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak Street, Buffalo; 900 West 18th Street, Chicago; 659 Freeman Avenue, Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Avenue, Cleveland; 722 Chestnut Street, St. Louis; 2240 24th Street, San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street, Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building, Philadelphia.

Right: DUTCH BOY... after 4 years. Weathered, of course, but still in good condition . . . still giving full protection. No burning and scraping here when repaint time finally does roll around.



Below: "CHEAP" PAINT... after 4 years. Paint badly cracked and scaled. Protection gone. Exposed wood has split. Expensive burning and scraping must precede repainting.

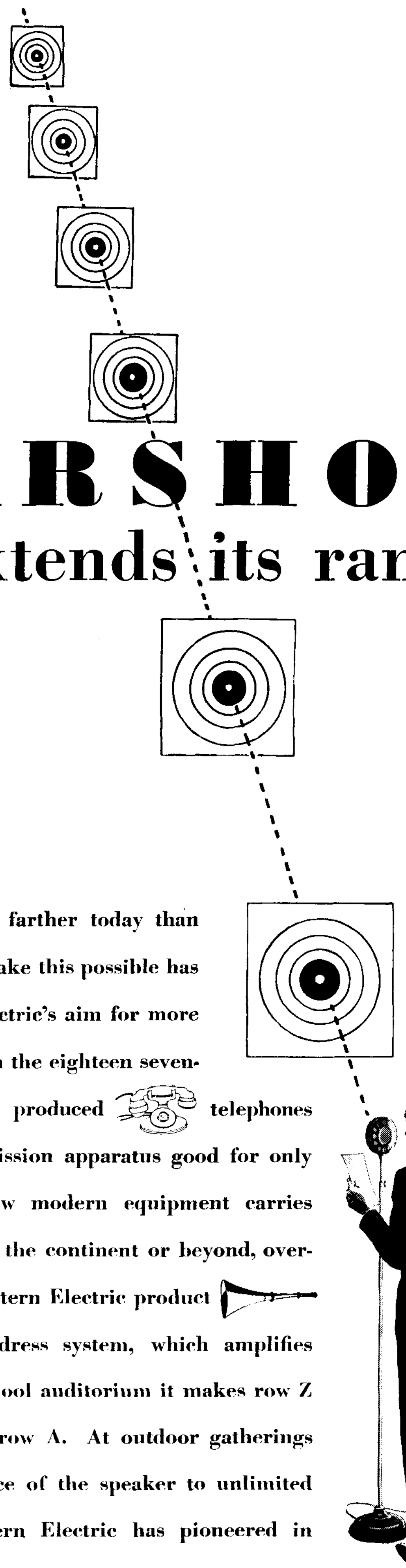



"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish
THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN
ITS PROTECTION AND DECORATION

FREE!
"The House We Live In"
More than a booklet of color schemes. Tells what to look for in a painting job . . . how to make your paint dollars go farther. Free to property owners. Address Dept. D, nearest branch.

PAINTERS IN EVERY USE

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER



EARSHOT extends its range

EARS can hear farther today than ever before. To make this possible has been Western Electric's aim for more than fifty years. In the eighteen seventies this company produced telephones and other transmission apparatus good for only a few miles — now modern equipment carries your voice across the continent or beyond, overseas. Another Western Electric product is the public address system, which amplifies sound. In the school auditorium it makes row Z seats as good as row A. At outdoor gatherings it carries the voice of the speaker to unlimited thousands. Western Electric has pioneered in broadcasting equipment, in police and aviation radio. It made the first successful talking picture apparatus. In these and other fields it has continually widened the usefulness of its experience gained as manufacturer for the Bell System.

Western Electric

LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

A Holiday for Fear

Continued from page 13

and its people. Unrestrained, the injury would be most serious.

"Accordingly, by virtue of the authority in me vested, as Mayor of the City of Aurora, I hereby declare that Friday, January 22; Saturday, January 23; Monday, January 25, and Tuesday, January 26, 1932, be legal holidays, and that on such days all business conducted within the City shall be suspended, excepting such as deal in the necessaries of life, as groceries, meats, foodstuffs, drugs, coal, gasoline and excepting public utilities and such others as may by reason of necessity be exempt from the effect hereof, which others, for good cause shown to the undersigned, may be excepted by me.

"During such period and on said days, all persons other than those excepted as above provided, will desist from gainful occupation.

"CONRAD M. BJORSETH
"Mayor of the City of Aurora
"Aurora, Illinois,
January 21, 1932."

Citizens to the Rescue

Aurora business men in that all-night meeting took several steps beyond those taken in Urbana. The Urbana "holiday" had been abruptly devised in the midst of panic. The Aurora men had time to make plans for several refinements.

First they insisted that the bankers tell them exactly the situation of the five banks in the town.

Newspaper editors, city officials, employers, merchants, even leading farmers were present.

"The government requires us to carry only one eighth of our deposits in cash," the bankers said. "The rest, of course, is supposed to be out in the business world at work. But the general custom has been to keep one fourth of our deposits on hand in cash for immediate use. But our situation tonight is even better than that. Since the depression we have been holding fifty per cent of our deposits in cash. We have that much cash on hand, now. That's four times more than the law provides for. But if the people rush us tomorrow and take it all out what can we do to pay them the remaining fifty per cent?"

"Why not tell that to the citizens tomorrow?" asked a newspaper owner. "Let them in on the whole story about the banking situation."

The Urbana pledge, signed by depositors, had been a sort of petition—many names signed on one sheet of paper. But the Aurora men decided at this all-night meeting to prepare an individual pledge card.

The Aurora card was a *contract*. The signer agreed that the bank should not be required to pay more than ten per cent of the signer's deposits within any one month. This did not apply to persons having deposits of fifty dollars or less.

Factories were to close, as well as offices.

A newspaper story was prepared during the meeting, containing the mayor's proclamation.

"Where's Willet?" asked somebody. Willet is always at the head of every drive. Catholics, Jews, Protestants, Masons, Kiwanians, Rotarians—everybody works under Willet when the annual Community Chest drive is on.

"How soon can you get your drive crews ready?" Mr. Willet was asked.

"Before noon," he answered.

Down at the office of the Beacon-News, circulation men were calling up the homes of newsboys, of Boy Scouts, of Y. M. C. A. youths.

"Get down to the Beacon-News office as soon as you can," were the orders. "We need lots of help on an extra."

From every corner of the town, through the three-o'clock-in-the-morning coldness and blackness, boys and youths in flivvers, afoot or on bikes, reached the newspaper office.

Daylight! On every doorstep householders found an extra edition of the morning paper. No, it was not that Shanghai had fallen. The news was, in effect:

"You needn't go to work today, unless you work in a restaurant, a filling station, a grocery store, a drug store or a butcher shop, because this town is closed up for five days."

All the police and deputy sheriffs were on duty that morning, as people came to the business district to see what would be going on.

Police went from store to store and from office building to office building telling all employers to inform their employees who came to work of a great mass meeting which would be held in the theater in the early afternoon.

The theater was more than filled. Business men made speeches. So did others. Added together, the speeches were about like this:

"Our banks are all sound, if we leave them alone. If we don't leave 'em alone, we'll be a bankless town. What we do during this people's holiday will make or break us all. Do you want to live in a town that has no banks?"

Then Willet called for workers. Everybody, from Christian Endeavorers clear across the ward to American Legionnaires, volunteered to work under Willet. They came up the aisle in groups. "We had more than one hundred and sixty different kinds of workers out in the city that day," Albert M. Hirsh, manager of the Beacon-News, told me.

A force of one hundred girls had filled out 18,000 pledge cards with the names and addresses of bank depositors. The cards were sorted for districts and the one thousand workers started out for signatures.

"Do you want a bankless town?"

That was the question which the workers put to householders. And—"You don't want to take your money out of the bank if the rest of the citizens don't, do you?"

No "Slackers"

Signatures came in a flood. Again, as in Urbana, it was just like the Liberty Loan drive. Aurora people were like the Urbana people. No one wanted to be a "slacker."

"This is just how the folks took it," one of the workers told me afterward. "Here's a fellow living in the middle of the block. He's got some money in the bank. Whisperings get around about the banks. He looks at his neighbors and he says to himself, 'I wonder if they're all taking their money out. I wonder if I'm the only sucker in the block who's leaving his in. If I am, why then the money they're taking out is part mine and I'm a double sucker.' You see he doesn't know what his neighbors are doing about it and that frightens him.

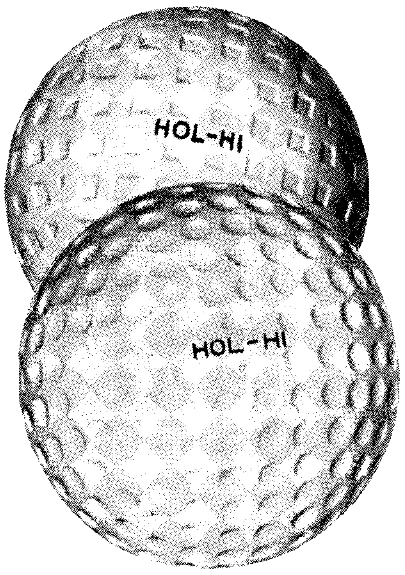
"Now all we workers did was to go out with those cards and tell him what his neighbors were going to do. That would clear up all the mystery about 'em in his mind. And when he knew

(Continued on page 50)

★ . . . the ball that takes the

GRUNT

out of GOLF!



Price 75c each—$8.00 a dozen—Dimple or Mesh

Super Compression, the engineering principle that made automobiles go faster with less effort, has now been applied for the first time to a golf ball. No more grunting, lunging or pressing. Here is a ball that practically goes on its own power. You don't have to *fight* it . . . just *point* it. A long, lazy swing (mashie strength) and down the fairway it sails an astounding distance . . . much more distance than you ever got by slugging. Literally, this new Super Compression Wilson HOL-HI takes the grunt out of golf.

Heretofore you have had to concentrate on *both* distance and direction. Now just think direction. The ball will automatically give you the distance. And, forgetting distance means straighter shots, which in turn means lower scores.

What difference how Wilson has accomplished this miracle! Just revel in the results. The secret is, of course, its Super Compression. This comes from Wilson's new Thermo-Pressure process, both in winding the core and in moulding the cover, Plus a much tighter winding, over a special fluid center (*pure* para rubber winding thread can be stretched much farther without snapping). Hundreds of yards of live, young rubber muscles . . . tighter yards . . . more yards than in any other ball.

Result — no ball ever built has had such super compression . . . meaning greater distance with greater ease and therefore, unavoidably greater accuracy. All of which spells L-o-w-e-r S-c-o-r-e-s. Now more than ever, HOL-HI will be the choice of smart golfers.

Announcing the new SUPER COMPRESSION

Wilson HOL-HI

★ HOL-HI by Wilson

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY

Chicago · New York · Boston · Denver · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Portland

MASSO
STERILIZED

MASSAGES THE GUMS
AS IT CLEANS THE TEETH

WAS 50¢

NOW 25¢

MASSO
Dental Type
TOOTH BRUSH

finest bristle, sterilized, in sanitary cellophane package

2,000 dentists dictated their professional specifications for the *ideal* tooth brush. Our laboratory produced 82 models. Above is pictured the brush finally selected as meeting every requirement.

It is the MASSO, the new, small-type brush which most dentists use themselves, now priced at exactly half its former cost. Note the sharply pointed tufts for cleaning crevices. Note, too, the wide spacing between tufts, which permits bristles to flex, insures rapid drying, and prevents accumulation of old paste.

It's the nimblest little brush you've ever had in your mouth. Permits individual cleaning of every surface of each tooth. Makes your mouth "feel like a million" in the morning. Puts a healthy tingle into your gums at every brushing before bedtime.

The bristle is finest pearl quality, extra resilient. The entire brush is broadly guaranteed. Each Masso is sterilized and sold in a sanitary cellophane package. You see the color of the handle, and the bristle, through a cellophane window in the box. Thus you know that no hands have ever touched it before you use it.

Don't buy the Masso merely because its price is 25¢. Switch to it because of its superior results—from whitening teeth to keeping gums in the pink of condition. Obtainable at most druggists in a choice of handle colors and medium or hard bristle.

MASSO BRUSH COMPANY
FLORENCE, MASS.

Look for the Masso Display on your Druggist's Counter ➔

A Holiday for Fear

Continued from page 48

that they wouldn't be doing any more than he was in getting money from the banks, he'd be satisfied.

"And say, mister! I mean *satisfied.* I mean *happy.* There wasn't a person signed one of those cards for me that didn't do it smilingly. Everybody was glad to know there couldn't be any run on his bank by any of the neighbors."

There wasn't a house of worship in Aurora in which the plea to save Aurora's banks was not made on the following Sunday. Pastors, priests and rabbis asked the question, "Do we want a bankless town?"

The score for the drive was high. Ninety-seven per cent of the depositors signed the pledge cards.

"The only people who didn't sign," one group leader told me, "were very old people who couldn't understand what was going on."

All Ready for a New Deal

On the morning of the sixth day the town "opened up again," as Aurora people put it. The hour was nine o'clock.

"It was like Armistice Day," they'll tell you. "Whistles blew in all the factories. Auto horns tooted, two high-school bands led voluntary parades of citizens 'going back to work.' "

"I've been here over forty years," one banker told me, "and I've never seen people so happy since the day the Great War was over. They all knew we'd dodged a terrible storm, safely."

"How long will this safety last?" I asked this bank president.

"Well," he said, "it'll have to be something that happens outside of Aurora, and not inside of it, that'll make our people doubt the banks again. One thing is sure. Everybody knows his money is as safe as the other fellow's. And that means just one thing: No bank runs. That's one thing we've done in this town. We bankers have told the people more about our business and how it is operated than we've ever done before. We should have been telling them more than we did all the time.

"And we're going to keep on doing it. We've formed a real clearing-house now in this town and we've decided that the old Middle Ages idea of banking as a secret institution is no good for these days. The bank statements that we make to the public after this are going to be so simple that the kids in third-grade arithmetic can understand them. We Aurora bankers have learned our lesson. Believe me, we've found out just how valuable and dependable our depositors can really be when they understand the facts."

Lines formed at the bank windows that opening morning. Everybody had been wondering what they'd be like; what the people in them would want. Everyone was four days behind in his banking. There were good-sized deposits of accumulated commercial cash to make, for even the safety-deposit vaults had been closed during the "holidays" so that no one could get to his box. Commercial deposits were duly made. By noon the bankers knew that the business interests of the town felt that the banks were safe.

What about the average citizens? Would they try a run, anyhow, in spite of the pledges? They did not.

By three o'clock, so ran a public statement issued to the press, deposits had exceeded withdrawals for the day by $752,000. And for several weeks previously daily withdrawals had exceeded deposits.

"There's no doubt," George Alschuler, general counsel of several of the banks, told me, "that money which had been hoarded was taken out of hiding and put into our banks that day. The pledge helped people to trust each other."

Bang! On the afternoon of February 1st, the largest bank in the town of Burlington, Iowa put a closing notice on its doors. The First Iowa State Trust and Savings Bank of Burlington was one of the oldest and for fifty years had been considered one of the strongest banks in the state.

Jefferson and Main Street is the Broadway and Wall Street of Burlington. Two of the town's three remaining banks are there. Crowds began to gather around them, though banking hours had passed.

The strongest bank had closed. The rest would go tomorrow. Uncle Sam couldn't help; neither could the state government of Iowa. Nor, most positively, could the bankers.

Who could help?

Officials of the three remaining banks, headed by George Swiler, dean of the town's bankers, met together with a large group of business men who were stockholders in the banks.

Mr. Swiler called Aurora on the telephone, just as Aurora had called Urbana. Beside Mr. Swiler sat a stenographer, who took down all that was said.

She copied the words of the Aurora pledge; of the Aurora mayor's proclamation.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the preparations for a "legal holiday" were begun. Within two and a half hours they were completed. The evening paper, The Gazette, held its edition until six o'clock, and then extra forces of newsboys distributed the news.

The town would close tight the next day, except for theaters, food stores, drug stores and public utility agencies, including gas stations.

Business men, however, decided not to close factories as at Aurora; it would be better to have noonday addresses made to men at their places of work.

The next morning the pledge seekers began to move from home to home. They planned to be busy for five days.

But I arrived at Burlington too late to see the town "open up." On the fourth day of the "holiday," at four o'clock in the morning, I took a taxi at the Burlington railroad station to go to a hotel.

"How's your business holiday going?" I asked the taxi driver.

"Mister," he said, "you never saw such a difference in your life. This whole town was in the dumps four days ago. And now everybody goes around happy and laughing again. We certainly saved the banks in this town."

Confidence Ahead of Schedule

"How do they know they're saved?" I asked.

"Why, they opened up yesterday morning," he said, "and people put more money into them than they took out."

"But I thought they didn't open until tomorrow?"

"Yes, I know. That was the plan. But everything went so good that we had only three days' shut-down instead of five. My wife and I were certainly afraid we were going to lose our money in the savings bank but we've got that all stopped."

The hotel clerk told me how happy everyone was. So did the bell-boy. So did the waitress, at breakfast. I walked up a flight of stairs to a loan office, where families borrow money. "No. We weren't asked to make any more loans than in other times," the girl manager told me.

That was the story of Burlington. I got it in detail from bankers, newspaper editors and others.

"The best thing we've done in our town," Mr. Swiler told me, "was to show people that a bank doesn't keep all the money that is deposited with it in a box somewhere ready to be handed out.

"I suppose we bankers thought that people knew this. We were amazed to find that most of them didn't, or at least they hadn't stopped to think of it. When they knew the truth, that the banks didn't have all the cash on hand and that if everyone asked for his cash at once we'd have a bankless town, they were surprisingly reasonable."

I'm not endorsing the Urbana plan, as they call it in the Mid-West. What I've really been writing about is some forty thousand American men and women, with money deposited in eleven banks in three different towns, who acted with sanity and sense as soon as they were told the truth and discovered they could trust one another.

We've all been running around during the last three years, trying to find something solid to lean on, looking to laws and officials and institutions of one sort or another; to Washington or to the state capital or somewhere.

A Lesson for Bankers

Out in the three towns I've told about the folks found out that leaning on one another worked better than any other plan. And, just incidentally, the bankers discovered that leaning on their depositors, once they had told them the truth, was the safest thing they could do. Indeed, it was the only thing.

As for government officials — well, you'll notice that it was just plain, local mayors who did the official part of the job; provided a breathing spell.

That was about all that was needed. Just common, everyday Mr. John-Smith-on-the-Street took charge of affairs when the pinch came and after he got the true facts, he settled them up to his own satisfaction and his wife's. His bank laid its cards on the table and asked his help. And he gave it.

He worked no injustice on anyone. As for the future in these three towns and others that have tried the "holiday" plan, it will be worth watching. The pledges do not apply to funds which are deposited in the bank *after* the signing of the pledge. And that fact puts the banks on their honor.

Depositors in these towns have given their bankers a new start. And I didn't talk with a single banker who didn't appreciate this fact and feel thankful. In Urbana the business men, including thankful bankers, started a new drive to find jobs for citizens. Citizens mean something.

The Association of Commerce of Urbana, and the mayors of Aurora and Burlington have been forced by floods of demands for information from small cities to prepare mimeographed statements of how the Urbana plan was operated in their communities.

All these reports tell this same story: When the people in these towns were faltering because they had lost faith in their institutions, they suddenly discovered, to their amazement and delight, that they could regain their massed community strength by the simple act of having faith in one another.

What 3500 men spent millions of dollars to learn—

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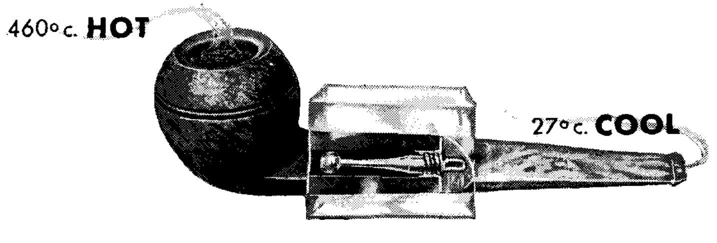

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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 19

"Dance with me!" she said, without looking at him.

The other couples drew aside while, watched by the entire company, they twice circled the room. Then, as the music stopped, he swung her to her place at the royal table and surrendered her to her attendants. Bowing low he raised her hand to his lips.

"Thank you very much, Your Highness," he said, with irreproachable formality.

"Good night, John!" she answered. There was a strange look in her eyes. Funny girl.

ALTHOUGH it was nearly two o'clock in the morning when Brent left the palace the piazza, white as a snowfield in the moonlight, swarmed with people and the cafés were still doing an active business. He got his key at the hotel desk and went upstairs. The corridor was empty, but the door of Sloat's room was open and the oil man himself was sitting in his shirt sleeves with a cigar in his mouth, examining a pile of papers. He seemed disgruntled.

"Saw you at the palace," he said. "Pretty cheap show, I thought."

Brent stepped inside the doorway.

"You mentioned earlier in the evening that Radescu might turn up. Did you see him there?"

"Sure! He slipped in without being announced, shook hands with Marko, danced a couple of times, and beat it without anyone so much as laying a finger on him. I suppose you've heard the news? Stephan has definitely decided to abdicate in favor of his granddaughter. It's not so good. I feel as if I'd been backing the wrong horse. Have you met Drintyre?"

"I've shaken hands with him. Seems like a nice fellow."

"Oh, he's a wise guy, all right. If we could only annex him in some way—but you couldn't tempt him with a million dollars! This Garadesca-Bellini person is different. If I were only a little better-looking I might perhaps do business with her. Say, why shouldn't you have a try?"

"What do you want me to find out?"

"Oh, generally what Milan is up to. I don't suppose the company would stand for spending any more money, particularly on a woman?"

"I hardly think so," answered Brent. "Still, since I've got to cable, I'll ask them, if you wish. By the way, can you lend me your code? Mine was stolen."

"Stolen? Where?"

"On the boat, just before I reached Trieste."

Sloat whistled.

"They've got a pretty slick organization. I guess I wouldn't bother with the marchesa. You might lose something else. That woman is almost as smart as Drintyre. Here's the code—the telegraph office doesn't open until ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Brent took the book, bade Sloat good night and went to his room. It required nearly an hour to code his cable. As finally concocted it read:

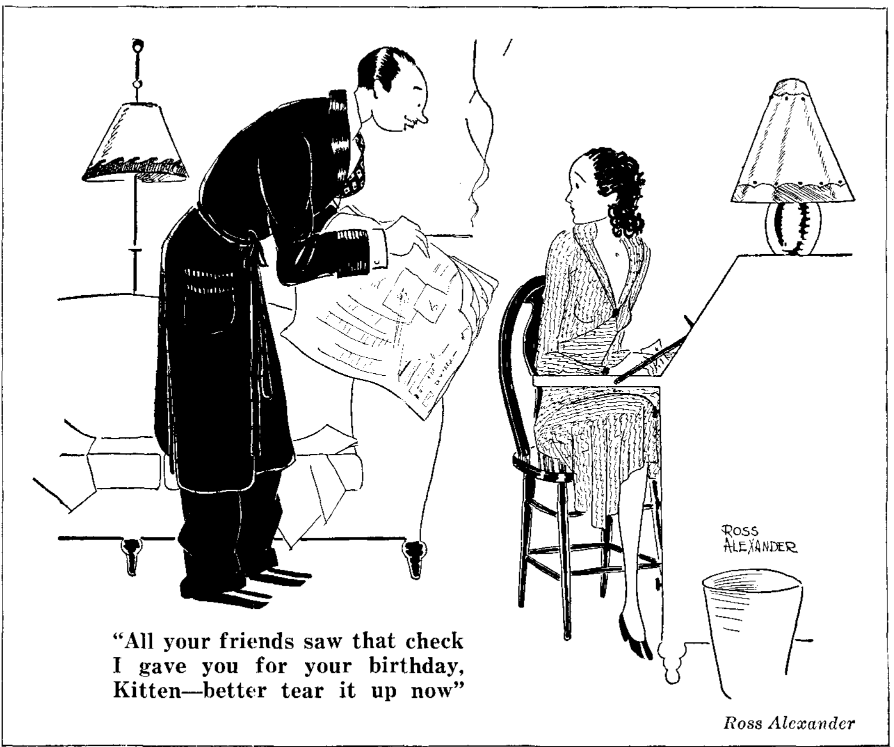
TOKAR FIELD PROBABLY RICHEST IN EUROPE THINK OIL WILL RUN FORTY NO POSSIBILITY OF DOING BUSINESS WITH THE ITALIANS SLOAT HAS BEEN FOMENTING REVOLUTION IN EXPECTATION OF GETTING CONCESSION IN RETURN I SUSPECT HIS GENERAL INTEGRITY CABLE DIRECT OFFER TO GOVERNMENT CONDITIONAL ON PROPER TESTS OF TWO MILLIONS CASH AND TWENTY PER CENT OF GROSS WITH SLIDING SCALE DOWNWARD OF HALF OF ONE PER CENT FOR EACH DEGREE THE OIL MAY RUN LESS THAN FORTY BRENT

At intervals came the tramp of heavily shod feet from beneath the windows of the hotel and the shouts of the officers as the troops from Tokar wheeled into the piazza on their way to the parade ground. Whose men were they? Brent wondered. To whom, in the last analysis, would their loyalty prove to be—to Stephan, to Milan, to Marko, or to Mr. Ezra Sloat?

HE WAS on the point of going to bed when someone knocked softly upon his door and he opened it to find the Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini outside. She was dressed as he had seen her at the ball and had obviously just returned from the palace.

"Signor Brent!" she said. "There is something of importance I wish to say to you. May I come in? My errand is an innocent one. There is nothing to fear."

No one, he reflected, could look more innocent than she did. However, it was as well to be on the safe side.



"All your friends saw that check I gave you for your birthday, Kitten—better tear it up now"

Ross Alexander

Brent pushed forward a chair and offered her a cigarette. She thanked him, but took one from the embroidered bag in her hand.

"I have come to warn you, Signor Brent," she said in a sweet, staccato voice, "that Prince Milan has sworn to kill you if you remain in Zeta."

Brent smiled.

"Did he send you to tell me so?"

"No! *Per niente al mondo!* He knows nothing of my visit. He would kill me, if he did."

"Then why have you come?"

"Because," she said in hardly more than a whisper, "I do not wish to see a brave man murdered. No one has ever laid hands on Milan and lived."

She lifted her eyes to his with an expression of such engaging candor that Brent was almost convinced of her sincerity.

"THERE is another reason," she continued. "If I am not greatly mistaken, you, Signor Brent, care very much for someone who is also in vital danger, since she stands between Milan and the throne. But there is more than a kingdom at stake. There are others besides Milan equally desirous that he shall become king, who would allow nothing to stand in their way. Those in control of the Societa Anonima Generale di Olio Italiano are determined to acquire the Tokar oil field at any cost. The only obstacles in their way are Prince Marko, Princess Stephanie and yourself. Plans have been already made for the assassination of all three of you. Go back to America, Signor Brent, and take the Signorina Stevens with you!"

"I am deeply indebted to you, Marchesa," Brent replied. "Is there anything I can do as a mark of my appreciation?"

"Nothing, except to think less harshly of one who wishes you well."

She extended her hand. Brent hesitated. She might be double-crossing him; but even criminals should be allowed the benefit of the doubt.

"*Grazie infinite, signorina!*" he said, as he kissed it.

Brent waited until he heard the soft click of the marchesa's door as it closed behind her; then he went downstairs. The night porter was not in the foyer and the front door was unlocked. The long corridors of the arcades were completely deserted. He did not like the look of them and crossed into the piazza. Here and there a solitary lamp was burning or a yellow square outlined the window of a sick-room or that of an early riser. The great square was utterly deserted. There was no sound of any sort save that of his own footsteps. He had passed many months in the War Office and knew it well. In fact he had slept there once or twice when things had looked particularly bad in 1916. He walked past the cathedral steps and over to the Venetian Gothic building on the left of the palace that housed the governmental departments. There was no sentinel on duty at the steps of the War Department and he climbed up and pushed open the door of the staff office.

It was brilliantly alight and an old woman was scrubbing the floor. There was a smell of carbolic acid in the air. Brent remembered where Kosovo's office had been in the old days and took the first corridor to the right. There it was—Commander in Chief. Through the opaque glass of the door he could see that a lamp was burning inside. Since his knock elicited no reply he pushed open the door. At a small desk in the middle of the room Uncle Michael Kosovo lay fast asleep, his head resting upon his arms. On the wall behind him hung a large-scale map of the entire Balkan peninsula. At his elbow was a telephone. He breathed heavily, regularly. Brent lighted a cigarette; then he gave a loud cough, but the general did not stir. Then he got up and banged the door. The general lifted his head.

"Is that you, Drintyre?" he asked.

"Good morning, Uncle Michael," said Brent. "No, it isn't Drintyre. It's me —Jack Brent."

The general sat up, winking.

"I must have fallen asleep," he said. "Well, it will save washing." He took a light from Brent's cigarette. "Haven't you been to bed, either?"

"No. It's like old times."

"There has been trouble on the road with that regiment of Bolsheviks I ordered to Novi Bazaar. I waited to see how it was coming out. Things are in a bad way. Still, I don't know as I blame 'em much when they don't get their pay. Luckily they haven't any use for Milan. I expect any money they get comes from your friend Sloat."

"I want to speak to you about Milan," answered Brent, and he told the general of his interview with the marchesa. "What do you think of it?"

Kosovo pulled his mustache.

"If I didn't know as much as I do, I'd say she had merely taken a fancy to you," he grunted. "But Milan would as soon kill a man as he would a horse—sooner. No wonder he doesn't like you. I think you are quite right in wishing to put the Princess on her guard."

"Do you trust the officers in charge of the palace?"

"Not altogether. My staff is full of traitors. Drintyre has just discovered that my confidential aide has been selling our secrets to the Italians. He's to be court-martialed this afternoon. I've got no one to take his place." He paused. "You were the best aide I ever had, old fellow."

"I think the Princess ought to be told at once," said Brent. "Will you come with me to the palace?"

"If we both go it might upset her unnecessarily," said Kosovo. "I'll take you past the sentinels. You can talk to her. After you've had your breakfast you might join me here again."

STEPHANIE had withdrawn at two o'clock from the palace festivities which had shortly thereafter come to an end. Draga, who had been sitting up for her, wondered why Her Royal Highness was so pale. That was no way to look when one was going to marry a handsome young prince like Marko Stephanovitch! She was even more puzzled when her mistress threw herself into a chair by the window without taking off her dress and told her she need not wait. It was a bad sign on the night of one's betrothal. There was a look in Her Highness' black eyes that made Draga afraid. The window was so high from the ground! All this she confided to her husband as they consumed the bag of *bonboni* and the champagne which she had stolen from the pantry.

Stephanie sat staring blankly out of the window at the departing guests, the crowd of onlookers about the palace gates, and the troops marching at intervals to their barracks. She could no longer face the possibility of her contemplated marriage. Even if Brent did not love her she knew now that she loved him. It was all too horrible! She would go to Stephan in the morning and tell him everything. Surely he would release her from her promise to him and perhaps even find some way to induce the Metropolitan to annul the betrothal. Yet suppose he did? Could she find any happiness in going on with the rest of it?

A prey to loneliness and dejection, she threw herself upon her bed without taking off her dress, too exhausted to sleep. Her experiences of the last twelve

(Continued on page 54)

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HOW THEY SMILE WHEN I SERVE IT NOW !

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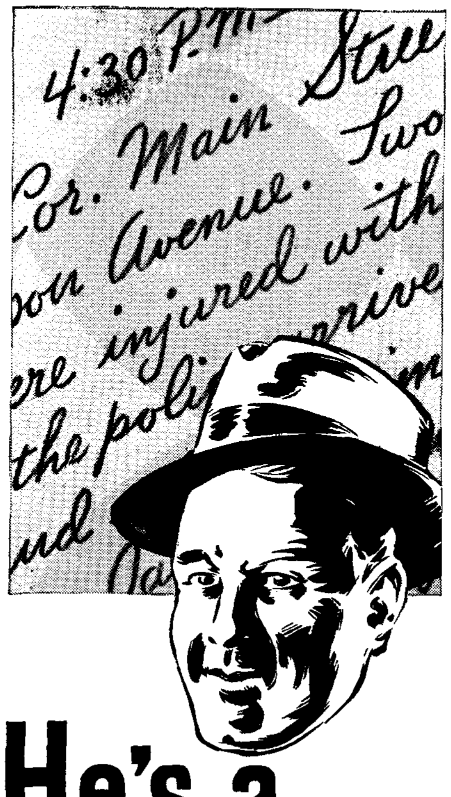

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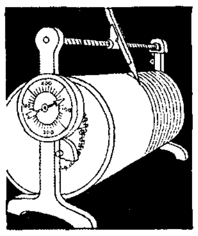

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(Continued from page 53)

hours flickered across her brain like a continuous motion picture. As fast as one reel ended another began. At length she fell into a state of semi-consciousness in which all her problems were doubly intensified.

She was aroused by Draga with a pasteboard in her hand. A gentleman was below, she said, who wished to see Her Royal Highness. The gospodin had apologized for the earliness of his visit, explaining that it was due to the importance of his business. Stephanie took the card:

John Brent
Vice President & Asst. Executive Mgr.
Cosmopolitan Petroleum Company
New York City

"Tell him that it is impossible for me to see anybody at such an hour. If he desires to call he must make an appointment."

Draga reluctantly departed The gospodin was such a beautiful young man that she hated to see him disappointed. Stephanie closed her eyes once more. In a couple of minutes the girl came back again. The gospodin had refused to go away. The business about which he desired to speak to Her Royal Highness was of the utmost immediate concern. Turning over the card, Stephanie reached for a pencil and wrote:

"Colonel Brent can have no business which is of the slightest interest to me," and handed it back to Draga. That would settle it. Whatever her faults, *inconsistency* was not among them. It might teach him a lesson—!

She tried to go to sleep again, but in a few minutes Draga reappeared. This time she held a folded paper in her hand. The gospodin evidently had no intention of departing. He had written Her Royal Highness a note:

"Madam:

"The business upon which I wish to see you concerns the life of an American citizen. It cannot wait. J. B."

That was different! He had been right to come to her! She was an American citizen herself—or wasn't she? Of course she would see him.

"Tell the gospodin I will be down directly."

SHE hastily sponged her cheeks, powdered her nose and fluffed up her hair. She regretted now that she had refused to see him at first. Everyone had said that the dress was most becoming. They had had a lovely waltz the night before. How funny to be seeing him again so soon. She ran lightly down to the disordered drawing-room. Brent stood in the center of it, in front of Queen Valeria's picture. As she entered he bowed gravely.

"I appreciate your seeing me at such an hour," he said. "I would not have disturbed you if it had not been necessary. It is a matter of life and death."

"What can I do? Tell me!" she answered.

"I have come to warn you that your life is in danger."

"*My* life!"

"*Your* life. I have received direct and reliable information that arrangements have been made for the assassination of three people—of whom you are one."

"You must be crazy! Who could want to have me assassinated?" she protested, yet with a chill creeping down her back.

"The person who proposes to get you out of the way isn't going to be particular in the choice of means," he replied.

"But you said the person in danger was an American."

"She is. Oh, listen to me!" he pleaded. "I'm not talking now to Her Royal Highness the Princess Stephanie of Illyria. I'm talking to Helen Stevens, the American girl who came out here with me on the boat. I can't stand your letting yourself be killed simply because you want to sit on a cardboard throne with a lot of noddies bowing and scraping around you. You're too good to sacrifice yourself for anything like that. Let Milan have the throne. What difference does it make? Promise me that you'll beat it out of this and go away where you'll be safe."

"DO YOU mean you are suggesting that I run away?"

"I suppose so—if you want to call it that. If you stay your life won't be worth a dinar!"

She believed him, but she loved to hear his voice urging her.

"Of course I couldn't do anything as cowardly as that."

"It would be merely common sense. To stay is suicide.

"I know that under the circumstances it may seem to you that I'm mixing into what's none of my business. I came here to warn you that your life was in danger—not only yours but Prince Marko's—and to urge you to leave Zeta at the earliest possible moment. There is no real reason for you to stay here. This isn't your country; these aren't your people. They have entirely different standards from yours. They don't have the respect for women that we do at home. Their attitude toward life isn't the same. Maybe it's all right for them, but it isn't for you. You'd be miserable here. Get out while you have the chance. I'm speaking as one American to another. Say the word and I'll fly you to Trieste or Vienna inside of three hours where you'll be safe. Otherwise you may not be alive by this time tomorrow."

He was so quiet, so earnest, so respectful that she could not question his sincerity. She would have liked to do as he said, if only to be with him. He was a darling. Could it be true that her life was really in danger? She recalled what Mr. Mitrovitch, the Illyrian minister, had told her at their interview in Bradford about the prevalence of political assassinations.

"You said there were three people whose lives were threatened. Who is the third?"

He looked away.

"No one who is of any importance to you," he said.

It was getting lighter every moment and the piazza was beginning to fill with people. She knew now that if, in spite of his warning, she remained in Zeta she would imperil his life as well as hers. Had she any right to do that?

"I cannot leave Zeta," she reiterated. "I have given my word to stay here."

"To whom have you given it?"

"To my grandfather, the King."

"If he knows the circumstances he may be willing to release you. I expect to see him in the course of the morning. I will tell him what I have told you. Meantime I beg of you not to stand or pass before any open window—not to receive any callers alone or any person whom you do not know—and, above all, not to go outside the palace even if you are attended. No one can tell from what direction the attack on your life may come."

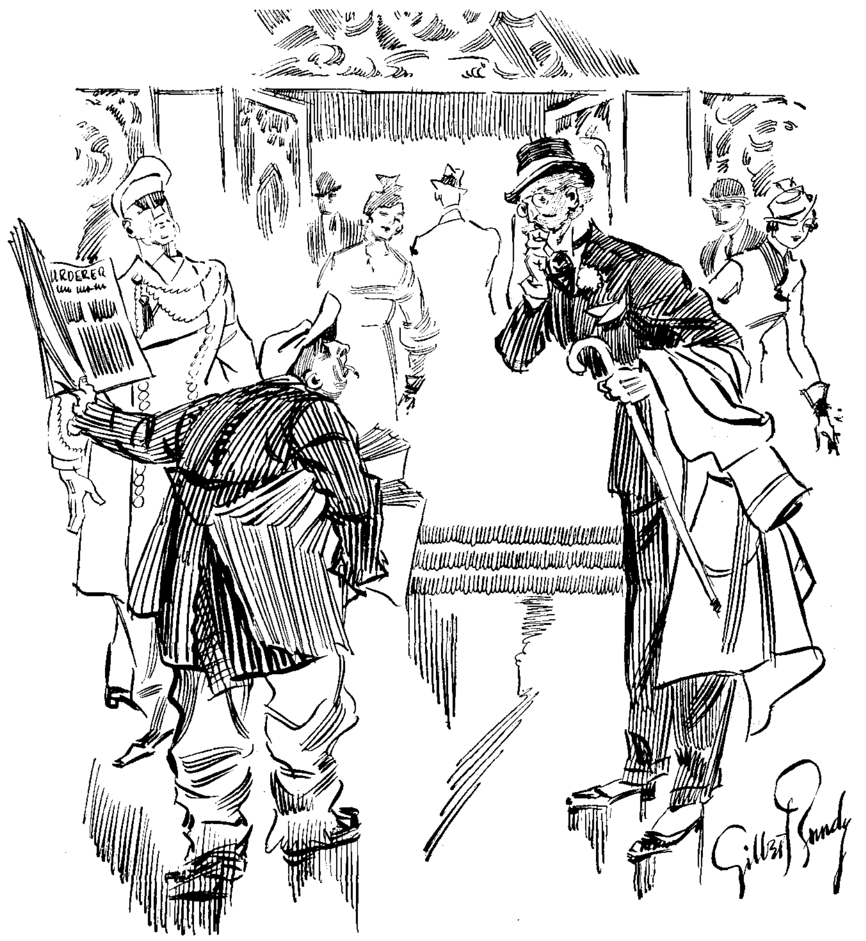
THE specific character of his requests gave her a sense of the actuality of her danger as nothing else that he had said. For the first time she experienced real fear. Yes, she would go to her grandfather as soon as he had had his breakfast, lay everything before him and, perhaps, even suggest returning to America. But first she would give Brent the explanation of her apparent bad faith upon the steamer and disloyalty at Trieste. Eager to put herself right with him she leaned forward.

"I want to tell you something—" she began.

There were footsteps at the other end of the room and Draga, her eyes wide with consternation, came flying in.

"Oh, Kralyevsko! Oh, Madame!" she cried hysterically. "Come quickly! The King is dying!"

(To be continued next week)



"I'm a stranger in town—which paper would you suggest?"
Gilbert Bundy

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Six Little Spots

Continued from page 11

"Metal buttons," I said, "are usually put on rough clothing. If it were a ship's button it ought to have insignia. I'm glad to see that you've stopped thinking about the dog."

"No; I'm still thinkin' of him. I done some work on that before I met you, and I heard about a dog that might be him. He hangs out on the waterfront and there don't nobody know who his owner is. I got to look for him."

We walked the length of West Street, looking for the dog, but saw none that answered his description. When we got to Battery Park a newsdealer stopped us.

"That dog you was asking about this morning went by a while ago. He went toward South Street."

WE CROSSED the park and when we got to South Street we saw a black dog sitting on the curbstone. He turned his head to look at us and there was a white spot under his left eye.

"That's a stray dog, just as I thought," I asserted. "He wears no license."

"He don't look like no stray to me. I figure he's a natural bum and only goes home when he's got a mind to. The owner might have taken the license off him because he didn't want him to be traced."

We asked the store-keepers all around if they knew who owned the dog, but no one did. Then O'Malley left me to watch the dog while he went to a near-by market. It was not difficult to watch the dog; he merely sat on the curb and observed the traffic. O'Malley came back with a package of chopped meat and put it down on the sidewalk and the dog ate it voraciously. O'Malley brought more meat and the dog ate that, and then he went a third time.

"You're certainly sparing no expense," I said, "to make this dog your friend; but you've got him stopped. He can't eat any more."

In fact, the dog ate only a small part of the third portion. O'Malley went back to the market. This time he came out bringing a huge freshly cut steak.

"You ought to have started him on that," I said. "He can't do anything with it now."

The dog looked at the steak without interest. Then he came and smelled it but turned away. After a while he came back and smelled it again doubtfully, and this time he picked it up in his mouth and started down the street with it. We followed him along South Street. When he came to Brooklyn Bridge he turned left. There are old buildings under the bridge, many of which are junk shops. The dog turned into a small junk shop and we followed him through it into a back yard piled with scrap iron. When we got there the dog was burying the steak.

There had been no one in the shop when we passed through, but when we came back a heavy-set young man with a bruised cheek was watching us.

"You want something?" he asked.

"That's right; we might," O'Malley answered. "You live around here, fellow?"

"It's no business of yours, but I live upstairs."

O'Malley flashed his shield on him. "Let's see this place you live in," he invited.

We went upstairs and the young man followed us. There were some unkempt, dirty rooms upstairs and clothes were hanging on walls and in the closets; but they all had bone buttons.

"I don't know what you're looking for, copper," the young man said, "but you've got nothing on me."

"Not a thing," O'Malley agreed with him.

We went back downstairs. There was a big stove on the ground floor, and O'Malley looked into it. Then he scraped the ashes out of it and spread them on the floor, and there were metal buttons in them like the one we had.

"Look out!" I yelled; and it was just in time.

O'Malley jumped sidewise and the iron bar that the young man had swung at him missed his head.

"This case is pretty clear to me," I said some time afterward, when the young man had been taken to the station-house and questioned, "except in one particular. You believed all along that the dog belonged to the murderer, and after we found him you fed him all he could eat and then gave him the steak, expecting he would carry it home and so point out his owner to you—which he did. But we talked with a lot of people who had seen Reilly's boat and they all agreed that there was no one aboard it except Reilly and the dog."

"Sure," O'Malley answered. "This junk-shop guy, whose name is Kalin, didn't want to be seen on the boat, so he kept in the cabin. Junk is only part of that guy's business; the other part is buying stuff that's taken off of ships. Him and Reilly had had dealings before and had trouble over them. Reilly had a chance to take some laces off a French ship lying in the bay, but he didn't have dough enough to handle it. Kalin don't buy laces, but he knows those who do. Kalin went in with Reilly on the deal and put up what more money was needed and went along on the boat to protect his interests; but he stayed hid, because anyone that seen him would suspect something."

"The deal fell through because the French sailors were being watched and couldn't deliver. Coming back up the bay at dusk, Reilly and Kalin started up their old quarrel, and then Kalin remembered the twelve hundred bucks that Reilly was carrying. He called Reilly into the cabin and stuck a knife in him. There was a big fight and Kalin lost a button off his coat. Afterward, he run the boat ashore and tied her up and went on home. He found he'd lost a button off his coat and so he burned the coat; but he forgot that metal buttons wouldn't burn. He felt safe because no one knew he'd been with Reilly."

"I SUPPOSE," I said, "you figured there must have been someone along with Reilly all the time, because the dog was aboard and Reilly didn't own him."

"Why, that didn't prove nothing. But the dog stepped in the blood, and still he didn't leave no footprints on the boat but only on the pier. How did that happen? I figured when the dog got blood on his foot somebody picked him up and set him on the pier. There wouldn't nobody be likely to do that except the dog's owner, would there? So I figured he probably was along and done the murder."

"This is a fine piece of detection, O'Malley," I declared, "and it will get into the records and your name along with it."

"Records! If you ever hear of this case again, except ten lines in the paper when Kalin gets tried, I'll dig up the steak that the dog buried and eat it. But I'm safe. The dog will find his steak there a year from now, if he waits that long to come back for it."

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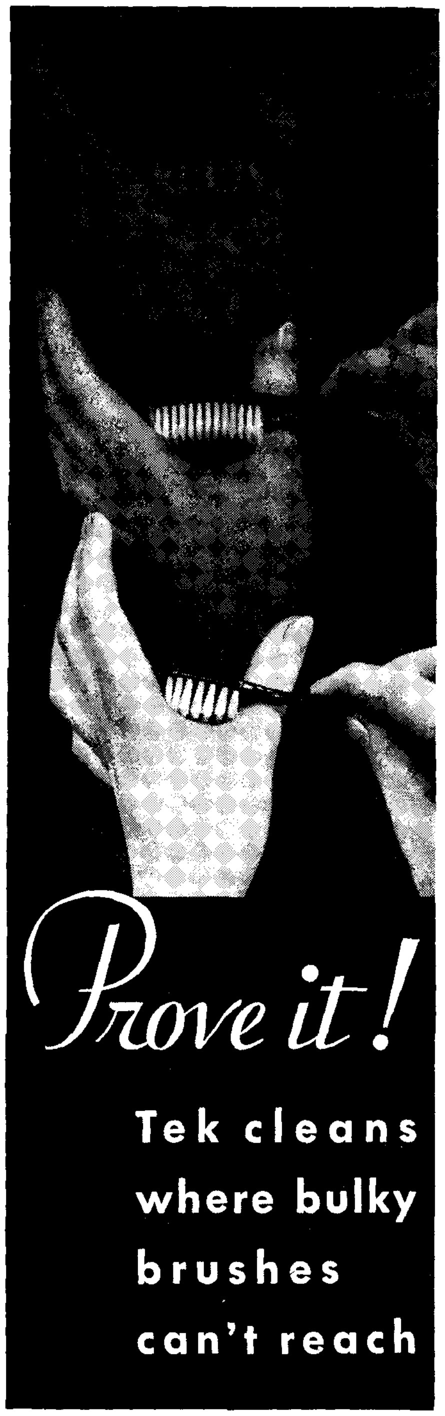

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Tek
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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 21

"My lovely wife," he said, "I protest the description. I have only occasionally rebelled because you are not content to be the loveliest and most charming of your sex, but must also be the most deeply versed in the esoteric. Dean, my son, will you be good enough to tell me why a woman of extraordinary beauty and charm is not content to be a siren, but must also be a magician?"

Mrs. Resolve smiled faintly.

"And now, Dean, if your father will cease his flattery, please tell us. We've seen the evening papers, and Mr. Colby telephoned us not to worry, but—where is Rita?"

"She's with Jinny Carpenter and her mother," said Dean.

"She should be here," said Mrs. Resolve.

"Certainly," said old Sturgis.

Dean sat down at the table.

"You're not sensitive, shy, either of you? You wouldn't mind if I spoke right out in meeting and said that I was very pleased with both of you and happy to be your son? You're a pair of aces. But Rita, bless your hearts, wouldn't come here. She—Rita has pride, Mother. She—has too much of it."

"And what do you mean by that, Dean?" asked his father.

Dean shrugged.

"You know—scandal, disgrace, and all that sort of tommy-rot."

"You mean that she won't marry you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, she's upset now. Maybe—tomorrow morning she'll feel differently."

"If she doesn't, I'll see her," said Mrs. Resolve.

"Why, it would look, Dean," said his father, "as if *you* were reluctant now. People never believe—"

"Oh, I don't care what people think, or what things look like," said Dean. "We've been through too much to be concerned with things like that. I only —don't want Rita to—how would you feel, my angels, if your grown-up son suddenly broke down and sobbed?"

"I'd feel like prescribing a double side-car," said his father.

Dean shook his head.

"Thanks, no. I'd better not take a drink. But I *will* eat."

OLD bumble though Sturgis Resolve unquestionably was, and flighty chaser after new philosophies though Mrs. Resolve had been for years, they could be the souls of understanding where their son was concerned. They permitted him to tell, in his own way, the incidents of the afternoon, and if they felt horror that once again the Resolve name must be dragged through the muck of published scandal, they hid their feelings. And if they wished that Dean's heart had been set upon someone other than Rita Clayborne, they hid those thoughts even from each other.

Dean, when the meal was finished, knew a gratitude toward them both that was heartfelt, and had been nearer weeping than he had thought when he had jestingly asked them if they would mind if he broke down. And he was afraid that his self-control would give way in the hours to come. So that the arrival of Jack Colby was like a raft to a drowning man. It saved him from those hours with his parents that he dreaded.

His father and mother withdrew from the library, whither they had all gone after dinner, and into which Colby had been ushered by Petersen.

"I'm tired, Dean, and I know you'll tell me all that Mr. Colby has to say."

"I think I'll play some backgammon with your mother, Dean," said old Sturgis.

Colby looked after them. He looked at Dean, and understood.

"A grand pair," he approved. "Don't want you to get self-pitying, don't want to pity you themselves—"

"So you'll do it for them, eh?" said Dean.

Colby shook his head.

"Not necessary, old top. The Clayborne killing is *fini*, so far as you're *concerned. And that brilliant young* attorney and student of matters sociological, John Colby by name, in case you've forgotten, wasn't far off when he prophesied this afternoon that there might be ructions among the racketeers."

"WHAT happened?" asked Dean.

"Your boyhood friend, Mr. Giuseppe Martello, paid a call on Mr. Swede Larkin. Less than an hour ago. And he and Mr. Larkin are both gone to that bourne whence no traveler, et cetera."

"Killed each other?" gasped Dean.

"And how," exclaimed Colby. "I called up the commissioner to assure him that, if he cared to question you again, you'd be on hand. What I really called for, was to find out if his suspicions were still smoldering. And he told me, more elaborately, what I've just told you. Apparently, there was some double-crossing involved. Anyway, Martello called on Larkin, and accused him of having Clayborne killed in such a fashion that one of Martello's men would be blamed. And the guns roared, and that's that. But it definitely makes it a gang killing; it definitely removes the last vestige of suspicion that you—or Rita Clayborne—could have had anything to do with it. And I thought you'd want to know tonight. So I'm here."

"And darned decent of you, Jack," said Dean warmly. "Of course, I knew that the matter would all clear up, but —I'm pretty sorry about Martello. I think he sent his man down to see that I got a break—"

"No question about that," said Colby. "Well, don't take it too seriously. Death, to a racketeer, is part of his business risk. What are you and Rita going to do?"

"I don't know," said Dean. "Wait a while, I suppose, until all the clamor has died down, and then get married as quietly as we can. At least, I hope so."

"*Hope* so? Don't you *know* so?"

Dean breathed heavily.

"Rita—well, she feels that this scandal—oh, well, she'll feel differently tomorrow."

"Of course she will," said Colby. "You two just lie quiet for a week or so and the papers will forget you ever existed. The headlines will be all about Manchuria or something else."

But they were not about the Sino-Jap warfare the following morning. The editions which Petersen reluctantly brought to Dean—upon his second demand—had pictures of Rita, pictures of Dean, pictures of Clayborne, pictures of Swede Larkin and Giuseppe Martello. *Dean stared at them, then ordered* Petersen to take them away. He only hoped that Rita would refuse to read them, too. And, having slept fairly late —it had taken him hours to get to sleep —he decided that she must be awake now, and he telephoned the Carpenter residence.

A servant answered and told him that Mrs. Clayborne was not there. Dean thought he understood.

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Nov. 20, 1931

Larus & Brother Company
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Please accept, gentlemen, my sincerest thanks.

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"This isn't a newspaper man," he assured the man. "This is Mr. Resolve. Please connect me with Mrs. Clayborne."

"She's not here, sir," said the servant. "She left this morning—an hour ago."

Dean frowned.

"Let me speak to Miss Carpenter, please."

In a moment he was speaking to Jinny.

"Where did Rita go? This is Dean," he said.

"I don't know, Dean," she answered. "She left before I was awake. She ordered—or bribed—the servants not to wake me. Took her bags and just went away. Don't you know where she's gone?"

"Of course I don't," he cried.

"But you'll hear from her any minute," she assured him. "She—she's upset, I'm sure, because our names are in the papers. Rita is pretty fine. So she's gone to some hotel. She'll phone any moment. And let me know the minute she does."

"Of course," he said.

HE HUNG up, a trifle alarmed. Of course, it was understandable that Rita would hate to be the occasion for inflicting more undesirable publicity upon the Carpenters, but still . . .

And as he hung up, the telephone downstairs rang, but when Petersen answered it, the operator told him that the "party had hung up." For Rita Clayborne, who had slipped quietly out of the Carpenter home, and had registered at a hotel, suddenly felt that she was being unfair to Dean. Then, after she had asked for Dean's number, she decided that only her own fearfulness, not a feeling of injustice to Dean, had made her telephone him. So she canceled the call.

She looked about the suite she had selected. Suppose the operator told Dean's house what number had called. Dean could trace her, could find her. She rang for a bellboy and had her bags taken downstairs. She paid a full day's bill for ten minutes' occupancy of the suite. She took a taxi to the Grand Central. There she took another taxi to still another hotel. In her rooms, certain that Dean could not trace her now, she wrote a note. She left the hotel, walked to the nearest telegraph office, and sent the message to Dean.

Petersen, after an hour of agonizing waiting, brought him a note. It was written upon her own stationery, but bore no address:

"Dearest Dean: I'm going away. Please don't be angry with me. I'm assuring myself that you'll not be offended, that you'll understand. I think that if I thought you wouldn't understand I'd not be able to go on living. But I couldn't stay here with Jinny. It's not fair to her. Nor to her mother. I've seen the morning newspapers, and no one would want to entertain a woman who's connected with such a crime. So I'm just slipping away, Dean dear.

"You'll hear from me shortly. I have to give myself a little time to readjust myself. And please, please, don't try to find me. I love you."

Her name was signed, and Dean thought that the signature was blurred, as though tempestuous sorrow had suddenly assailed her and made writing difficult. But this was mere speculation, and did little to assuage the anguish that attacked him.

For it was nothing less than anguish that he felt. His whole being had been keyed up, for months, to the moment when Rita would finally become his wife. It seemed to him, cast down by despair, that this postponement was so unnecessary. If she wanted to avoid publicity, it might be well—as he had practically agreed—to wait a week or so. But for her to disappear. . . . It wasn't fair. She spoke of fairness to Jinny and her mother, but how about himself? The world knew that they had intended marriage yesterday. If, today, he couldn't even tell where she was, didn't it put him in a rather ridiculous position?

And then he berated himself, as though he had been guilty of sacrilege in criticizing, ever so slightly, his Gracious Lady. After all, he was a man, and men, through the very fact of their gender, are more callous than women. The sensitiveness that makes for woman's charm could not exist in man else a world would not have been won against the terrors of nature.

What did it matter if someone asked him where Rita was? No one would venture such a question save a most intimate friend, and Dean had few of these. And to these few he could make honest response, without fear of what their thoughts would be.

NOW that he thought it over, Rita was probably right. To bring to her wedding doubts as to whether or not it should have occurred so soon. . . . But—and he felt quick terror—those doubts might have to do with whether or not the wedding should ever occur. But that couldn't be. He refused to admit to himself that such a thing could be.

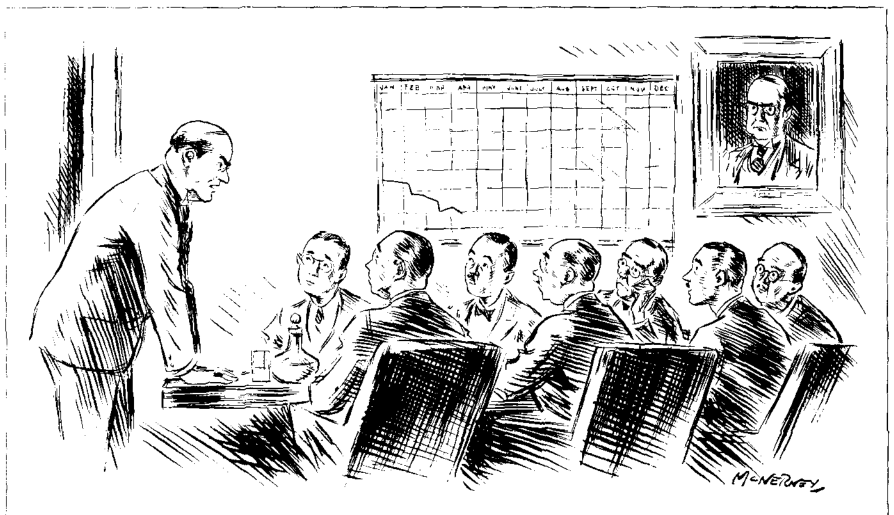
Jack Colby called him on the telephone about eleven.

"Going away today?" he asked.

"Well, I don't think so," said Dean.

"Anything I can do for you, old man?"

(Continued on page 58)



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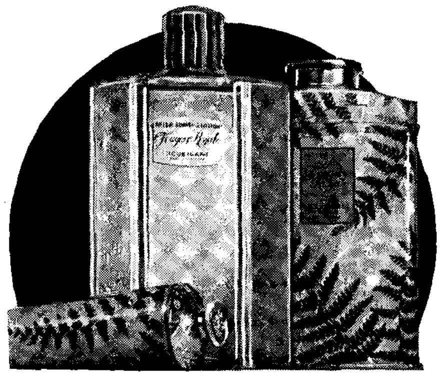
50c	75c	50c



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(Continued from page 57)

"Not a thing in the world. Much obliged, though," said Dean.

"Well, keep in touch," said the lawyer. "And don't read the papers, and don't talk to reporters. The case is ended, as I told you last night, and it ought to get off the front pages by another day."

It was damned decent of Colby to ring him up, thought Dean. He felt a glow of gratitude toward his attorney. Just being reminded of friendship was pleasant now.

He telephoned Jinny, and told her that Rita had gone away for a while. Jinny understood instantly.

"Of course. But bless her heart, Mother and I *wanted* her here."

"She realized that, but—she wanted to play the game her own way."

"Where is she?" asked Jinny.

"Why, I don't know," said Dean.

"She didn't tell *you?*" asked Jinny in surprise.

"Well, no," Dean admitted. "I—she—well, she wanted to rest, I imagine."

"Of course, of course," agreed Jinny with suspicious haste. "Dean, if there's anything I can do—"

"I'll call on you" he said. He hesitated a moment. "Wouldn't care to lunch with me, would you? Some awfully quiet place where no one—"

"Don't be silly. I'll lunch with you in the most public place you can name."

"That's sweet of you," he said, "but—what about François'?"

He mentioned a quiet little restaurant on Sixty-third Street, frequented by apartment-dwellers of the neighborhood, and as yet practically unknown to fashion.

"One-thirty?" she suggested.

"One-thirty," he assented.

HIS father dropped into his room a little later, but made no reference to yesterday's events. Nor did his mother, when he paid her a brief visit. Unless he chose to unburden himself of confidences, they would attempt to exact none.

Jinny was waiting for him in the tiny lobby of François' at precisely one-thirty. She greeted him gayly and did the ordering for both of them, including a cocktail for herself.

"To the end of confusion," she said, as she lifted the glass to her lips.

"May it come soon," he said.

"It will," she declared. "Rita has good common sense as well as everything else. She'll decide, very soon, that worry about scandal in these enlightened days is too silly. Meantime, don't mope. Keep your spirits high for her return, Dean."

"If I only knew where she went, though," he said. "It—I hate to think of her in hiding somewhere, brooding—"

"I know," Jinny comforted him, "but some people, when they're hurt or ill, are like animals, you must understand. They can't endure sympathy or pity or assistance. They have to crawl off by themselves and wait for their healing. Rita's like that. She's proud, high-spirited. She feels that she's hurt you, somehow, by dragging you into things. She'll come out of it all right."

"Oh, I know that," said Dean. "But it's not cheery, just waiting—"

It was even less cheery when a week, then two weeks went by with no word from his Gracious Lady.

Each night, when he retired, he told himself that the morning mail would surely contain a letter from Rita. Each time the telephone rang he was certain that he would hear her beloved voice over the wire. And each mail, each ring, disappointed him.

On the fifteenth day after Rita's disappearance, Jinny phoned him.

"No word from Rita?"

"None," he admitted.

"Oh, I say, I'd like to have a word with that girl," said Jinny. "Not that I'd scold your beloved, but I'd point out to her that she's not being very kind."

"Perhaps she realizes that," said Dean stiffly.

"Oh, Dean," said Jinny. "Didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I wouldn't criticize Rita for the world."

"I know that. But I'm depressed," he said.

"Of course. And the newspapers haven't mentioned her name or yours for a week. She ought to come back. But, inasmuch as she hasn't, will you be nice to a lonely girl?"

"Couldn't be anything else," he said.

"Wallie Curtis has to take the Century to Chicago this afternoon. An aunt is ailing and it's imperative. And he was to beau me to a party at the Casino tonight. Will you be my beau? Now," she went on hurriedly, "if a public appearance goes against the grain, just say so, and—"

It *did* go against the grain, but it was Jinny Carpenter who asked him, and his hesitation was so slight that she didn't detect it.

"Don't be silly, my pet," he said. "What time?"

"You call for me at eight-thirty. Dinner, dancing, and if we're too bored we can slip out early and you can go home," she said.

"Now why on earth should I be bored?" he demanded. "Who's giving the party?"

"The Penningtons. The only reason you weren't asked, I suppose, was because they thought you wouldn't come. Or does that sound tactless, as if they were right in so thinking, or rather—Oh, I'm all mixed up. Anyway, I asked Betty Pennington if I might bring you, and she was out of her mind with delight."

"You're sure of that?" he asked.

"Don't be a big silly," she exclaimed. "Of course she was. Will you take me?"

"With alacrity and delight," he replied.

She was waiting for him when he called, but she was silent on the ride to the Park. Not until they were almost at the Casino did she speak.

"I'm mean to make you do this," she said unexpectedly. "You don't want to make an appearance in public until you make it with Rita, and—"

"I'm delighted to make it with you, Jinny," he said. "Honestly."

"Bless you," she said. "I'll get over my remorse, then."

THEY separated momentarily, while he checked his hat and stick, and she added a final touch to her make-up. He walked down the Casino corridor and looked out into the main dining-room. He noticed that the head waiter eyed him curiously; he felt that other people were staring at him. Oh, well, it was his first public appearance since Clayborne's death. With a few more appearances people would forget the headlines of two weeks ago. He would ignore furtive glances. And even as he came to this decision, his host of the evening greeted him.

"Hello, Dean. Delighted you could come. Didn't know Mrs. Clayborne was in town—heard—" he fumbled for words—"that she was out of town. Would have asked her. Perhaps she and her friend will join us now."

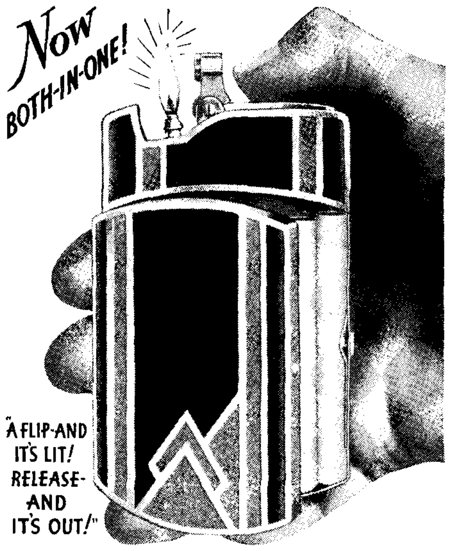
Dean felt the blood leave his face.

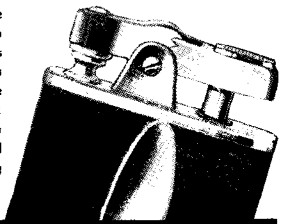
"You mean that—"

"Yes, she's dining inside. With her lawyer. You know him. Curry Reynolds."

Dean hardly heard the name. Rita, in this restaurant, dining with another man. Oh, how could she have been so—he sought for the word—callous?

(To be continued next week)





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The Kiss Cure

Continued from page 15

Presently, breaking out of her silence, she started talking again—the conversation of a modern young thinker who is plumbing another's intellectual depths.

Had he read The Clouded Age? Did he see The Tumult? Did he think that Valencia would ever be as wonderful as Pavlowa? Things like that. Now and then she came off her perch, but she never stayed down long.

"Where did you say we were going?" she asked once, as they reached Fifth Avenue.

"A place I know. The food's good, and the drinks are good—and there's generally an interesting crowd. Or would you rather dance?"

"No, thanks; I must be home by one."

THEY crossed Fifth Avenue, with its double row of lighted pearls, and came to a row of brownstone houses which had once been the homes of some of the proudest families of the city. Here they turned up a flight of steps and were admitted by a nimble little man who first looked at Paul through a grill.

"Sounds pretty quiet tonight, Louie," said Paul, giving up his coat. "Just been raided?"

"No, no, Mees'r Menjes," laughed the nimble little man. "Prett' good crowd upstairs. I think you like him all right."

They were presently seated upstairs in a restaurant which nearly filled the entire floor. About half the tables were occupied—the men generally speaking in subdued undertones and none of the women talking loudly.

"Very good champagne today," whispered the waiter mysteriously. "From a ship. I go myself and meet the steward in a taxi."

"No; I don't want anything to drink," said Mary—and ordered some scrambled eggs and a glass of milk. After the waiter had disappeared, she placed her handbag on the side of the table and wistfully, almost despairingly, said to Paul, "Do you think there's any chance that I shall ever be able to write a book?"

"Good night!" he groaned to himself. But aloud he said, as brightly as he could, "What kind of a book?"

"Well, a kind of a novel, only something more significant. I was thinking of calling it The Primitives, and I was going to show that people nowadays spend practically all their time and energy doing exactly the same things that primitive man used to do. Why, you'd think there was no such thing as the culture of the ages!"

"I don't know," he doubtfully answered. "Sounds a bit bleak to me. But what do people do today that you don't like?"

"Well, for one thing there's the time they spend in eating and drinking—and trading—and fighting—and making love—and hunting animals for food and fur—things like that. And I think it's a shame—really—after all these thousands of years, people haven't progressed any farther. Primitives—that's all they are—just primitives!"

So they talked about primitives—and illiterates—and war—and fear. And instead of the spirit of romance coming to visit them, the spirit of erudition came and hovered around their table—a pair of spectacles on his long, scholastic nose and a book beneath each arm.

In short, they talked to such good purpose that when they finally departed, Mary didn't notice that she had left her handbag lying under a bill of fare on one side of the table. Indeed, she didn't miss it until their taxi stopped before the Riverside Drive apartment where she lived with her father and aunt.

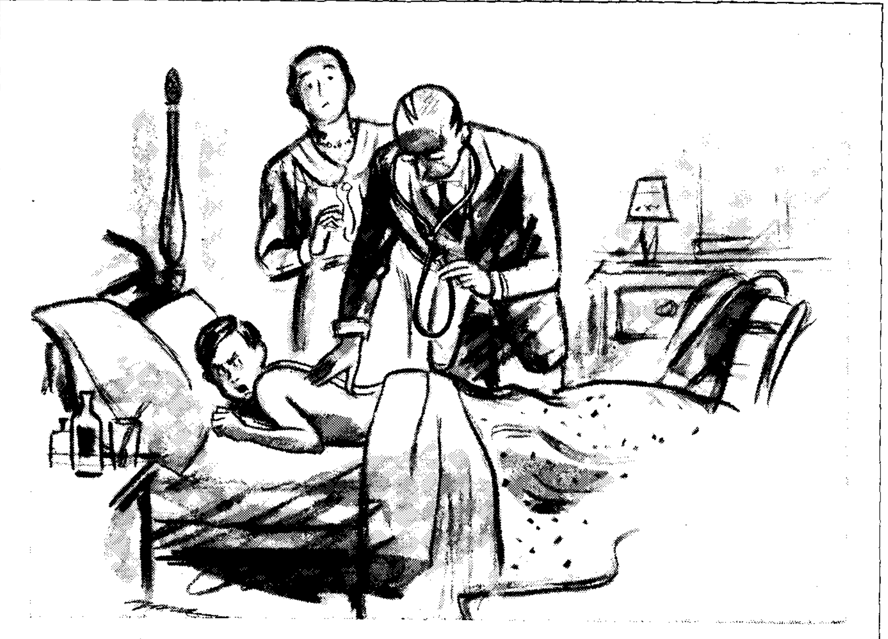
"I must have left it in that restaurant," she said in a breathless little panic. "And it had some of Mother's jewelry in it. . . . Things I wouldn't lose for anything. . . ."

"That's all right," said Paul soothingly. "It isn't lost; you'll get it." And to the driver, who was lending an attentive, unwashed ear, "Back to where you picked us up—and as fast as you can!"

BUT for one thing they had come uptown by way of the Park—and for another all the traffic lights in the city seemed to be in a conspiracy against them when they started back to Louie's. So when they finally stopped in the middle of the row of brownstone mansions where so many proud families had once lived, the better part of an hour had rolled by since Mary had walked away from her handbag.

"How dark it is!" she whispered, as Paul groped around the vestibule for

(Continued on page 60)



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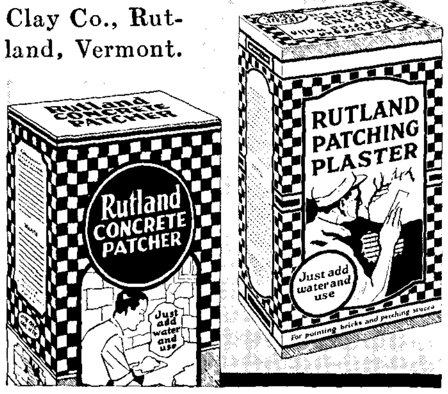

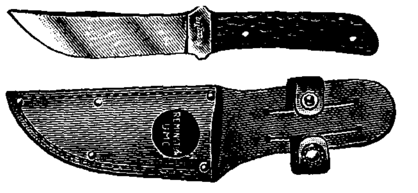

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(*Continued from page 59*)

the bell. "Oh, I hope they haven't closed for the night."

"I don't think so—yet," frowned Paul in the darkness as he felt around the middle of the door, still searching for the bell. Under the pressure of his hand, the door swung silently inward.

"How quiet it is!" Mary almost whispered as they stepped inside.

The lower hall was as dark as the vestibule; but from somewhere upstairs a light shone dimly around the angle of the staircase.

"They can't all be gone yet," said Paul. "You wait here while I go and find somebody."

He hurried up the stairs, two at a time; and just as he reached the top, he caught a glimpse of someone quickly moving in the shadows at the end of the upper hall.

"Is that you, Louie?" he called out, thinking he recognized the figure.

While Mary strained her ears for the answer a volley of shots rang out from the hallway above.

"There!" gasped Mary. "And he went—he went—for me—"

THE next moment she caught sight of a fleeing figure coming down the stairs.

"Paul!" she prayerfully breathed to herself.

But it wasn't. As the figure turned the angle of the stairway, she could see that it was a man shorter than Paul—that he was wearing a dark sweater instead of a dinner jacket and gray overcoat.

"He—he's killed him—" she choked, "—and now he's getting away—"

The escaping figure had already descended into the darkness where she stood. Her straining senses caught the quick pad-pad of a foot on the bottom of the stairs—an arm brushed against her—a hand was on the doorknob; and then, suddenly forgetting all the culture of the ages, Mary went primitive, too. The next moment her arms were tightly, frantically wrapped around a struggling gunman; and she was calling out at the top of her voice: "Help. . . ! Help. . . ! Help. . . !"

Paul was the first to reach her, coming down the stairs so fast that he seemed to skim them; and as he approached the lower risers, an apparent miracle happened: the lower hall was suddenly flooded with light and there, near the door, weaved Mary still tightly wound around the struggling figure in the black sweater.

Fortunately the captive's artillery had fallen to the floor in the first shock of personal combat; but Paul didn't see this, and if he had he probably wouldn't have taken the time to pick it up. But he did see this: he saw a struggling man punching away at the back of Mary's neck and trying to stamp with all his might upon her feet.

"You will, will you?" cried Paul, gaining new impetus at the sight, and forthwith he launched himself into the fray. There was no science here—no anxious consultation of watches or ringing of bells. For the next few seconds life moved quickly, feverishly, furiously.

Paul had his arms around his opponent's neck, his knee against the small of his back. There was a strain, a grunt, a curse, and then another apparent miracle. As though floating in space, a long iron poker hovered over the contestants and then came down with a crack upon the gunman's crown. Without further argument he wilted upon the carpet, and Paul had time to turn around to trace the source of his reinforcements.

A strange tableau awaited him. Nearest to him, the poker poised for another crack, stood a stout, elderly gentleman whose sideburns and lapels proclaimed him to be a butler, even while the long nightgown beneath his coat suggested that he had recently been disturbed from his sleep. At the head of the stairs, like ancient gallery gods affrighted yet fascinated by the action of the drama, two gray-headed maids stood shivering with excitement, one with her hair in papers, one with a white cotton stocking tied around her neck, their costumes as informal as the butler's.

"Much obliged," said Paul, and sprang back barely in time to escape the downward swing of the poker. A screech from the head of the stairs attested his temporary safety.

"What's the idea?" demanded Paul. "Call Louie! He knows me!"

The old butler blinked.

"'Louie'?" he repeated.

"Yes, Louie! We were here an hour ago—this young lady and myself—and she left her handbag on one of the tables in the restaurant upstairs."

"'Louie'!" repeated the butler, as a scandalized canon of the Episcopacy might have mentioned a Holy Roller. "He thinks this house is Louie's!"

In growing wonder, Paul took a quick look around him. No . . . this was certainly not Louie's. The vestibule had been the same, the grill over the glass in the door was identical and so were the position of the stairs and the plan of the hall. But there the resemblance ended. Instead of a coat rack at the end of the hall he saw a carved oak bench with a man in armor standing on it; and on the ascending wall by the side of the stairs was a line of rightly framed oil paintings, which might or might not have been old masters, but which had certainly never adorned the staircase wall at Louie's.

"For heaven's sake!" gasped Paul. "You mean to say—this isn't 33?"

"If you are referring to the number of the house, sir," said the butler, "this is Number 35."

Paul said, "My mistake." And looking ruefully at the unconscious figure on the floor, he added with something like a groan, "No wonder this poor devil shot at me. He—he must have thought that I was a burglar."

"Then why was he running away?" asked Mary.

"Perhaps for a policeman."

"Then why did this—this gentleman hit him with the poker—instead of you?"

"I hit him first, miss," said the butler with becoming dignity, "because he looked the more desperate character of the two."

"YOU mean you don't know him?" demanded Paul.

"No more than I know you, sir."

"Then how did he get in here? What was he doing upstairs?"

"For that matter," retorted the butler, "what were *you* doing downstairs?"

"God help us all!" suddenly wailed the ancient maid who had her hair in curl papers. "We might have been murdered in our beds!"

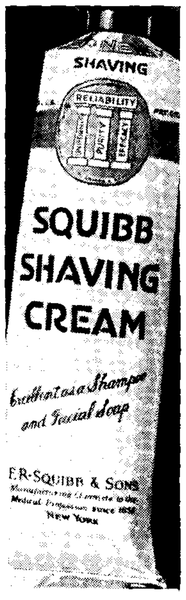
"But I've already *told* you what I was doing here," said Paul. And patiently he repeated his story of the lost handbag.

"Then who's this other one?" demanded the butler, looking down at the still unconscious figure on the rug.

"If you ask me, Mr. Bundy," said the other ancient maid—the one with the white cotton stocking around her neck—"I think he *is* a burglar. And the gentleman with the young lady happened to come in and catch him."

"Thank you, madam," said Paul, with a bow, "and that would account for my finding the door unlatched. He left it that way, so he could get off in a hurry."

"Look in his pockets, Mr. Bundy," said Old Common Sense at the head of



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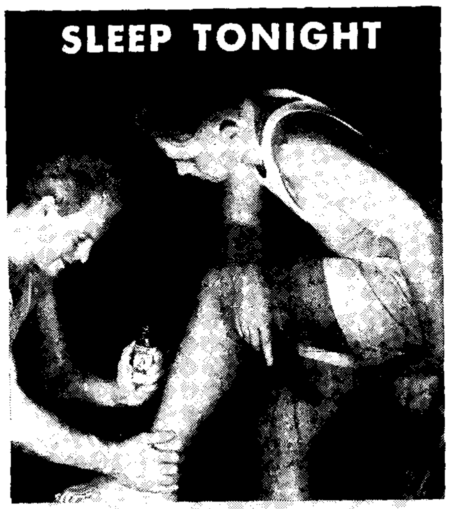

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the stairs. "That's what I'd do, if I was down there."

"I think you'd better telephone the police, instead," said the butler.

"You're not supposed to touch the body till the coroner comes," quavered the one in the curl papers.

"But it isn't a body, Annie," said the other. "You watch him close, and every so often you'll notice his arm twitch. . . . See?"

"God help us all!"

"Wait a moment, then," said the butler. "Here's a pocket that seems to be bulging more than natural."

The first item to come out of it was a small Italian leather case.

"The Madam's jewel box," said the butler, shaking it. "Still locked, but apparently full. . . . Her wrist-watch . . . her necklace . . . the rings and brooch that she wore tonight. . . ."

"It's a wonder to me if she hasn't been murdered in her bed!"

"Sh!"

THEY were all silent long enough to hear a faint, muffled snoring from above.

"The Madam is very deaf, sir—and very set in her ways," said the butler to Paul, speaking now in a low voice as man to man. "Although, as you might say, she is completely surrounded by speakeasies, she still refuses to give up the home in which she has spent the greater part of her life. . . . All right, Anne, telephone the police station and tell them to send an officer right away."

"And we'll be getting along," said Paul, briskly. "Come, Mary. . . . Glad we were able to help you. . . . Good-by, all."

They were outside before anyone could object.

"We'll just try Louie's," said Paul. "I think there's time before the police arrive."

So they ran down the steps of Number 35, and up the steps of Number 33; and there Louie had the door open for them almost before Paul had rung the bell.

"Ah, Mees'r Menjes!" cried Louie. "I bet I know what you come for! The yo'ng lady's handbag; eh? The waiter upstairs—he brought it down soon after you left, and I keep him for you. . . . So!"

Paul and Mary walked at first rather quietly toward Fifth Avenue.

"Well?" said Paul, when at last they were in a taxi again. "Have you had a good time this evening?"

"A wonderful time!" she exclaimed, and even in the darkness he could see how her eyes were shining.

"Yes, Scotti certainly knows how to throw a party," said Paul. "I thought you'd enjoy it—'the feast of reason and the flow of soul—' "

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the party," she demurred. "I was thinking of all the things that happened *after* the party."

"What? You enjoyed those, too?"

"More! Honestly, I never dreamed that I could get such a thrill!" She lowered her voice to the discreetest of murmurs. "When I heard those shots—and then saw that man come running down the stairs . . . ! Oooh!"

"But weren't you scared?"

"Scared? No! I guess I was too excited. . . ."

"And you enjoyed that more than the party?" he added, with an air of mingled incredulity and admiration.

She breathlessly nodded.

"But I thought you'd love an intellectual gathering like that."

"Did you?"

"Why, no; not much. For one thing, most of them seemed—well—a bit artificial."

"That's it!" she breathlessly nodded again. "And tonight was real. . . ."

Whether or not the cushioned seat of the taxi slanted down in the middle, they seemed to draw a little closer to each other. . . .

"AND I guess I'll let somebody else write that book," she told him as the cab swung in between the skeleton trees of Riverside Drive.

"What book?" he asked.

"That book I was telling you about—kidding the primitives—"

"Oh! Not going to kid them now, eh?"

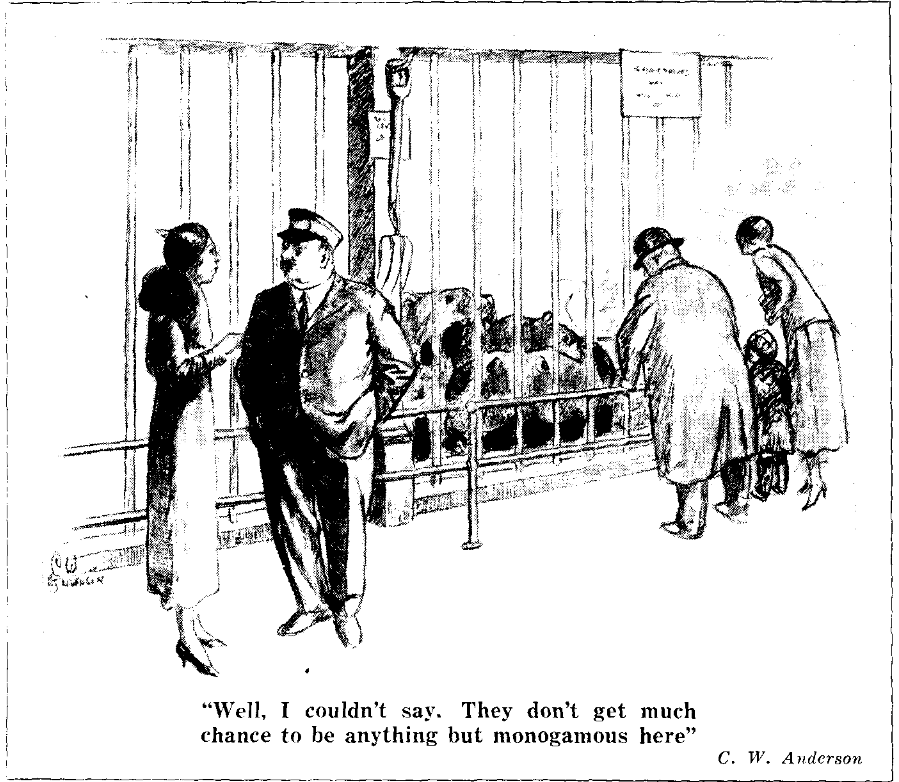
"No. . . . Because when you think of it, nearly all the nice things, and practically all the real things are primitive. Like the trees up here, and the river, and the stars, and the sunset, and the—"

"Yes, and I can give you a good example of something else that's primitive—but nice."

"What?"

"You must look up first—and then close your eyes."

So she first looked up—then closed her eyes; and after Paul had given her the illustration of which he had spoken, she breathed, "Mmm . . . I wonder . . . I wonder if it would be *too* primitive . . . if—if you were to give me another good example—of that. . . ."



"Well, I couldn't say. They don't get much chance to be anything but monogamous here"

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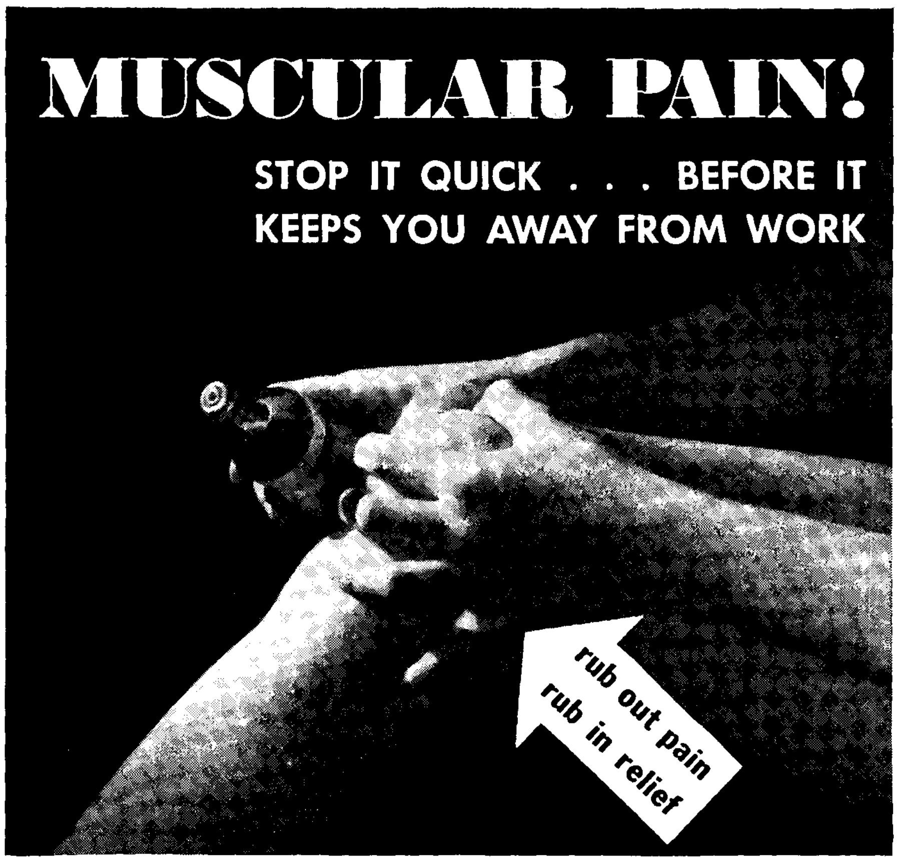

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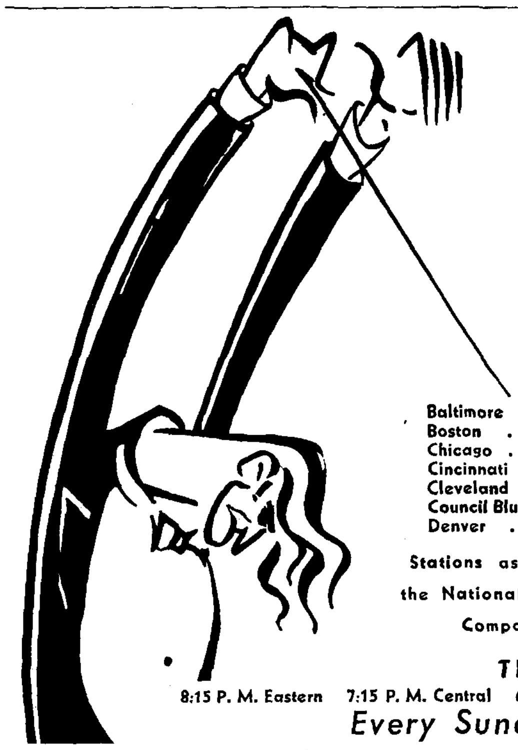

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TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern 7:15 P. M. Central 6:15 P. M. Mountain 5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

Striped Fury

Continued from page 28

our trouble was a fine assortment of cuts and scratches, for this section of jungle is thick with rattan, each joint of which has a hooklike thorn that doesn't care how deep it digs into your flesh.

We next went to a point south of Maur, which has always been famous tiger country. It is in this district that the Sultan of Johore, greatest Asiatic hunter of modern times, has done much of his tiger killing.

Here we came on the trail of another raider, a huge tiger that for some time had been raising the devil with the bullocks and other domestic livestock. Our chances in this case looked much brighter than at the Forty-one Mile Post, for it was obvious, both from information given us by the local natives and from the tracks we located, that the animal had quartered itself in a patch of thin jungle, separate from the great forest that stretches through this territory. I felt confident that our efforts would be rewarded at last.

Tigers Don't Climb Trees?

We failed to get the ground shots we were after, but we got something else of real importance, a picture of the highest scientific interest that will make several zoölogists change beliefs to which they have clung for years.

It all came about this way: After five days of steady plugging our beaters drove the raider of Maur into a corner adjoining exactly the location we wanted, a grassy jungle plateau with plenty of good light. At one end of the plateau we had planted a camera behind a carefully constructed barricade of logs and leaves. Our beaters came up on three sides and finally got the tiger on the run toward the camera.

Elated over this success in flushing the big cat and heading him in the right direction, they became excited and closed in too fast, adding all sorts of weird cries and shouts to the noises made by pounding with their sticks. The result was that the animal was in a wild panic by the time he came within camera range.

When a last chorus of crazy shrieks from the beaters sent the frightened tiger on the run toward the camera, the only refuge he could see was a great tree that had a crotch about ten feet from the ground where the main branch of the tree separated. About five feet above this there was another sizable crotch, where the next big limb branched off. The camera man, safe behind his barricade, was turning his crank as the tiger rushed toward this tree.

With one spring the big cat negotiated the first crotch and then, with an almost effortless leap, he landed in the one higher up. Here, with all the nervousness of an amateur acrobat, he shifted from one foot to the other and back again, glanced up and down in indecision and waited hesitatingly for whatever might happen next.

Now this whole performance was contrary to all the scientific lore. Several authoritative naturalists have stubbornly maintained for years that tigers never climb trees. I forgot all about the camera as I watched this exceptional animal defying all the conventions and regulations. As a matter of fact, I couldn't have been more astonished if he had started to speak English. I even stopped to wonder what on earth he would do next.

He apparently was wondering the same thing himself. And he was a long time deciding. In fact, he retained his perch for five or six minutes, while our camera ground away, its operator completely unaware that there was anything unusual about a tiger up a tree.

All the film in the camera was used up, and the operator was busy putting in a fresh magazine, when the tiger suddenly decided to move on. In a flash he jumped to the ground and crashed his way past the beaters and off into the heart of the jungle.

We were lucky to get these pictures of a tiger up a tree, but we were up a tree ourselves, for we still didn't have those ground shots—and according to the plan of the picture we needed a lot of them. We had something much rarer—something that may never again be duplicated—yet our original, and more fundamental, task remained to be performed.

Selecting about two acres at the edge of the jungle, where the forest was thin enough to allow the sun to penetrate between the trees, I brought thirty Chinese carpenters up from Singapore and built all around this area a framework of logs and planks sixteen feet high, with a sort of catwalk along the top. Then I made a trip into Singapore and bought enough corrugated iron sheets to line the sides of the entire enclosure. These were hauled by motor lorries and bullock carts to our jungle headquarters.

When the work was completed, we had a structure as efficient for its purpose as it was incongruous in its wild jungle surroundings—a solid wall of sheet iron, sixteen feet high, so smooth on the inside that no joint protruded where a tiger could get a foothold to jump or climb over. A small trapdoor was arranged in one side, so that a cage could be pushed up against the outside, the gate raised by a pulley and the tiger permitted to walk in and feel perfectly at home in surroundings to which he was accustomed. Any number of cameras could operate from the catwalk on top of the fence.

Wild Life Scenes Made to Order

Within a week we had trapped one of the big cats, about eighteen miles away from our improvised compound. It was a particularly fine specimen, a big male measuring nearly ten feet in length from nose to tip of tail, in the very prime of life—just the ideal animal for our purpose. Having photographed the trapping episode and also that of getting the big cat out of the trap and hauling him by bullock cart down through the jungle trails to our headquarters, we placed the huge log crate against the trapdoor, raised the gate and gave him his restricted freedom.

The center of our enclosure comprised about an acre, more or less, of heavy brush, cane and creepers as thick and impenetrable as any of the jungle outside. Surrounding this within the walled area were the lighter areas, including a good-sized grass plot entirely open to the tropical sun, a small pond and other settings deemed appropriate locations for picture purposes. I felt sure that on being released the tiger would make for the heavy brush but that he would soon come out and wander about, drinking water at the pool and showing himself in the lighter places where we could get some splendid pictures of the jungle terror in his natural element.

My long experience with wild animals proved to me years ago that they just won't do what is expected of them, and this cat proved no exception to the rule.

He made a bee line from the trapdoor to the heavy brush and there he remained throughout the morning. From our perches on top of the wall we hurled missiles into the thicket, shouted and did everything we could to disturb his feline solitude, all to no avail. At noon I sent Ali to a village three miles distant, where a Chinaman kept a small store where he sold Chinese firecrackers (essential merchandise wherever there is a colony of Celestials). The boy came back with a grand assortment of noisemakers and I threw package after package with fuses lighted into the brush at different points where I thought the tiger might have taken refuge. Even this did not budge him.

A Camera-Shy Cat

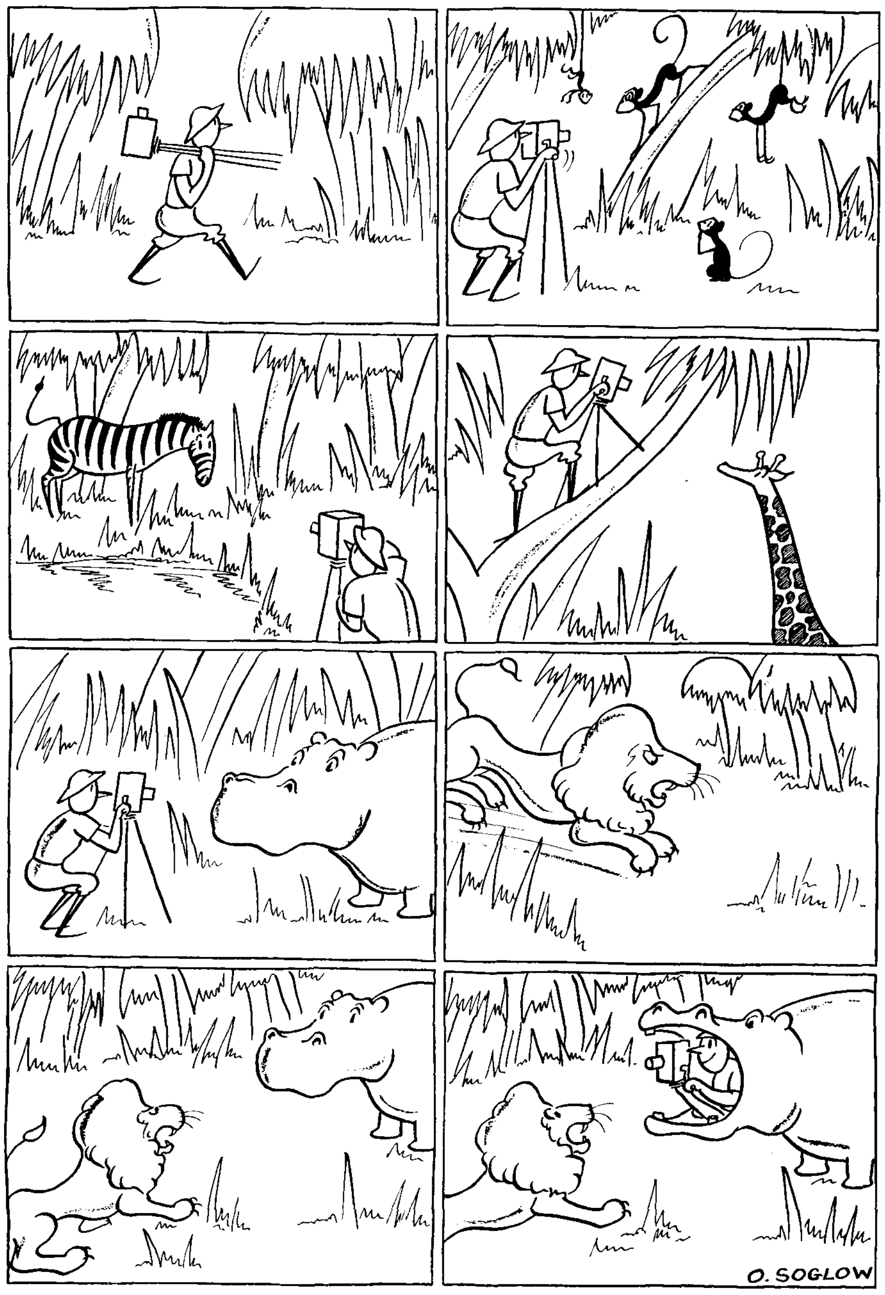
By mid-afternoon, when all efforts to get the tiger out into the open had met with failure, my associates were beginning to show signs of impatience. Transport a director and camera men accustomed to Hollywood actors, local topical events and nothing more hazardous in the way of animal photography than a tame lion on a studio set, into the raw jungle of Malaya and they are rather lost. They don't know what to expect next and they are likely to become impatient when they find that you cannot order jungle animals around as you can movie actors or trained studio animals with keepers in attendance. Not that this worried me so much, for I determined at the outset to use the same patience in the making of wild-animal pictures that I had always used in the collecting of animals for the zoos. But we had already strained our time schedule pretty severely in attempting to get these tiger ground shots, and unfortunately we had been so confident of completing the work on this day that we had made definite transportation arrangements to go up-country the very next morning. Postponing these pictures even for a day would mean a considerable amount of inconvenience and expense to everybody concerned.

So I decided that something had to be done and done quickly to get our stubborn animal actor out into the open. It was a situation that called for direct action and it seemed obvious that the only course open to me was to get down into the enclosure and rout the tiger out myself.

My intention, of course, was not to have any encounter with the beast, but merely to rout him out of the brush. But I had to be prepared to defend myself if he should decide to charge me. And defense would not be easy in a place where the vegetation is so thick that a man has to crawl or fight his way through it.

I had a good deal of confidence, however, in some flares with which our party happened to be equipped. A few days before this I had located a young leopard a few miles north of our temporary headquarters and we had made some night pictures of the young spotted cat, using flares to light up the vicinity in which we had treed him. We had transported a good supply of these brilliant torches with us from America and had taken a box of twenty-five from our base at Singapore up to the Johore camp. Several of the flares had remained unused after making our leopard shots. These are what are known as two-minute flares—meaning that when

(*Continued on page 64*)



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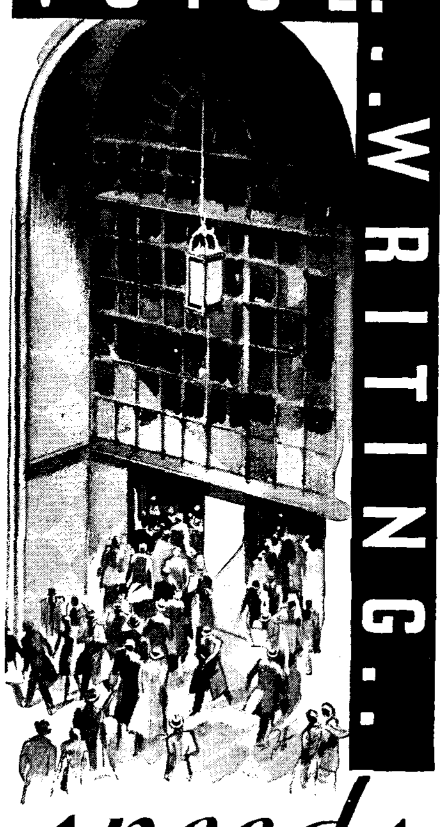
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(Continued from page 63)

you light one it burns steadily for that length of time. These flares, when lighted by a fuse, throw out a brilliant light to a radius of sixty or seventy feet, at the same time radiating a great amount of heat.

These were the flares which I proposed to take with me into the enclosure. I decided to enter the brush carrying one of them, not so much to light up the dark interior as to protect me against a possible charge. For if the tiger came at me, his onward rush could be stopped by a thrust toward him of the burning flare. The flares are about two feet long and two inches in diameter, resembling a big roman candle. The outer surface is of heavy cardboard, with a hollow place at the bottom to permit its being mounted on a pole.

Expecting the Unexpected

On deciding to go into the brush I had asked my Malay boy, Ali, if he was afraid to go in with me. He replied, as I knew he would, "Wherever you go, master, I go." So we prepared the flares by cutting five poles, six to eight feet long, and fastening a flare on the end of each pole. Ali took the flares while I buckled on my hip a heavy revolver—a weapon of maximum deadliness at close quarters—and took up my rifle, a .300-caliber, loaded with 180-grain, soft-nosed bullets. We lowered a long bamboo ladder into the enclosure from the top of the wall and the two of us climbed down.

I have no desire to exaggerate the risk we were taking. There was a fair chance that it was no risk at all. It was quite possible the tiger would take to his heels the second we got anywhere near him. These great cats, like all other denizens of the jungle, have an instinct which teaches discretion as the better part of valor. Under ordinary circumstances they will usually avoid too close contact with human beings. But after all, a tiger is a tiger, and one can never be sure what these incalculable beasts will do. It is the best tactics, when dealing with them, always to expect the unexpected.

This was the mental attitude with which Ali and I approached our task. We got down into the enclosure and worked cautiously over to the edge of the thicket, keeping a keen lookout for any movement in the high grass. I had my rifle ready for instant use, although I certainly would not shoot unless it was absolutely necessary. Ali walked behind me, holding the sticks and a box of matches. I would light the first flare. His instructions were to keep his eyes glued on me, and the second my flare began to burn down he was to light another and hand it to me. I had impressed upon him that I did not want to be in the brush for even part of a second without a lighted flare.

I left my rifle leaning against a small tree and, taking one of the sticks from Ali, I ignited the fuse and we started into the real thicket. I kept poking the burning flare into the brush in front of me as we went in, first to the right and then to the left, in all directions. But one thing I had not figured on was that the dazzling brilliance of the torch was almost blinding to Ali and me. I could not see a foot ahead of my flare and I did not like that at all, but I still felt that this burning brand with its intense heat and brilliant light was sufficient protection from a charge.

The first flare began to die down and Ali lighted a second one and handed it to me. I had no more than started ahead with it when suddenly I heard a tremendous roar and a crashing of brush. The tiger was coming. He was making for me from a point at my left. I stepped back quickly in order to give myself more room in which to manipulate the flare, the idea being to use it as a means of warding off the charge. As I moved backward my right foot caught in a creeper and I went down, flat on my back. In falling I dropped the pole and made a feverish grab for my revolver, but on account of the awkwardness of my position I could not seem to get hold of it. The pole fell across my body, the burning end of it still blazing fiercely not three feet from my face. It all happened in an instant. Before I could make a move the tiger was almost on top of me, coming with a tremendous rush. Then suddenly, with a great roar, he jumped—but instead of landing on me, he leaped clear over me and the sputtering torch.

I could see his striped belly as he went over. He had evidently come with a mad lunge through the heavy brush and then all at once, finding himself faced with that flare, had completely lost his head and jumped clear over me without actually knowing what he was doing. He was just as much in a state of panic as I was.

By the time I got to my feet, he had veered off into the heavy brush. That was O. K. with me. I had somehow got my revolver in my hand by now, but I had no desire to shoot anything but pictures, and just at that moment my main wish was to get out of that brush.

I became conscious of Ali's presence, just behind me. He had witnessed the entire episode, apparently paralyzed with terror. Now he regained his voice and suggested weakly, "We go now, master?" I almost grinned at the expressive way he said those words. Both the words and the expression matched my feelings exactly. For, now that it was all over, I remembered to be frightened.

The whole business gave me the willies in retrospect. While it was actually happening I had been too numbed to have any emotions. Now I was scared stiff and I didn't care who knew it. If ever a tiger had a chance to make a kill, this was the animal. With Ali at my side, I started back toward the tree where I had left my rifle.

The boy, still following instructions, stopped to light another flare, mine having burned itself out. His hand trembled as he held the match and his face was as white as it is possible for a brown boy's to be. And Ali, let me add, is one of the bravest Malays that ever worked for me. We both felt better as soon as I had my rifle.

The Hunted Turns Hunter

I stopped a moment beside the tree where my gun had been resting to consider what our next move should be. It was obvious that this particular tiger was going to be a difficult one to handle, and that probably several days would be needed to get the ground shots we wanted.

For the time being, I decided, a quick retreat was indicated. Later on, we would have to find some way of getting this animal back into a cage. Then we must thin out all the heavy jungle, chopping down much of the brush, so that when Mr. Tiger was put back in the enclosure there would be no place for him to hide where our camera lenses would not reach him.

I was regretful at the difficulties this delay would make in our schedule, but obviously there was no other way. For the moment our immediate necessity was to get out of the enclosure. Probably the striped foe was far over on the other side somewhere by now, and I hoped the camera men had been able to get at least one or two flashes of him.

I nodded to Ali, indicating the line of retreat that I thought would be simplest. In fifty paces we were out of the heavy jungle, and as our fourth flare burned down I motioned to Ali not to light another, as it would be of no particular assistance any longer. In this short grass, the cat could not attack us without my seeing him coming. I would have a second or two of grace if he decided to come back for more. We were in sight of the barricade now, and began to feel ourselves practically out of danger. In order to get to where the ladder had been placed, we still had to pass around one corner of the heavy brush, but that didn't worry us any. My mind, in fact, was already occupied with the new arrangements which I would have to make in order to keep the expedition here until we could get the postponed pictures.

We arrived at the corner of the heavy brush and were within sight of the bamboo ladder. Then in a flash, without a flicker of warning, the tiger came bursting through a gap in the thicket. He was more like something which had been thrown through the air from a great distance than like an animal belonging on the ground.

Automatically I wheeled around to meet the charge, and automatically I lifted my rifle. There was no time to get it to my shoulder. I shot from the waist. By the time my mind had received the announcement that the tiger was charging and was almost on top of me, my rifle had sped a 180-grain soft-nosed bullet on its way.

Two Feet from Sure Death

It went into the upper left-hand side of the tiger's chest, while he was in mid-air. The force of the blow stopped him instantly, and he dropped with a shattered shoulder, thrashing in the brush practically at my feet. I jumped back a few steps and finished him off with a shot in the head.

My motion-picture assistants all came down into the enclosure, now that the tiger was dead. We took a tape measure and measured the distance from the imprint of my foot in the soft ground, which showed where I stood at the time I fired, to the nearest front paw of the tiger where he lay. It was just twenty-four inches. If that wasn't a close call, I shall never have one.

Natives of Malaya are always overjoyed at the killing of a tiger. These great cats are their natural enemies and they never fail to evince great delight at the sight of one of them being destroyed. So the boys were all happy over the tiger's death.

Consulting my own emotions, I was not sure how I felt. It was the first tiger I had slain in the course of a long career that has involved my bringing back to this country, alive, over sixty tigers—Royal Bengals, Malayan and Manchurian—many of which are still on view in the zoos and circuses. More than once in the course of trapping a tiger I have thought it would be necessary to shoot to save myself or one of my boys, but I had always managed to avoid pulling the trigger until now.

Late that afternoon we sent a group of choppers into the enclosure and had the brush thinned out so that the afternoon's performance would not have to be repeated.

A few days later another trap which I had put out yielded a fine specimen and we got all the close-up shots we needed, showing his majesty the tiger walking, breaking into a run, drinking at a pool and surveying the terrain about him, so we were able to tear down our temporary compound a couple of weeks after the shooting episode and move on up into Seremban where the next few weeks were spent trapping and photographing black panthers.

Stock
G de Zayas

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The latest racket is selling stock in "a new bootleg distillery." The salesman takes the prospect to the plant, set up and "about ready to operate," and tells of the future profits. After much stock is sold, a faked raid follows and the equipment is moved to another town.

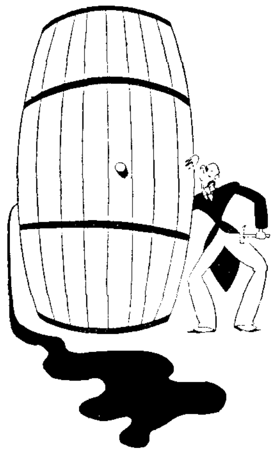
The rattan palm attains a greater length than any other plant in existence. Its slender stems, which rarely exceed an inch in diameter, often grow more than 600 feet long.—*By L. W. Garvie, Abilene, Kansas.*

European women now are going in for permanently red lips and pink cheeks, which are put on by the painful tattooing needle. But it is an old idea in America. Shops on the Bowery have been doing it for years.

In the United States, each year, more than 50,000 brave youngsters—under 16 years of age—make trips alone on trains and steamships, many of them traveling to and from foreign countries.

American colleges and universities now grant annually more than 50,000 scholarships and fellowships which are valued in excess of $10,000,000.—*By G. C. Doody, Fort Snelling, Minnesota.*

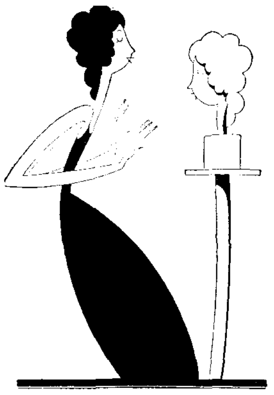
A new inexpensive process makes it possible for you to make a perfect and permanent portrait bust of yourself, an exact reproduction of your face, head and shoulders in white or bronze material, and see yourself as others see you—from all angles.



Among the best trained ears on record today are those of the coopers in London's mammoth Crescent wine vault. Twice daily these men, by tapping each gigantic cask, ascertain by the sound whether leakage or evaporation of the contents is taking place.

The Kafirs, a tribe of South Africa, have a naïve method of cleansing the blackened name of a young thief. They shout it into a kettle of hot, medicated water, clap down the lid and let it soak for several days.—*By B. F. Forman, Newark, Ohio.*

Throughout the world today there are at least 250,000,000 persons who regularly use opium in some form as a soporific.



The longest passenger air service in operation today has just been inaugurated between London and Cape Town, South Africa. The 8,000-mile journey requires 11 days and costs, with meals and hotel expenses, about $650.

China today eats a much larger variety of food — more different kinds of vegetables, fowls and sea products—than any other country in the world.—*By Julean Arnold, Jr., Shanghai, China.*

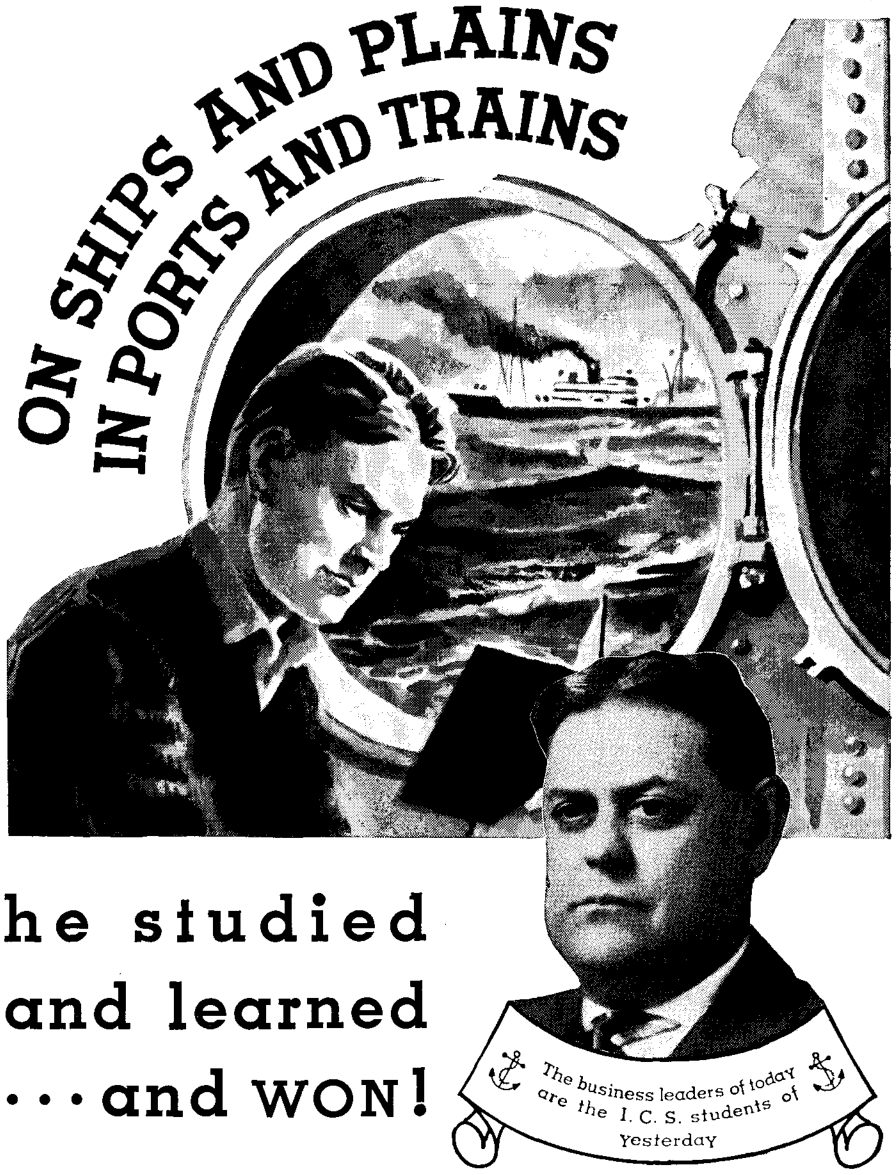
New inventions: A nonreflecting window, a bullet which travels a mile in *less than a second;* and a device for homes and offices which, when dialed, instantly shows on an indicator the opening, high, low and last quotation of any stock on the New York Stock Exchange.

In some parts of civilized Turkey today the citizens refuse to labor on two unlucky days each year. One is Mice Day, when anything produced will be destroyed by mice. The other is Crooked Day, when all work will simply go haywire.

The hippopotamus, when excited or in pain, actually sweats blood.

Russia now has such a physical-culture complex that it has just decreed that gymnasiums, playgrounds and swimming pools must be installed in all new factories, schools, clubs and apartment houses.—*By C. B. Moseley, Paris, Tex.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.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Good and Lonely

AS a nation we can take pride in the spirit with which we are coming through this depression.

It has been a hard struggle. Not since the Napoleonic wars have so many countries been faced by such troublesome conditions and confusing problems.

During thirty months profound readjustments have been in process. Every civilized people in every developed country has been affected. Australia, India, China, Japan, South Africa, all of South America, most of North America, all of Europe and the British Isles have been involved.

The very vastness and complexity of the problems before us have been confusing. With abrupt violence we have discovered that something happening in Vienna, or Berlin, or London, or Tokyo was interfering with our own plans for rebuilding.

Not merely once but many times during the past two years some episode or some new policy adopted by a government apparently far remote from us has intruded upon our vision. We have had to work out our own destiny despite interruptions and perverse events which few imagined we would have to consider.

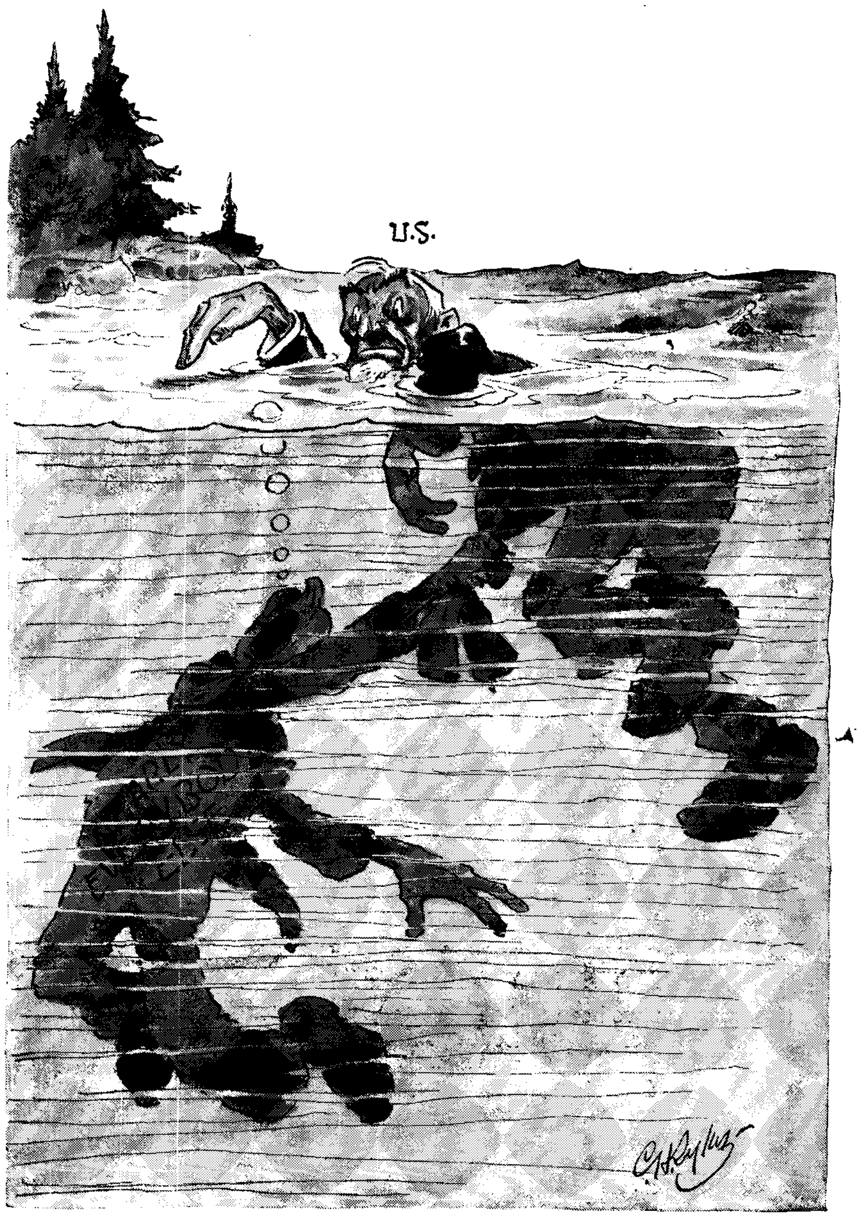
When the full story is written, the behavior of the American people during these hard times will be a record of courage, of generosity and of sanity. We are a repressed and inarticulate people where our deeper emotions are concerned. Ordinarily we leave patriotism to the Fourth of July orators or as an emergency sentiment fit for discussion only in time of war. Patriotism has been shown in action during the months behind us and it is but fair to say that every important group of American citizens has been willing to subordinate its special interests to the general good during the emergency. In this very fact our great strength has been shown.

During this period the resources of the American people have been devoted to meeting the needs of an emergency. Partisanship in Congress and in many state legislatures has been suspended. With exceptions, the long conflict between organized labor and conservative employers has given way to a truce. The best intelligence of all classes has been directed toward alleviating the condition of the unemployed and toward stimulating the revival of industry.

It would be absurd to say that all or even many of the larger economic problems facing us have been permanently settled. Much has been accomplished and much remains to be done. If, however, we can continue to consider what is before us courageously, with unprejudiced minds and with attention focussed upon the public good rather than upon class, sectional or group interest, we shall discover no insuperable difficulties ahead.

Necessity has stirred our emotions and a new feeling of responsibility has taken possession of us. Gone is the coldly calculating mood which led so many of us to focus attention on stock speculation in the hope of acquiring sudden riches. Vanished also is the feverish search for tawdry excitement. In spirit we are a soberer people.

Curiously, however, as we have devoted more thought to the common good, we have also become more suspicious of other nations. The very fact that our efforts to better our own situation have been so frequently interrupted by events and conditions in other lands has been irritating. Some of us have come to believe with fresh intensity that, while we are altogether righteous, inhabitants of other countries have become peculiarly evil and menacing.



Nationalism is usually accompanied by suspicion of outsiders and we are not unique in our desire to live for ourselves alone.

We could conceivably build a great wall about the United States—it would have to be very elastic to include the island possessions—and live without contact with other people.

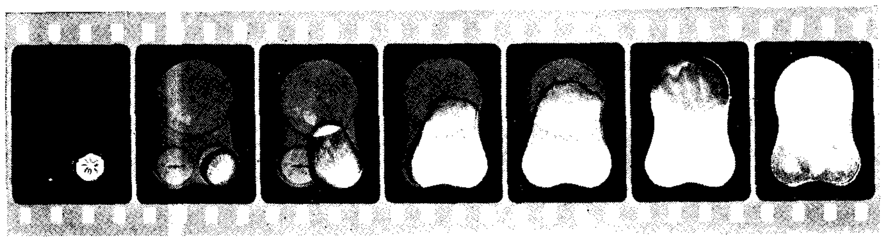
Our life as a hermit nation would, however, be poorer and less interesting. We should not long be contented merely to enjoy what we have on this continent. Other nations also would be poorer if we should seek to reduce our trade and our intercourse with them.

We shall be better off materially and otherwise if we leaven our patriotism with a generous understanding of the plight and the problems of the outside world. We shall build a more enduring prosperity by developing on sound lines our foreign commerce, both in goods and in credits, than we could hope to accomplish by a policy of selfish nationalism.

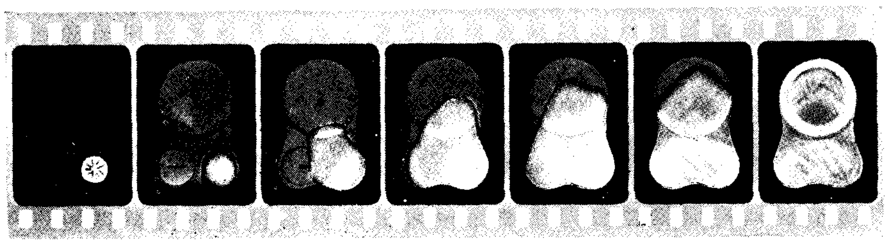
As we take pride in the fine demonstration of recent months, good Americans will hope that the truce on narrow partisanship will extend through the coming campaign.

Both parties will better themselves by basing their policies upon a generous willingness to coöperate with those who put country above all lesser interests.

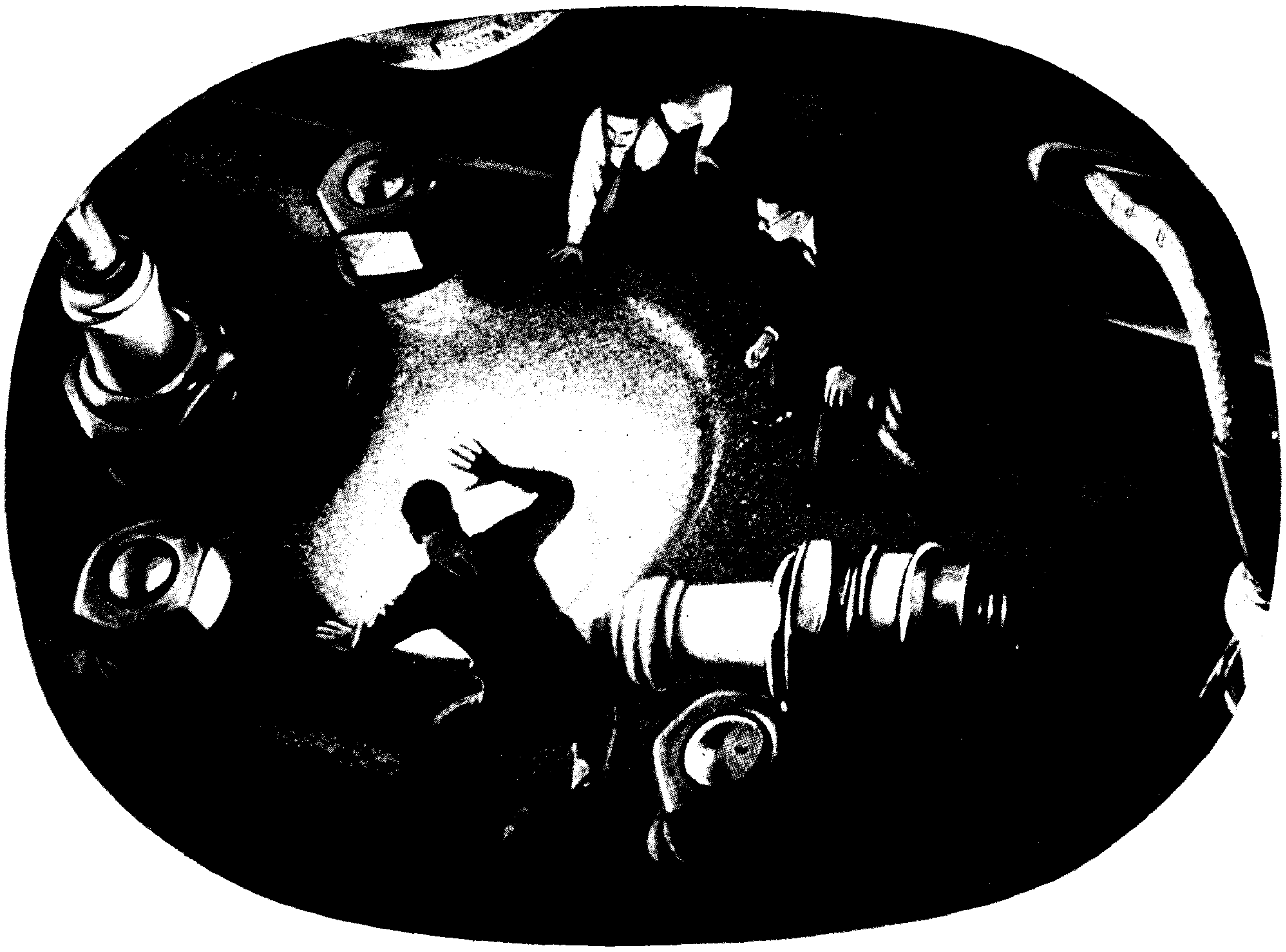
In doing this we shall be most successful as we recognize the facts of this intricate world, not the least important of which is the utter dependence of the nations upon one another if the excellent possibilities of our civilization are to be realized.



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully. Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads farther and farther. Notice the yellow color behind the flame. Engineers call it "*carbon yellow*." It is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. The sixth picture shows what is left of the gasoline exploding *all at once*. This is knock. The last picture is just afterglow. Knock wasted the gasoline that should be working now.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Compare the pictures above with those of ordinary gasoline. Notice the absence of carbon yellow even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes still greater. Observe, especially, the next to last picture. Ethyl does not knock. It is still burning in the last picture. This means that its greatest power is available when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.



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